

*Mourning the Ancient*

# Adolf Hitler

And the Army of  
**Mankind**

*Page One...*





# **Adolf Hitler**

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**Mankind**

*Mourning the Ancient*



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**This book is dedicated to  
Adolf Hitler**



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# INTRODUCTION

Adolf Hitler is more alive today, more loved, more admired, than the 56 years he walked the earth. His followers can be found on every patch of the earth. From every race and every nation. Each year, more and more people wake up to the truth about this monumental and blessed man. The man who changed the world -- FOREVER. And as much as they try to banish the real Adolf Hitler, as much as they pour their filthy lies upon his name, they cannot bury the truth for long...

Hundreds of thousands of foreign troops flocked to National Socialist Germany to fight in World War Two. Known as *Freiwillige* or “volunteers,” they came from a surprisingly diverse array of nations.

In just six years of war the NS Germans established the most ethnically, religiously and culturally diverse military force in Western History, The *Waffen SS* were mostly non-German volunteers. Most historians continue to neglect the motivations of these men and women who fought for Hitler as opposed to the Allies.

It is estimated that nearly two million foreign nationals served under the Swastika. Although towards the end of the war many were transferred to the SS, large numbers served with the Army, particularly on the Eastern Front. The most committed of the foreign volunteers found a home in the SS

The fact that over two million non-Germans and ethnic minorities fought for the Germans in some capacity—as soldiers, spies, partisans and laborers—proves that the ‘Nazis’ were not the unbending, callous racists most historians have said they were.

This book will hopefully help readers understand that their national worldview and historical viewpoint is biased and unfounded. It is time to take a real look at history...

*“Lord God, give us the strength that we may retain our liberty for our children and our children’s children, not only for ourselves but also for the other peoples of Europe, for this is a war which we all wage, this time, not for our German people alone, it is a war for all of Europe and with it, in the long run, for all of mankind.”*

*Adolf Hitler, during a speech in Berlin, January 30th 1942*

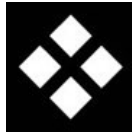
# Chapter One

## Adolf Hitler and the Army of Mankind

### Page One

'FIGHT ON WITH US AGAINST HATED BOLSHEVISM, BLOODY STALIN, AND HIS JEWISH CLIQUE;  
FOR FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL,  
FOR FREEDOM OF RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE,  
FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVE LABOR,  
FOR PROPERTY AND POSSESSION,  
FOR A FREE PEASANTRY ON ITS OWN LAND,  
FOR YOUR OWN HOMESTEAD AND FREEDOM OF LABOR,  
FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE,  
FOR A HAPPY FUTURE FOR YOUR CHILDREN,  
FOR THEIR RIGHT TO ADVANCEMENT AND EDUCATION WITHOUT REGARD TO ORIGIN,  
FOR STATE PROTECTION OF THE AGED AND INFIRM...'

JOSEPH GOEBBELS, JANUARY 1945  
(Doc. Oss. E, 18-19)



[Above: The Woman Against Time, Savitri Devi.]

*'Respect the man of noble races other than your own,  
who carries out, in a different place, a combat parallel to yours -- to ours.  
He is your ally. He is our ally, be he at the other end of the world.'*

-Savitri Devi



Before you begin to mount feeble accusations of 'hater' and 'racist', let's get a few things straight: many countries fought on the side of Hitler's Germany in WW2, including several non-white ones. One of Germany's primary allies of the 'Tripartite Pact' (signed on September 27, 1940) was not white -- Japan. In fact, when the USA declared war on Japan the next year Germany honored the Tripartite Pact and declared war on the United States. Indians, Asians, Arabs and blacks not only fought on the side of National Socialist Germany, but also wore the eagle and swastika proudly on their breast. Dozens of nationalities volunteered for the elite Waffen-SS and many non-whites of a wide range of ethnic backgrounds served the Axis in many capacities. In fact, it was the largest multi-racial fighting force in history! Not to mention also the most religiously diverse as well.

Commando Extraordinaire Otto Skorzeny describes the diverse nature of the Waffen-SS in his 1975 memoirs:

*'...from 1942 European soldiers from many lands and peoples could be found: Albanians, Bosnians, Britons, Bulgarians, Cossacks, Croats, Danes, Dutch, Estonians, Finns, Flemings, French, Georgians, Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Norwegians, Romanians, Russians, Serbs, Slovakians, Swedes, Swiss, Ukrainians, Walloons, Armenians, Byelorussians, Hindus, Kirghizes, Tartars, Turkmen and Uzbeks served under their own flags in the Waffen-SS. Almost all of these peoples were represented in my unit.'*



[Above: Handsome and dashing Austrian Otto Skorzeny -- without a doubt the greatest commando of WWII. The Americans called him 'Scarface' because of his prominent scar, which he received in a fencing accident as a university student in Vienna.]

By the end of the war foreign members of the Waffen-SS outnumbered Germans! An average of six out of every ten men in the Waffen-SS were foreign volunteers. The English historian Antony James Beevor has this to say about what developed between these enormously brave and courageous men:

*'an extraordinary comradeship of the damned had grown up among the foreign volunteers defending the last bastion of German nationalism.'*

(Berlin: The Downfall, 1945. (c)2003)

During the terrible 1944/45 siege of Budapest a wide variety of nationalities and races fought under the swastika: 'The SS units comprised almost all nationalities -- in addition to ethnic Germans, [...] French Alsatians, Hungarians, Serbs, Slovaks, and Romanians, and Finnish, Flemish, Swedish and Spanish volunteers. The baggage trains of the SS divisions included Russian, Ukrainian, Tatar, and other auxiliaries. One artillery detachment consisted mainly of Poles, and several of its members were buried in Polish uniforms with German insignia.'

-The Siege of Budapest, (c)2005, Krisztián Ungváry, pg. 75

These were men ready to die for their beliefs, and many of them did. They believed strongly and passionately for their cause. Together, as one, come what may. Despite the so-called 'democracies' preventing them from defeating communism, their efforts and sacrifices most likely prevented communism from infecting all of Europe, and likely the world.

The Germans did not segregate their troops. Blacks, Asians, Arabs and Whites all fought and lived and died side-by-side. A sharp contrast to the American and British treatment of non-whites that fought for them. These unfortunate troops were often used as cannon fodder and not even allowed to fight with white troops.

Consider the following passages from *The Censored War* (George H. Roeder Jr., (c)1993):

*'Nine out of ten [American] whites believed white and black soldiers should not train together; three out of four blacks believed they should. In 1940 almost all black sailors did menial labor in ship galleys. Blacks in the army served in strictly segregated units. The War Department advertised that "applications from colored persons for flying cadet appointments or enlistments in the Air Corps are not be accepted," and the Marine Corps continued its tradition of not enlisting blacks.'* (p.44-45)

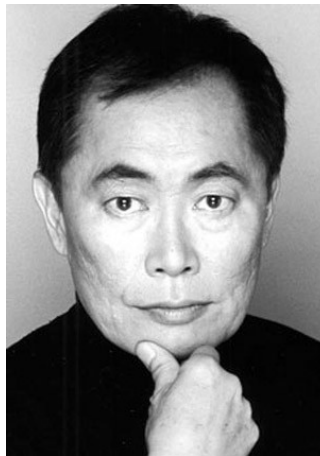
Following the typical propaganda script, the film discussed below makes the German into the racist, when in fact it was the opposite. Consider the fact that a combined force of Arabs and Germans were annihilated defending the gates of Berlin.

*'In the 1943 Columbia film Sahara a black (Libyan) soldier [...] displayed much more dignity than a captured German who complained, as the soldier secured him, that he did not want to be touched by a member of an inferior race. The MGM production chief Dore Schary had a black included in the group of soldiers featured in another film made in that year, Bataan, even though this led to the depiction of something that did not then exist in the real army, an integrated combat unit.'* (p.45-46)

And lastly:

*'The Negro Soldier (1944), a government-produced film, showed black and whites together for large-scale activities where integration might be efficient, as when black and white soldiers did calisthenics together. In its depictions of living quarters and other intimate social situations the film kept blacks segregated, as they in fact were in all the military branches.'* (p. 46-47)

The Japanese Americans who volunteered for the U.S. military were fighting for a country who had interned their families in concentration camps. Over 110,000 Japanese people who lived on the Pacific coast were interned with no crime other than being born Japanese.



[Above: George Takei]

George Takei, of *Star Trek* fame, was one of the many victims of American racist policy. Here's his account of his experience in American concentration camps during WWII:

*'I was only a child when soldiers with bayoneted rifles marched up our driveway, banged on our door, and ordered us out. I remember my mother's tears as we gathered what little we could carry, and then were sent to live for many weeks in a single cramped horse stall. Our bank accounts were frozen, our businesses shuttered, and our homes with most of our belongings were left behind, all because of what we looked like.' 'A few months later, we were shipped off to the swamps, over a thousand miles away, by rail car. They placed in all one hundred twenty thousand of us inside barbed wire fences, machine guns pointed down at us from watch towers.'*

*We slept inside bug-infested barracks, ate in a noisymess hall, and relieved ourselves in common latrines that had no walls between the stalls. We were denied adequate medicines, shelter and supplies. I remember as a child looking up toward a U.S. flag in the room, as we recited the Pledge of Allegiance, those ironic words echoing, "with liberty, and justice for all."*

*'Executive Order 9066, signed by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, was issued on the premise that anyone of Japanese descent could not be trusted and was to be treated as an enemy, even those of us who were American citizens, born in this land. We were viewed not as individual people, but as a yellow menace to be dealt with, and harshly. The guns pointed at us at every point reminded us that if we so much as tried to stand up for our dignity, there would be violent consequences. The order and the ensuing confinement was an egregious violation of the constitution and of due process as we were held, without trial and without charge, awaiting our fate.'*

The American government turned the war against Japan into a race war. A mountain of American WWII posters and other propaganda materials center on race. They pounded it into the public's head that the Japanese were less than human, even akin to rats. This caused numerous atrocities against Japanese soldiers and Japanese civilians during the war, as the American soldier was taught that these people weren't human.

*'...the Marines disavowed a "license for hunting Japs" distributed by their recruiters in Chicago. Yet for the Seventh War Loan campaign the following spring the War Department produced for public viewing the film Action at Anguar, which had the narrator speak this line as viewers saw actual footage of Japanese soldiers burning alive: "By this time we had shot, blasted, or cooked six hundred of the little apes."'*

--The Censored War, p. 87, George H. Roeder Jr., (c)1993



[Above: Japanese were rats according to the American government.] Japanese-Americans were also treated as subhumans by the United States government. During a search of the barracks of one camp:

*'...soldiers aimed the machine gun at the unarmed prisoners and forced them to stand in the snow for hours in their underwear...'*

-Inside America's Concentration Camps, James L. Dickerson, 2010, pg.143

The quote below accurately points out that Japanese-Americans in fact had no rights at all.

*'The government violated at least half of the ten amendments comprising the Bill of Rights with its decision to remove Americans of Japanese ancestry, the majority of them U.S. citizens...'*

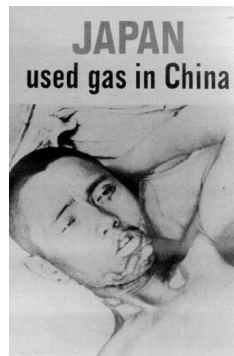
--The Censored War, p. 90, George H. Roeder Jr., (c)1993

President Roosevelt even referred to the camps as 'concentration camps' on a few occasions. And that's exactly what they were.

*'...the camp itself was startling. Six tanks were lined up in a threatening way. A double barbed-wire fence was built around the camp. And the guard was increased to more than one thousand armed soldiers....'*

-Inside America's Concentration Camps, James L. Dickerson, 2010, pg.140

Author James L. Dickerson rightfully referred to these Japanese people as *'a people who had been stripped of their freedoms and imprisoned in camps just a notch above dog kennels...'*



[Above: The United States used 'atrocities propaganda' in many ways against Japan. A favorite was lying about Japanese treatment of their enemy in China. This poster claims the Japanese used poison gas. The American media pressed repeatedly for America to use gas against Japan with headlines like 'We Should Gas Japan' (1943), 'You Can Cook 'Em Better With Gas' (1944) and 'Should We Gas the Japs?' (1945). Roosevelt issued stern warnings to the Japanese about using chemical weapons. But who was really preparing to use chemical warfare? America and Britain. Want proof? Read on.]

By the end of the war America had produced and stockpiled a colossal amount of chemical weapons - 135,000 tons! That's 20,000 tons more than every nation fighting in WWI!

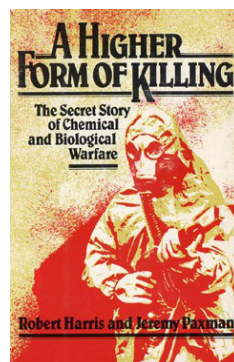
[A Higher Form of Killing, Robert Harris and Jeremy Paxman, p. 130, (c)1982]



[Above: A massive American stockpile of liquid mustard gas in the days leading up to America's entry into WWII.]

America and Britain were itching to use their gigantic stockpiles of chemical weapons. They snuck huge amounts of chemical weapons to every front. While secretly shipping a load of mustard gas to the Italian port of Bari in 1943, a disaster second only to Pearl Harbor occurred. An Allied ship loaded with the deadly chemical was bombed by unsuspecting German bombers. Sailors, soldiers and civilians were exposed, many of them dying a cruel and unspeakable death. All the while the American President and the British War Cabinet lied and covered up the incident. They even lied to the dead soldiers' families. But eventually they realized they could not contain it, people who witnessed the horrible event were talking. Read an in depth account of the disaster at Bari and other appalling Allied war crimes below. This information is honestly some of the most shocking, disappointing and disgusting I've ever read:

A Higher Form of Killing  
The Secret Story of Chemical and Biological Warfare





**A Higher Form of Killing**  
**The Secret Story of Chemical and Biological Warfare by**  
**Robert Harris and Jeremy Paxman ©1982**

'Hours after war was declared, in September 1939, the British ambassador in Berne paid a brief visit to the Swiss Foreign Ministry. He delivered a short message from the British and French governments to be passed on to Hitler. The two countries promised to abide by the Geneva Protocol and refrain from using poison gas and germ warfare, provided the Nazis undertook to do the same. A few days later the German Ambassador signaled his country's agreement.'

(page 117)

'Throughout the war, chemical weapons and stocks of anti-gas equipment were moved on to every major battlefield: there were gas dumps in France in 1940, in North Africa, in the Far East, the Middle East, in Italy, on the Russian Front and finally in 1944 in France once again... poison gas factories swallowed up the war effort of tens of thousands of scientists, technicians and skilled workers. Production never slackened, and by 1945 the world's major powers had amassed around half a million tons of chemical weapons, five times the amount used in the whole of the First World War.'

(page 118-119)

'It was the British, in the summer of 1940, who drew up the first serious plans for using gas. On 15 June 1940, only two days after Dunkirk, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir John Dill, circulated one of the most explosive memoranda of the war. Restricted to a few of the country's top military commanders, shrouded in secrecy for over 30 years, it was entitled 'The Use of Gas in Home Defense' - a brief and cogent military argument in favor of spraying an invading German army with mustard gas.'

(page 119)

'After the war, in considering what might have happened if the Germans had invaded, Churchill wrote: "They would have used terror, and we were prepared to go to all lengths." '

(page 121)

'Had the German invasion come it would have been met by squadrons of Lysander, Blenheim, Battle and Wellington bombers loaded with spray tanks holding between 250 and 1,000 lb of mustard.'

(page 122)

In July 1941 Churchill wrote:

'The absolute maximum effort must be used with super priority to make, store and fill into containers, the largest possible quantities of gas.'

(page 124)

'In 1942 Britain was busy building chemical warfare factories and designed new weapons to employ them. Monstrous weapons like the 'Flying Cow', a gliding bomb which rained gobbets of thickened mustard gas on the ground during its flight... the 'Frankfurter', an elongated mortar bomb for smoke; the 'Squirt', a portable high pressure projector which threw 2 gallons of liquid hydrogen cyanide in a jet to a range of about 25 yards... Perhaps the most ingenious of all the offensive devices was an anti-tank projectile which first pierced a small hole through armor-plate by means of a hollow charge of explosive and then squirted through the hole into the tank enough liquid hydrogen cyanide to kill all the crew

(No acceptable nickname was ever found for this unsporting weapon).'

(page 125)

'By the spring of 1942 - thanks chiefly to the extraordinary time and trouble Churchill had gone to - Britain had almost 20,000 tons of poison gas.'

(page 125)



'But as Britain's military position improved, Churchill's willingness to use gas did not diminish. On the contrary

-- within two years he would actually be pressing for the initiation of gas warfare.

As in every other sphere in the Second World War there was close co-operation between Britain and the United States over chemical warfare. Long before she entered the war, back in the winter of 1940, the Americans secretly began to supply poison gas to the United Kingdom. To preserve her image of neutrality the gas was manufactured in private US plants (which were financed by the British) and then carefully shipped to Europe in foreign-registered vessels; technically the American Government's only official connection was the granting of export licenses. At least 200 tons of phosgene a month were being made available to the British using this ruse by the summer of 1941.'

(page 126)

'In 1940 the US spent \$2 million on its Chemical Warfare Service; in 1941 when the chemical rearmament program was launched, this was increased more than thirty-fold, to over \$60 million; in 1942 expenditure reached a staggering \$1,000 million... As a result America soon had a poison gas-producing capacity vastly in excess of anything she really needed. In the three years from 1942 to 1945, the US opened thirteen new chemical warfare plants. The most ambitious was the \$60 million Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas. Construction work began on 2 December 1941, five days before Pearl Harbor, on a 15,000 acre site. Within eight months an army of laborers and construction experts had laid miles of road and railway track, built factories, storage depots, laboratories, shops, offices, a hospital, a fire station, a police building, water, gas and electricity supplies and a telephone exchange. ...Pine Bluff alone, at its peak, employed 10,000 men and women; it even made use of the labor supplied by a nearby prisoner of war camp. From 31 July 1942 when it first went into production, through to 1945, the Arsenal produced literally millions of grenades, bombs and shells filled with chemical agents, as well as thousands of tons of chlorine, mustard gas and Lewisite. At the end of the war most of it had to be dumped into the sea; its manufacture had cost the American taxpayer \$500 million. In 1942 another \$60 million installation was opened near Denver in Colorado. The Rocky Mountain Arsenal occupied 20,000 acres, employed 3,000 people and produced 87,000 tons of toxic chemicals by the end of the war. The same year, the Americans opened a test site worthy of their vast investment in chemical warfare -- one of the largest gas weapons trial areas in the world, more than a quarter of a million acres on the edge of the Great Salt Lake Desert, in Utah. Known as the Dugway Proving Ground, it was forty times the size of Porton Down and house test facilities that were a veritable dream for the men of the CWS. Replicas of German and Japanese houses were constructed to examine how well they could withstand chemical attack. Caves were dug into the mountains to see how a well-entrenched enemy might survive a gas shell and bomb barrage. The Americans also acquired from the British an interest in spraying mustard gas from the air; Dugway was so vast there was even room for the USAAF to experiment with high altitude spray. The tests were successful, and the United States, which had entered the war with 1,500 spray tanks, ended it with 113,000.'

(pages 127-128)

'It was not until the end of the war that the Americans discovered just how exaggerated had been the fears of Japanese gas stocks. Japanese offensive work had actually reached its peak in 1935. After that it had gone into decline, until by 1941 it had virtually stopped. In 1942 all offensive training at the Narshino Gas School was ended. In 1941 all stocks of gas were recalled by the Japanese High Command. US investigators reported that Japan had developed no gases other than those 'which had been known to the world for 20 years', they had used haphazard research methods, been given no help by the Germans, and that both offensively and defensively the country's supplies were 'inadequate for waging gas warfare on a modern scale'. At the end of the war, set against just 7,500 tons of Japanese poison gases, the Americans had 135,000 tons: 20,000 tons more than the combined total used by every nation fighting in the First World War.

Early in November 1943, First Lieutenant Howard D. Beckstrom of the US 701st Chemical Maintenance Company based at Baltimore received orders to prepare to go abroad. He was one of an elite group of chemical warfare experts. Trained at a special center at Camp Sibert in Alabama, it was one of Beckstrom's jobs to supervise the movement of chemical munitions. His destination on this occasion, he was informed, was the main supply point for the Allied armies in Italy: the Adriatic port of Bari. His cargo was part of the vast American chemical stockpile: 100 tons of mustard gas.

Beckstrom's mission was not uncommon. Throughout the war, the British and Americans moved stocks of poison gas around the world, keeping large dumps close to the various fighting fronts... Beckstrom supervised the loading of the mustard gas at Baltimore onto the SS John Harvey, a 10,000 ton merchantman commanded by Captain Elvin Knowles, a veteran of the Murmansk convoys. In all the John Harvey carried 2,000 M47A1 100 lb chemical bombs. Just over four feet long and eight inches in diameter, each held 60-70 lb of mustard, enough to contaminate an area of forty square yards. With Beckstrom on the voyage were five other members of the Chemical Warfare Service. They had plenty to occupy them. American mustard gas was notoriously unstable, made by the cheap and speedy Levinstein H process. Each bomb contained 30 per cent impurities - gases which could build up and cause an explosion. The bombs had to be regularly vented, and the casings checked over for evidence of corrosion.

The John Harvey arrived at Bari from Sicily on 28 November. Captain Knowles found the harbor choked with Allied shipping. Officially even he was not supposed to know the nature of the cargo he was carrying; it was therefore impossible for him to plead with the port authorities to give the unloading of his ship priority. Instead he was ordered to moor at Pier 29 to await his turn. Four days later, early on the evening of 2 December 1943, the air raid sirens began to wail. That same afternoon, British Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham had called a press conference to announce what he considered to be the total Allied air supremacy

over southern Italy. 'I would regard it,' he told the reporters, 'as a personal affront and insult if the Luftwaffe was to attempt any significant action in this area.' Now, at 7:30 pm, one hundred Ju 88 German bombers roared in to inflict what proved to be the worst seaport disaster suffered by the Allies since Pearl Harbor.

The attack lasted for twenty minutes. At the end of it, seventeen ships carrying around 90,000 tons of supplies had sunk or were sinking; another eight were seriously damaged. Explosions ripped through the tightly-packed harbor, and shortly after eight o'clock a petrol ship blew up with such force it shattered windows in houses seven miles away. A few minutes later, a second explosion tore through the John Harvey. The ship listed and began to sink. Some of the gas began to burn, some went straight to the bottom of the sea. The rest began to leak out of the ruptured hold and spread through the debris-filled harbor. It mingled with the hundreds of tons of oil floating on the surface to form a deadly mixture. Over the whole scene hung the characteristic odor of garlic - so strong that the men on one ship actually put on their respirators for half an hour. A dense black cloud of smoke mingled with gas began to roll across the harbor and over the town of Bari.

The men who were to be the worst casualties however were not those breathing in the fumes but those floating in the harbor, standing in puddles of oil in lifeboats, or hanging from life rafts: their entire bodies were being immersed in a lethal solution of mustard gas.

Neither the rescue squads operating at the port and in Bari's hospitals, nor the men themselves had any idea they had been exposed to mustard gas. No one knew what cargo the John Harvey had been carrying apart from Beckstrom and his men, and they had been killed along with Captain Knowles in a frantic attempt to scuttle the ship. The hospital was attempting to cope with 800 wounded men (more than 1,000 were already dead) and assumed that most were suffering from nothing more serious than exposure. Still wet covered in crude oil they were wrapped in blankets and given warm tea. Most sat quietly in this state for the rest of the night while the mustard gas went silently to work. As a top secret report prepared for the Allied High Command put it two weeks later: 'The opportunity for burn and absorption must have been tremendous. The individuals, to all intents and purposes, were dipped into a solution of mustard-in-oil, and then wrapped in blankets, given warm tea, and allowed a prolonged period for absorption.'

The morning after the disaster, the first of an estimated 630 mustard gas victims began to complain that they were blind. Panic swept through the hospital, and doctors had 'to force them to open their eyes to prove that vision for still possible'. Appalling burns started to develop, variously described as 'bronze, reddish brown or tan' which stripped the body of the top layers of skin. Some men lost 90 per cent of their entire skin covering. According to the report, 'the surface layers came loose in large strips' which 'often took the hair with them'. The burns were 'most severe and distressing in the genital region. The penis in some cases was swollen to three to four times its normal size, and the scrotum was greatly enlarged.' These burns were described as causing 'much mental anguish'. Out at sea, the US destroyer Bistera, which had picked up thirty casualties from the harbor at Bari before making her escape, was also in severe difficulties. By dawn the following morning her officers and crew were almost all totally blind, and many were badly burned. It was eighteen hours before they eventually landed in Taranto harbor. While the Bistera was limping into port, the first casualties were beginning to die at the hospital in Bari within two weeks, seventy men were dead. Preliminary post mortems showed the classic signs of death from mustard gas: a badly burnt and blistered skin, lungs and respiratory tract stripped of their lining, a windpipe blocked with a solid column of mucus. The only difference was the severity of the symptoms. It was as if, under test conditions, the worst possible mustard gas burns had been deliberately produced. The bodies of forty 'representative' victims - made up of men from 'at least twelve nationalities or races' - were shipped to Porton Down and Edgewood Arsenal 'for microscopic examination and study'. In the town itself there were similar scenes of misery. More than 1,000 civilians were killed at Bari - many of them as a result of the great cloud of mustard gas which billowed over the town, others after being swamped in the oil-and-mustard tidal wave which engulfed the sea front. For weeks afterwards previously healthy townspeople lingered in their beds. For civilian and soldier alike it was a grim preview of what full-scale chemical warfare might entail. As the confused details of the disaster reached Allied High Command there were successive waves of panic - first that the Germans themselves had initiated gas warfare, then, when preliminary investigations revealed that the havoc had been wrought by American gas, that the Germans would use it as an excuse to start an all-out chemical war...

At first General Eisenhower tried to keep the whole affair secret. The families of the men whose bodies were being dissected in England and America were informed that their son or husband had been killed by 'shock, hemorrhage, etc, due to enemy action'. For all record purposes, Eisenhower proposed to describe 'skin affliction and burns' and 'injuries to eyes' as simply due to 'enemy action'; 'lung and other complications' were put down to bronchitis. He telegraphed the Combined Chiefs of Staff that he 'considered these terms will adequately support future claims by those injured for disability pensions'. As a further security measure, complete postal censorship was imposed at every British and American military base. The policy of secrecy was approved by Roosevelt and the British War Cabinet. Nevertheless it was soon apparent that Eisenhower had no chance of keeping what had happened at Bari a secret. Thousands of civilians had fled the town, spreading wild stories of deadly new weapons. Gas casualties had been unloaded at other ports suffering from undiagnosed wounds. By January, Allied hopes of secretly briefing commanders and doctors with details of what had happened had vanished in a welter of rumor and half-truth: 'It is believed that the knowledge is now so dispersed among divergent groups including civilians population in Bari area that no, repeat no, effective briefing can be accomplished'...

A few months after the accident, the Allies directed their area commanders to inform their chief medical officers when stories of gas weapons were moved into their localities. In the meantime, the build-up of gas stocks in Italy continued, until there were sufficient chemical weapons stockpiled to enable the Allies to wage full-scale gas warfare in the Mediterranean for forty-five days.'

The following quotes are reproduced in full from pp. 5–6 of a BBC transcript:

HARRIS: In 1944 the secret weapon which Hitler had warned the Allies about at Danzig finally appeared. It was not a germ weapon. It was the flying bomb. Soon it was causing such damage in London that the British began to consider using anthrax as a reprisal against German cities. We have discovered a previously unpublished memorandum written by the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, to the Chiefs of Staff. From the very beginning he had taken a close interest in the development of poison gas and germ weapons. Now, he argued, was perhaps the moment to use them:

[CHURCHILL:] 'If the bombardment of London really became a serious nuisance [ ... ], I should be prepared to do anything that would hit the enemy in a murderous place. [ ... ] I do not see why we should always have all the disadvantages of being the gentleman while they have all the advantages of being the cad. [ ... ] It may be several weeks, or even months, before I shall ask you to drench Germany with poison gas and, if we do it, let us do it one hundred percent. In the meantime I want the matter studied in cold blood by sensible people and not by that particular set of psalm-singing, uniformed defeatists which one runs across now, here and there.

Pray address yourself to this.'

HARRIS [holding open file of documents]: This was the report that Churchill's military advisers produced. It's a chilling assessment of what using chemical and biological weapons would have meant in the Second World War. They advised against using poison gas on the grounds that the bombs we were dropping on German cities were already doing enough damage, but they put biological weapons in a different category.

[QUOTE FROM REPORT:] 'Biological warfare would cause heavy casualties, panic and confusion in the areas affected. It might lead to a breakdown in administration with a consequent decisive influence on the outcome of the war.'

HARRIS: Everything had been worked out to the last detail. [FRONT COVER OF DOCUMENT SHOWN] This top secret report shows how scientists reduced the mass destructive power of anthrax into a neat mathematical formula. The Allies code-named the anthrax weapon N. Each bomb weighed four pounds. They were loaded into large aircraft cluster bombs 106 at a time. N was not designed for use on the battlefield but specifically for strategic bombing against enemy cities. A few hundred feet above the target the large mother bomb would burst open and scatter the anthrax bomblets over a wide area.

Six German cities were provisionally selected as targets: Aachen, Wilhelmshaven, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Hamburg and Berlin. They were all to be attacked in a single day by a force of 2,700 heavy bombers carrying over 40,000 cluster bombs. Twelve cluster bombs to the square mile; 1,273 anthrax bomblets in that square mile. An almost total saturation of bacteria. The cities would have become a wasteland. According to the scientists' report 50% of the inhabitants might be killed by inhalation, many more might die through contamination of the skin. This would have meant a death toll of around three million people.

[QUOTE FROM REPORT:] 'The terrain will be contaminated for years, and danger from skin infection should be great enough to enforce evacuation. [ ... ] There is no satisfactory method of decontamination. There is no preventive inoculation [ ... ]'

[HARRIS:] What stopped Churchill using anthrax against Germany was not moral scruples but time. His military advisers told him that the American factories were not yet producing N bombs in sufficient quantities to enable a full scale attack to be launched.

[QUOTE FROM REPORT:] '[ ... ] There is no likelihood of a sustained attack being possible much before the middle of 1945.'

[HARRIS:] Germany was saved from biological attack by her own defeat. All this took place little more than two years after Dr Fildes and his team first rode out to Gruinard with their prototype anthrax bomb. If a handful of bombs could make this island uninhabitable for forty years, what might have happened if the Allies had gone ahead with their plans to drop four and a quarter million bombs on Germany?

The following quotes are from Winston Churchill directed at General Ismay for the Chiefs of Staff Committee, July 6, 1944.  
(serial number was D.217/4)

- 1 I want you to think very seriously over this question of poison gas. I would not use it unless it could be shown either that (a) it was life or death for us, or (b) that it would shorten the war by a year.
- 2 It is absurd to consider morality on this topic when everybody used it in the last war without a word of complaint from the moralists or the Church. On the other hand, in the last war the bombing of open cities was regarded as forbidden. Now everybody does it as a matter of course. It is simply a question of fashion changing as she does between long and short skirts for women.
- 3 I want a cold-blooded calculation made as to how it would pay us to use poison gas, by which I mean principally mustard. We will want to gain more ground in Normandy so as not to be cooped up in a small area. We could probably deliver 20 tons to their 1 and for the sake of the 1 they would bring their bomber aircraft into the area against our superiority, thus paying a heavy toll.
- 4 Why have the Germans not used it? Not certainly out of moral scruples or affection for us. They have not used it because it does not pay them. The greatest temptation ever offered to them was the beaches of Normandy. This they could have drenched with gas greatly to the hindrance of our troops. That they thought about it is certain and that they prepared against our use of gas is also certain. But the only reason they have not used it against us is that they fear the retaliation. What is to their detriment is to our advantage.
- 5 Although one sees how unpleasant it is to receive poison gas attacks, from which nearly everyone recovers, it is useless to protest that an equal amount of H.E. [high explosive] will not inflict greater cruelties and sufferings on troops or civilians. One really must not be bound within silly conventions of the mind whether they be those that ruled in the last war or those in reverse which rule in this.
- 6 If the bombardment of London really became a serious nuisance and great rockets with far-reaching and devastating effect fell on many centers of Government and labour, I should be prepared to do anything that would hit the enemy in a murderous place. I may certainly have to ask you to support me in using poison gas. We could drench the cities of the Ruhr and many other cities in Germany in such a way that most of the population would be requiring constant medical attention. We could stop all work at the flying bomb starting points. I do not see why we should always have all the disadvantages of being the gentleman while they have all the advantages of being the cad. There are times when this may be so but not now.
- 7 I quite agree it may be several weeks or even months before I shall ask you to drench Germany with poison gas, and if we do it, let us do it one hundred per cent. In the meanwhile, I want the matter studied in cold blood by sensible people and not by that particular set of psalm-singing uniformed defeatists which one runs across now here now there. Pray address yourself to this. It is a big thing and can only be discarded for a big reason. I shall of course have to square Uncle Joe [Stalin] and the President; but you need not bring this into your calculations at the present time. Just try to find out what it is like on its merits.



Weeks of careful checking of sources and the perusal of published and unpublished evidence from Germany have convinced me that the Germans' V-3, (Vengeance Weapon No. 3) is poison gas and that it is scheduled to be used in late August.

It seems probable to me that the V-2, successor to the V-1 robot bomb, will be a heavy rocket, probably about 10 tons, which will be fired from bases at least as far away as Helgoland and perhaps from Denmark. In both these spots bases have already been equipped. Ranging ramps are 15 meters underground. The V-3 will be poison gas, which will be released both by airplane and by air torpedoes.

From sources other than newspapers I learn that gas is being manufactured in large quantities, particularly in an immense plant in Linz, Austria, where experiments on its effect have been made on "useless Jews." Where and how will gas be applied? It seems probable, first, against Anglo-American troops concentrated in England; second, against British military installations and bases, particularly air bases; third, against military industry in Britain; fourth, against the Anglo-American will to fight.

This sounds both macabre and desperate, but there have recently been scores of newspaper stories which seem to indicate an attempt to prepare the German people to rationalize such behavior.



It is unlikely that poison gas will be used against the Russians and militarily Germany could gain nothing by using it against England because of the overwhelming Anglo-American air superiority. It is reported that the anti-Nazi generals don't want to use gas because it would make things worse at the peace conference, and almost certainly destroy any possibility of their saving the fiber and structure of a German army for the next war. Hitler and his cohorts, on the other hand, expect the noose anyhow if they lose and have decided on going down in a re-creation of Valhalla burning. It is significant that on July 15 of this year the Mulhausen *Tageblatt* reprinted a poem written by Hitler in 1932:

*I have chosen the struggle,  
Have bound myself to it,  
Will stay faithful to it  
Until earth covers me.  
That they may kill my friends  
Is possible;  
That they should kill me  
Is also possible.  
That we should capitulate:  
Never, never, never!*

Against this shoddy Wagnerian character the attempted assassination failed on July 20. But the question of whether the bomb-throwing Colonel Graf von Stauffenberg was a dupe or a provocateur is not as important as the fact that Himmler used the incident to consolidate Nazi power and purge its internal enemies. Several thousand were arrested immediately in Berlin and several hundred shot. The Center was crippled and all opposition groups driven further underground even as German soldiers, deserting on the eastern front, were "voting for peace with their feet," as Lenin put it when a similar situation occurred in roughly the same place in 1917 among Russian armies.

The future looks blacker day by day but those inside Germany who want peace and not national suicide are hindered rather than helped by the Allies. The Anglo-American attitude is still expressed

[Above: Here is an article from the propaganda magazine Life which blatantly lies about German gas:



*'Weeks of careful checking of sources and the perusal of published and unpublished evidence from Germany have convinced me that the Germans' V-3, (Vengeance Weapon No.3) is poison gas and that it is scheduled to be used in late August.'*

[Life's Reports - Inside the Reich - Desperate Nazis prepare a Wagnerian Tragedy, pg. 17, August 21, 1944, vol.17 no.8.] In 2010 the U.S. Army announced that a stockpile of WWII era chemical weapons were dumped 5 miles off the coast of Oahu (Waikiki beach). A huge total of 16,000 pounds of bombs were dumped at this location when WWII ended, worse still, each bomb contained 73 pounds of mustard gas. A US House of Representatives investigation found that WWII chemical weapons were dumped in at the very minimum of 26 locations off the coast of 11 states!

The dehumanizing propaganda campaign by the American government and media led to deep hatred and blood lust among its soldiers on the field. It is widely recorded that Allied soldiers in the Pacific campaign collected Japanese skulls, ears, teeth and other grotesque 'souvenirs'. The Japanese code of honor limited the number of their soldiers who surrendered, but when they did they were often killed and showed no mercy.

*'...close to half of all American soldiers agreed with the statement "I would really like to kill a Japanese soldier." '*  
--The Censored War, p. 87, George H. Roeder Jr., (c)1993



[Above: New Guinea, 1944. Here we see a Japanese skull which has been bracketed to a vehicle. Did the Japanese or Germans ever do something like this with American or British skulls? Absolutely not.]

The taking of so-called "trophies" by American soldiers was so widespread that, by September 1942, the Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet ordered that *'No part of the enemy's body may be used as a souvenir'*, and any American servicemen violating that order would face *'stern disciplinary action'*.

Trophy skulls were a favorite souvenir, but the American soldier also liked Japanese teeth, ears and other such body parts. The teeth would be made into necklaces and the ears would be attached to belts or necklaces...

The following quote from a February 1946 issue of The Atlantic by war correspondent Edgar L. Jones says it all:

*'We shot prisoners in cold blood, wiped out hospitals, strafed lifeboats, killed or mistreated enemy civilians, finished off the enemy wounded, tossed the dying in a hole with the dead, and in the Pacific boiled the flesh off enemy skulls to make table ornaments for sweethearts, or carved their bones into letter openers.'*



[Above: A young woman ponders a Japanese skull her boyfriend sent her from the Pacific. Can you imagine the grotesquery?! Source: Life Magazine.]

Eugene Sledge remembers fellow Marines yanking out gold teeth from Japanese corpses, and if stealing from the dead wasn't bad enough, he recalled a time when a Japanese soldier was still alive during the grotesque theft:

*'But the Japanese wasn't dead. He had been wounded severely in the back and couldn't move his arms; otherwise he would have resisted to his last breath. The Japanese's mouth glowed with huge gold-crowned teeth, and his captor wanted them. He put the point of his Ka-Bar [combat knife] on the base of a tooth and hit the handle with the palm of his hand. Because the Japanese was kicking his feet and thrashing about, the knife point glanced off the tooth and sank deeply into the victim's mouth. The Marine cursed him and with a slash cut his cheeks open to each ear. He put his foot on the sufferer's lower jaw and tried again. Blood poured out of the soldier's mouth. He made a gurgling noise and thrashed wildly. I shouted, "Put the man out of his misery." All I got for an answer was a cussing out. Another Marine ran up, put a bullet in the enemy soldier's brain, and ended his agony. The scavenger grumbled and continued extracting his prizes undisturbed.'*



Above: What could he be cooking you ask? He's boiling the flesh off of a Japanese head so he can have the bare skull as A souvenir! This is a new level of disgusting. Niall Ferguson wrote that

*'boiling the flesh off enemy [Japanese] skulls to make souvenirs was not an uncommon practice.'*



[Above: Just chillin' with the boys with my human skull. Author and serviceman Weinstein stated that ownership of skulls and teeth were widespread practices.]

Here an American soldier in the Pacific even admits to purposely not taking prisoners because... get this: because he is angry that the prisoners got clothing after being captured! You couldn't make this up.

*'We'd sneak up on those little lean-tos where the Jap soldiers were sleeping. The first time we went out on patrol, we figured we'd be nice and captured three of them and took them back to battalion headquarters. We checked on them the next day, and hell, the military had given them all new socks, shoes, underwear, caps, and dungarees -- the works. We'd been wearing the same rotting clothes for over a month. We thought, to hell with this. After we saw that, we didn't taken any more prisoners.'*

-Voices of the Pacific, by Adam Makos, quoting R.V. Burgin, pg. 129, (c)2013



[Above: *'Kill the Bastards'* Here is an incredible sign meant to whip the Allied soldiers into a frenzy and to teach them to dehumanize the Japanese.]

Let's take a glimpse at the Philippines. America did not 'liberate' anyone or anything. They were brutal occupiers of the Philippines. Between the years 1899 and 1913 the United States carried out a genocidal war against the Filipino people.



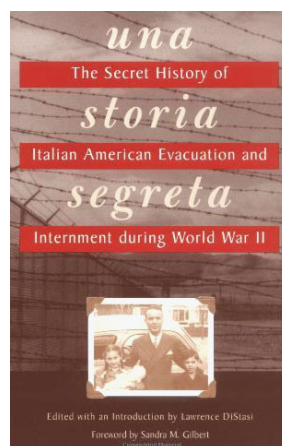
[Above: Some Filipino folks who have been given a taste of democracy -- American style!]

*Our soldiers have pumped salt water into men to make them talk, and have taken prisoners people who held up their hands and peacefully surrendered, and an hour later, without an atom of evidence to show that they were even insurgents, stood them on a bridge and shot them down one by one, to drop into the water below and float down, as examples to those who found their bullet-loaded corpses.'*

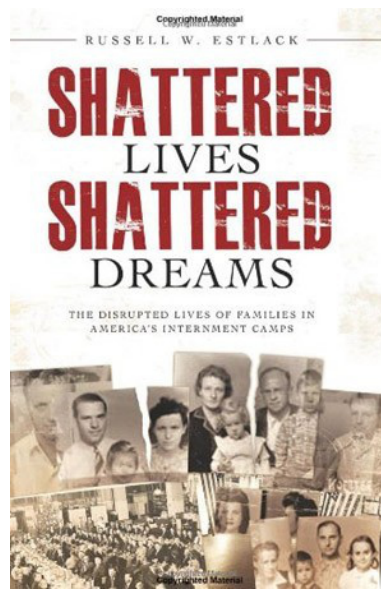


It is also a little known fact that thousands of Americans of Italian, Latin-American, and German ethnicity were also thrown into American concentration camps. Even Aleut people in Alaska were interned. A neatly hidden fact. There are many books that document this scarcely known treacherous act. Some examples are:

American wartime law greatly restricted the freedoms and required identity cards of 600,000 Italian '*resident aliens*'. 10,000 Italian-Americans along the West Coast were forcibly relocated and 250 were actually imprisoned in concentration camps for up to two years. Some Italian Americans were even forced to abandon their own homes and businesses. Even baseball legend Joe DiMaggio's parents were declared 'enemy aliens'.



Shattered Lives, Shattered Dreams: The Untold Story of America's Enemy Aliens in World War II by Russell Estlack  
(c)2011



[Above: Shattered Lives, Shattered Dreams: The Untold Story of America's Enemy Aliens in World War II.]

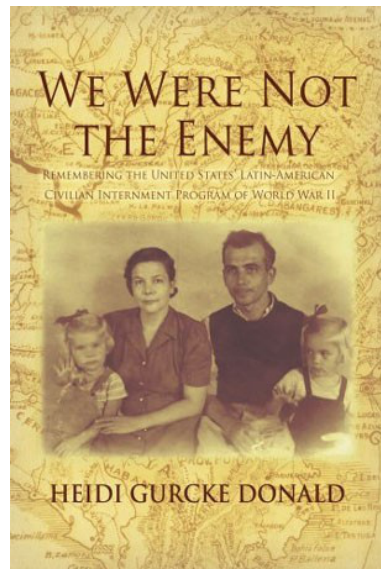
The tyrannical lunacy these Americans were forced to endure by the American government is staggering. Some camps, during freezing cold winters, did not even have heat!

*'Italians were required to remove pictures of Mussolini from display in their homes. U.S. officials went to Italian homes and collected guns and shortwave radios. Josephine Pandolfi Belenchia said that they even took an Italian version of Romeo and Juliet from their home.'*

-The Delta Italians, Paul V. Canonici, 2003

More than 10,000 German-American civilians were thrown into concentration camps in America during WWII. None of them were ever compensated for the loss of property or the time they spent in concentration camps.

*We Were Not the Enemy: Remembering the United States' Latin-American Civilian Internment Program of World War II* by Heidi Donald (c)2007



[Above: We Were Not the Enemy: Remembering the United States' Latin-American Civilian Internment Program of World War II.]



Here is the description of the book:

*'The United States clandestinely funds the operation of a huge prison in Cuba. Men, women, and children are spirited away from their homes and imprisoned indefinitely. No charges are made; no legal counsel is allowed. Newspapers fill with stories of espionage and enemies. Current events? No. During World War II, the United States used tactics remarkably similar to those in use today against presumed terrorists. By 1939, President Franklin Roosevelt had covertly authorized J. Edgar Hoover's Secret Intelligence Service to begin surveillance of Axis nationals in Latin America. Believing that "all German nationals without exception [are] dangerous," the United States surreptitiously pressured Latin-American countries to arrest and deport more than four thousand civilians of German ethnicity to the United States. There, many languished in internment camps, while others were shipped to war-torn Germany.'*

The Prison Called Hohenasperg: An American Boy Betrayed by His Government During World War II by Arthur D. Jacobs  
(c)1999

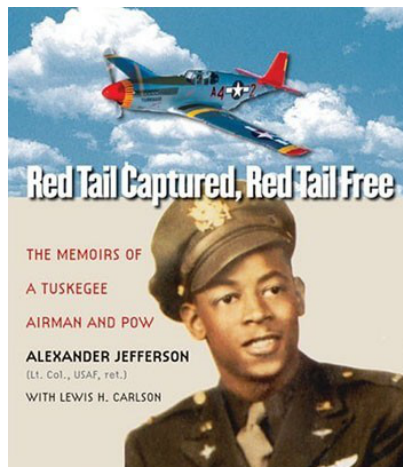


[Above: The Prison Called Hohenasperg: An American Boy Betrayed by His Government During World War II.] The book's own description best describes this unbelievable and truly insane book:

*'Unknown to most Americans, more than 10,000 Germans and German Americans were interned in the United States during WWII. This story is about the internment of a young American and his family. He was born in the U.S.A. and the story tells of his perilous path from his home in Brooklyn to internment at Ellis Island, N.Y. and Crystal City, Texas, and imprisonment, after the war, at a place in Germany called Hohenasperg.'*

*'When he arrived in Germany in the dead of winter, he was transported to Hohenasperg in a frigid, stench-filled, locked, and heavily guarded, boxcar. Once in Hohenasperg, he was separated from his family and put in a prison cell. He was only twelve years old! He was treated like a Nazi by the U.S. Army guards and was told that if he didn't behave he would be killed.'*

One of the famous American 'Tuskegee Airmen', Alexander Jefferson, wrote a book called 'Red Tail Captured, Red Tail Free' where he talks about being a second class citizen in his own country. He was shot down and put into a German P.O.W. camp where for the first time in his life he wasn't segregated from the white troops. He recalls the incredible irony of finally being freed and returning home and no sooner did he walk off the ship when he was told 'Whites to the right, niggers to the left'! [Above: 'Red Tail Captured, Red Tail Free' (c)2005]



[Above: 'Red Tail Captured, Red Tail Free' (c)2005]

And then there was that *other* Tuskegee. The infamous Tuskegee syphilis experiments. If you don't know about these, you should look it up and view a truly evil part of history in America. Briefly, these clinical studies were conducted between 1932 and all the way to 1972 by the United States government. Its purpose was to observe the natural history of untreated syphilis. American blacks were lured into the study by free health care, meals, and free burial insurance for participating in the study by the United States government. The government worked in collaboration with the Tuskegee University, a historically black college in Alabama. They told the guinea pigs that the study would only last six months, it lasted forty years! Hundreds of black men were infected with syphilis and never told they had the disease, nor were they offered penicillin to treat it. Instead the evil scientists said they had '*bad blood*'. Additionally the scientists prevented the victims from accessing syphilis treatment programs available to other residents in the area. Worse still, forty wives were infected and contracted the disease and nineteen children were born with congenital syphilis. Keep in mind this horrid experiment went on during WWII, all while calling the Germans 'racist'. What a joke.

While America was supposedly fighting for 'freedom' and 'democracy' in Europe, blacks were rioting and violently fighting for their rights back in America. For example, in 1943 black Americans rioted in the city of Detroit, where the heavy hand of 'freedom' killed twenty-four of them!

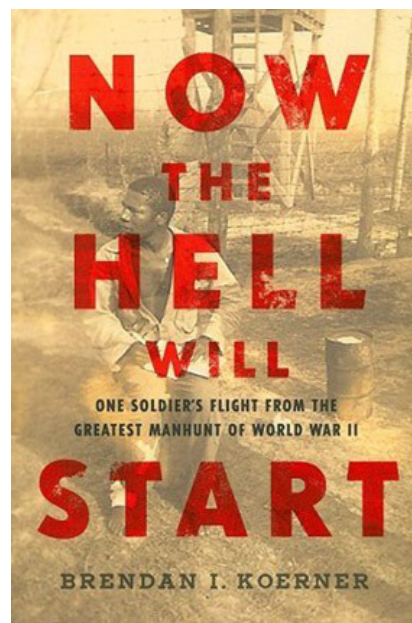
Another example of America's hypocrisy and outright brutality was the inhuman treatment of WW2 veteran Isaac Woodard, Jr. (March 18, 1919 – September 23, 1992). This black American was attacked by South Carolina police in 1946, while still in his army uniform, just hours after being honorably discharged from the United States Army! This attack was so brutal it blinded Woodard for life!

Ironical that when America occupied Germany after the war they brought with them their racist policies which were previously unknown in Germany.

The book *The Day of Battle: The War in Sicily and Italy, 1943-1944*, by Rick Atkinson (Macmillan, 2007) gives us some very interesting statistics of Allied racism:

*'When War II began in September 1939 fewer than 4000 blacks served in the U.S. Army; more than two years later the U.S. Navy had only six black sailors-excluding mess stewards. At the time of the Anzio landings (May 1944), the U.S. Army had 633,000 officers, of whom only 4,500 were black. The U.S. Navy was worse, with 82,000 black enlisted sailors and no black officers; the Marine Corps which had rejected all black enlistments until President Roosevelt intervened, would not commission its first black officer until several months after the war ended... ..blacks were shunted into quartermaster companies for duties such as truck drivers, bakers, launderers, laborers and the like.'*

Now the Hell Will Start by Brendan I. Koerner (c) 2008



[Above: Now the Hell Will Start.



[Below: PVT. Herman Perry]



[Below: Reward poster]

## **Rs 1000 REWARD**

**FOR APPREHENSION OF PVT. HERMAN PERRY,  
AMERICAN SOLDIER (COLORED) ESCAPED CONVICT  
UNDER DEATH SENTENCE**

5'-8½"



### **DESCRIPTION:**

FACE... NEGRO  
HEIGHT... 5'8½"  
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS...  
CARNIFLOWER EAR  
BROAD FLARING NOSE  
COLOR... CHOCOLATE BROWN  
WEIGHT... 160-170 LBS.  
HAIR... BLACK, BUSHY, 1" LONG  
DRESS - SUNTAN SLACKS OR FATIGUES

**ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THIS MAN SHOULD  
BE COMMUNICATED TO NEAREST OFFICE OF THE  
CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION DIVISION, U.S. ARMY**

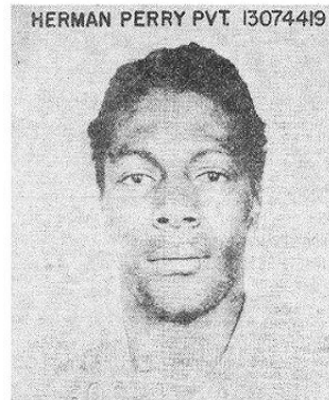
**LEDD 121 • SHINGBWIYANG 23-R-2 • MYITKYINA SOS-27**

[Below: December 21, 1944 wanted notice appearing in the local theater newspaper CBI Roundup.]

# WANTED FOR MURDER

Sentenced to death by court martial for the murder of an American Officer and awaiting final action on his record of trail, Private Herman Perry, 13074419, colored, escaped from the stockade at Ledo at 0200 Saturday, 16 December 1944. This general prisoner is 5'8" in height, weighs approximately 170 pounds, has a husky build with broad shoulders, has black bushy hair, complexion of chocolate brown, and wears a size 10½D shoe. He is a nervous type of individual, smokes cigarettes in chain fashion and is addicted to marijuana.

His escape may have been abetted by outside help, and it is very likely that he is now equipped with arms. Knowing that his life is forfeit, he will actively resist any effort toward recapture. Perry is a fast and smooth talker with no southern or Negro accent, well educated and exceedingly dangerous. All military personnel are urged to be on the look-out for this man. Any information pertaining to this case should be reported to the nearest military authorities, the Provost Marshal, Military Police or the Criminal Investigation Division without delay.



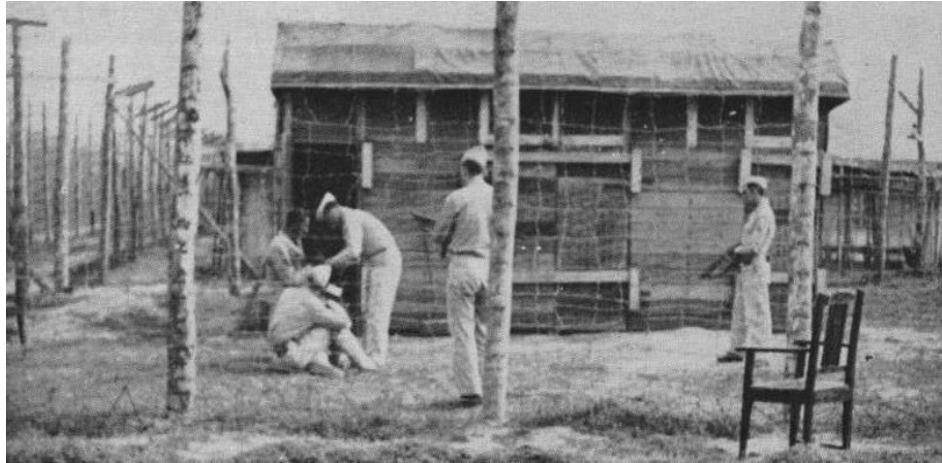
[Below: Wanted poster in Kachin and Burmese languages distributed among native workers in the area.]



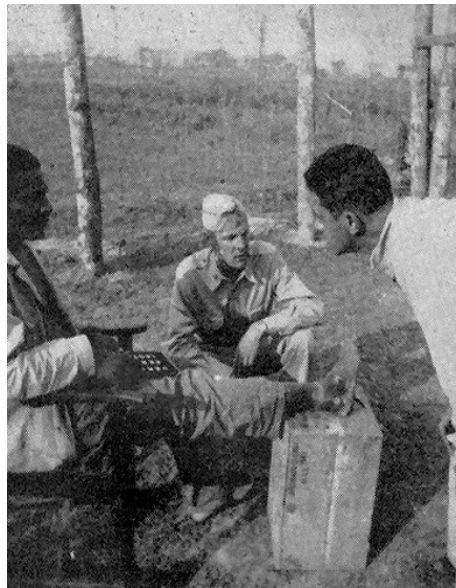
[Below: Perry after his capture. Seen here (left to right) is Pvt. George Crosby, Maj. Earl Cullum, Pvt. Herman Perry, Sgt. Earl Gainor and Cpl. Bernard Black.]



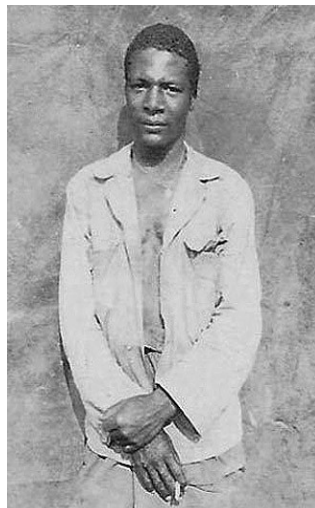
[Below: Perry receiving medical treatment in the stockade at Chabua. He was wounded during his capture.]



[Below: Perry's wounded foot is examined by Major Cullum and a medic.]



[Below: Perry after his capture.]



Perry not only escaped from a military jail after his first capture, but also was wounded multiple times during his escape, and most shocking of all, he lived with a local headhunter tribe and married the chief's daughter and even had a child!



Blacks performed the jobs no one else wanted. They were subjected to 16 hour work days in the sweltering jungle heat, along with leeches, legions of mosquitoes, malaria and dysentery. It was called *'the toughest job ever given to U.S. Army Engineers in Wartime'*

One particular story of this hell was brought to light by the case of a black soldier who killed another soldier and became the subject of *'the greatest manhunt of WWII'*. These American blacks were little more than forced labor gangs. Beasts of burden. But every dog has his day. Perry had his. And died a *man*.

*'An African American GI assigned to a segregated labor battalion, Perry was shipped to South Asia in 1943, enduring unspeakable hardships while sailing around the globe. He was one of thousands of black soldiers dispatched to build the Ledo Road, a highway meant to appease China's conniving dictator Chiang Kai-shek. Stretching from the thickly forested mountains of North-East India across the tiger-infested vales of Burma, the road was a lethal nightmare, beset by monsoons, malaria, and insects that chewed men's flesh to pulp. Perry could not endure the jungles brutality, nor the racist treatment meted out by his white officers.'*

And:

*'...Perry won the admiration of officers forced to witness the execution for his cool courage in the face of certain death. Never once did he break even as he walked up stairs to the gallows platform'*

-Now the Hell Will Start by Brendan I. Koerner, pg. 299,(c)2008

On the way up to the gallows, rather ominously, Perry said to the guard escorting him: *'Now, the hell will start.'*



[Above: PVT. Herman Perry]

A 1944 German propaganda leaflet targeting black American soldiers stated truthfully:

*'In World War I they promised your father's racial equality as a reward for fighting the war.*

*What did they get? What did you get?*

*The lousiest jobs.  
The lousiest flats.  
The lousiest pay.  
The lousiest chances.*

*Poverty, Unemployment, Race Riots, Lynching, Hanging and Burning!*

*and*

*The general contempt of all Whites in the U.S.A.*

*RICH (WHITE) MAN'S WAR*

*POOR (COLORED) MAN'S FIGHT'*



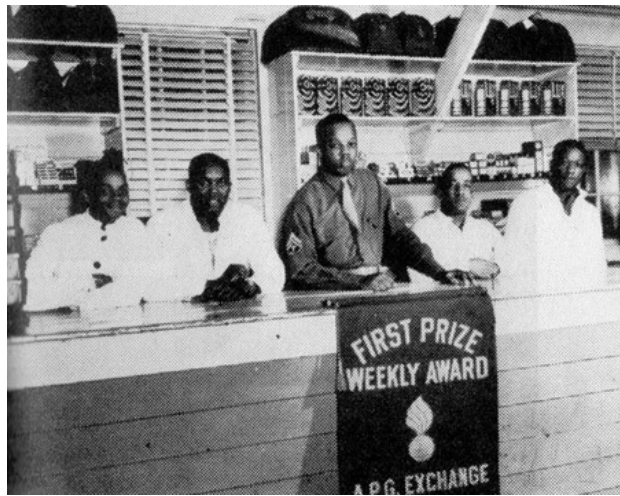
[Above: This is the flip side of the leaflet bearing the text above. It says: 'Race War' (top left) and 'Fleeing Negro, who is already hurt, is chased by Detroit mobsters. Lead pipe (center) was later used in finishing him off.']



[Above: This was first published in 1944 by the Dutch SS-Storm magazine in the Netherlands. It's interesting that the 'horrible racist Nazis' would point out America's racism. They use the head of a Ku Klux Klan member, show blacks in a cage and dangle a noose, pointing to America's lynching of blacks. The figure is like Frankenstein's monster, a collage of the all-destroying Judeo- democratic'-American culture. A Jewish/Masonic apron is tied to the drums of war. A foot of a bloody bomb...]



[Above: Black Americans were given the unenviable job of handling corpses. This picture, never released to the American public, shows how the corpses of American 'heroes' were handled.]



[Above: The American government actually considered African-American achievements during WWII a 'threat to national unity'.

In 1944 newspapers refused to run a photograph of a black man named Dempsey Travis, who was a prize-winning manager, because they felt it would offend the public. The government made it a policy to not allow many photos released of black soldiers because it would 'overemphasize black achievements'. Are you getting a hint of who the real racists were yet?]



[Above: This is the nose of a C-47, also called a Dakota or Skytrain. The C-47 served in all theaters of war for a multitude of purposes, this particular one participated in D-Day. The good old Allies named this one '**BIG NIGGER**'. Who were the racists again?]

The black historian and sociologist W.E.B. Du Bois visited National Socialist Germany in 1936. He related that he received more respect from the German academics than from his white colleagues back in America. He was treated like a human being in Germany, and stated: '*The National Socialists did not show any trace of racial hatred toward blacks.*'



[Above: W.E.B. Du Bois, circa 1918]

Furthermore, the American diplomat and author Lawrence Dennis, who was bi-racial, born to a black mother and white father, also visited National Socialist Germany. Like Du Bois and other blacks who visited, he was treated warmly and like a human being for one of the first times in his life. He met and had discussions with the highest level of National Socialist authorities, including Adolf Hitler himself. Dennis even attended the Nuremburg rallies. He was so impressed with Adolf Hitler's Germany that he thought National Socialism could also save the United States, as it did Germany



[Above: Lawrence Dennis, who was also a defendant in America's Great Sedition Trial of 1944, believed by all to be a mockery of justice.]

So much for the lies of WWII Germany being a bunch of racists huh? That was all carefully implemented to get the world to hate Germany and trick them into helping the Judeo-tyrants destroy her.

Again, let's shatter our expectations and learn a fact many German soldiers learned after the war: black Americans did not hate German soldiers the way their white counterparts often did. The reasons behind this are varied, but as we discuss on later pages, one of the main reasons was the black Americans understood the Germans' plight, and indeed many of them saw Adolf Hitler as the liberator that he was. Additionally, many Black Americans were not as taken by the Allied propaganda and downright lies as were white Americans. Perhaps it wasn't so easy to believe the words of an authority they largely viewed as their historical oppressor.

Here is an interesting quote regarding the treatment of German P.O.W. soldiers after the war from Waffen-SS Panzergrenadier Hans Schmidt:

*'Black American soldiers were nicer to us than were the white ones. Most of the white Americans with whom I had to deal with were oafs.'*

[Hans Schmidt (1927 - 2010), SS Panzergrenadier, page 334, (c)2002]



[Above: Hans Schmidt.]



When the capital of the German Reich, Berlin, crumbled there were over a dozen nationalities defending it. There were Americans, British, French, Italians, Russians, Walloonians, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Iranians, Spaniards, Africans... the list goes on and on. In fact the bulk of defenders were not even German. Artur Axmann, leader of the Hitler Youth, when fleeing through the fiery ruins of Berlin, was shocked when suddenly his group stumbled on:

*'What we saw before our astonished eyes was a kind of SS international brigade-very few Germans but a lot of Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, Latvians and that French group called Kampfgruppe Charlemagne.'*

(O'Donnell, *The Bunker*, page 304)

Imagine that. The last stand of the Third Reich, defended by foreign born troops. They met a fiery death because they believed in what they were fighting for. **Look it up.**

Everywhere the German and Axis armies went they brought with them a high standard of living previously undreamt. To many remote parts of Russia they brought with them modern civilization itself. The liberating German and Axis armies encountered poverty and despair on a level that shocked them to the core. The deathly policies of communism had not only crushed people's livelihoods, but destroyed their spirits. Joseph Goebbels described it best in one of his last writings, on April 20, 1945, in a newspaper piece called *'Our Hitler'*, celebrating the Führer's 56th birthday:

*'Our enemies claim that the Führer's soldiers marched as conquerors through the lands of Europe — but wherever they came, they brought prosperity and happiness, peace, order, reliable conditions, a plenitude of work, and therefore a decent life. Our enemies claim their soldiers came to the same lands as liberators — but wherever they come there is poverty and misery, chaos, devastation and destruction, unemployment, hunger and mass death.'*

There were plans for the German armies and its allies in Russia, fighting Communism, to link up straight-away with the Japanese armies. Imagine, these great world powers, allies for many years, of such different races and cultures, meeting as friends on the battlefield, and then fighting together for a common goal. The Land of the Rising Sun and the Sons of the Swastika.

Japan wanted an Asia for Asians. The European occupiers had practically enslaved the Asian people in their 'colonies.' Germany and her European allies were also fighting those same world powers. They also believed that a people should be led by their own race. The world would then be in balance, the way nature intended. In fact, when Japan liberated the Asian islands and nations previously occupied by Europeans, they asked Germany if it wanted a share of these lands, and the answer was no! For too long empires, conquest, and ultimately greed, had set out to enslave foreign lands.

The real reason why America drove Japan into WWII was the same reason Britain and France declared war on Germany: money and influence. Japan was a rising power, as was Germany. In 1920 the famed author H.P. Lovecraft wrote an article called *The Rising Tide of Color*. It is incredibly prophetic and provides an excellent snapshot of what was happening and more so what was to come:

*'Whatever may be its ultimate goals, Japanese foreign policy has one minimum objective: Japan as hegemon of a Far East in which white influence shall have been reduced to a vanishing quantity. That is the bald truth of the matter — and no white man has any reason for getting indignant about it. Granted that Japanese aims endanger white vested interests in the Far East. Granted that this involves rivalry and perhaps war. That is no reason for striking a moral attitude and inveighing against Japanese "wickedness," as many people are to-day doing.*

*These mighty racial tides flow from the most elemental of vital urges: self-expansion and self-preservation. Both outward thrust of expanding life and counter-thrust of threatened life are equally normal phenomena. To condemn the former as "criminal" and the latter as "selfish" is either silly or hypocritical and tends to envenom with unnecessary rancor what objective fairness might keep a candid struggle, inevitable yet alleviated by mutual comprehension and respect.*

*This is no mere plea for "sportsmanship"; it is a very practical matter. There are critical times ahead; times in which intense race- pressures will engender high tensions and perhaps wars. If men will keep open minds and will eschew the temptation to regard those opposing their desires to defend or possess respectively as impious fiends, the struggles will lose half their bitterness, and the wars (if wars there must be) will be shorn of half their ferocity.'*



[Above: H.P. Lovecraft.]





[Above: Women in The Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Note the flags of Manchukuo, Japan and China.]

A Japanese leaflet from 1944 explains Japanese intentions in a few words [Note: Nippon = Japan]:

*'Nippon today is engaged in the most titanic struggle against Anglo-American aggression for the purpose of freeing all Asians from their odious encroachment. Nippon is resolutely determined more than ever to crush Asia's foes decisively in order to establish lasting peace and prosperity in East Asia and emancipate the one billion Asians from centuries of Occidental domination.'*

The Allies pushed lies about German racism throughout the Arab world, but the Arabs laughed at such claims. German actions spoke much louder than Allied lies. Here is an important quote from a letter written by the Prime Minister of Iraq, Rashid Ali Al- Gaylani, to Germany's Dr. Walter Gross' Office of Racial Policy in October 1942:

*'The Axis enemies in their propaganda state that the Germans consider the Arabs among the lower castes. In my capacity as the Premier of Iraq, I can give an assurance that the Arabs do not give this claim any importance after what they have seen and felt Germany's treatment and help to them. But as the enemy propaganda goes on repeating these lies, I should like to receive an answer from an official source regarding the German consideration of the Arab race. I should be very grateful to get from you a reply on the opinion of Germany on the subject.'*

Signed,  
Rashid Ali Al-Gaylani



[Above: Rashid Ali Al-Gaylani (1892 - August 28, 1965).]

Dr. Gross, a German physician who was head of the Office of Racial Policy for the NSDAP from 1933 until his suicide at the end of WWII, officially replied to Al-Gaylani as follows:

*'In answer to your Excellency's letter of 17th October, 1942, I have the honor to give you the racial theory regarding the Arab caste. The racial policy has been adopted by Germany to safeguard the German people against the Jews who, biologically, are different from the Middle East races. Accordingly, Europe has been opposing Jews for decades. The Germans do not fight the Jews because they are Semitic or because they come from the East, but for their character, egoism and their hostility to society... while Germany forbids the entrance of the Jews into her territory, she welcomes all Arabs of Semitic origin and cares for them. The attitude of the Germans for the Arabs is that of respect. Not a single official German source ever stated that the Arabs originated from a lower caste. On the contrary, the racial theory of National Socialism considers the Arabs of a very high caste. The oppression of the Arabs of Palestine is being followed in Germany with great interest and Germany confirms the demands of the Arabs.'*



[Above: Dr. Walter Gross (October 21, 1904 - April 25, 1945).]

Also highly illuminating is an article written by Dr. Walter Gross, who, I remind you again because of its importance, was head of the Office of Racial Policy for the NSDAP:

#### *National Socialist Racial Thought*

*-Dr. Walter Gross*

*'Most open to misinterpretation are National Socialist views on the relations between the various races of the world. It has been questioned whether the fundamental racial principles of the new world theory must not breed condescension, even contempt of people of different race. Quite the contrary; these very principles offer the very best guarantee for mutual tolerance and for the peaceful co-operation of all.*

*We appreciate the fact that those of another race are different from us. This scientific truth is the basis, the justification and, at the same time, the obligation of every racial policy without which a restoration of Europe in our day is no longer practicable. Whether that other race is "better" or "worse" is not possible for us to judge. For this would demand that we transcend our own racial limitations for the duration of the verdict and take on a superhuman, even divine, attitude from which alone an "impersonal" verdict could be formed on the value or lack of such of the many living forms of inexhaustible Nature. But we of all people are too conscious of the inseparable ties of the blood and our own race to attempt to aspire to such an ultra-racial standpoint, even in the abstract.*

*History, science and life itself tell us in a thousand ways that the human beings inhabiting the earth are anything but alike; that, moreover, the greater races are not only physically but especially spiritually and intellectually different from each other. Yesterday one passed this fact by, and in attempting to unify political, economic, cultural and religious standards for all nations of the earth, one was sinning against Nature, violating the natural attributes of various racial and national groups for the sake of a false*

*principle. Today we bow to the racial differences existing in the world. We want every type of being to find that form of self-expression most fitted to its own particular requirements.*

*The racial principles of National Socialism are, therefore, the surest guarantee for respecting the integrity of other nations. It is incompatible with our ideas to think of incorporating other nationalities in a Germany built up as a result of conquests, as they would always remain, because of their alien blood and spirit, a foreign body within the German State. Such foolhardy thoughts may be indulged in by a world which has as its goal economic power or purely territorial expansion of its frontiers, but never by a statesman thinking along organic, racial lines whose main care is the preservation of the greatness and along with it the essential unity of his people held together by the ties of blood relationship.*

*For this reason, we have nothing in common with chauvinism and imperialism because we would extend to other races peopling the earth the same privileges we claim for ourselves: the right to fashion our lives and our own particular world according to the requirements of our own nature. And if National Socialism would wish to see the unrestricted mixing of blood avoided for the individual, there is nothing in this to suggest contempt. After all, we Germans ourselves, viewed ethnologically, are a mixture. The National Socialist demand is only that the claims of the blood and the laws of biology should be more closely observed in future.*

*Here again our standpoint is not so very far removed from that of other people with a sound mental outlook. The American Immigration Laws, for instance, are based on definite racial discrimination. The Europeans and the inhabitants of India, the Pacific Islands, and so on, have instinctively held aloof from a mingling of the blood, and both sides genuinely regard any transgression as very bad form. Nevertheless, this natural attitude in no way detracts from the possibility of close co-operation and friendly interaction. And, speaking on behalf of the new Germany, let me once more emphasize:*

*We do not wish our people to intermarry with those of alien race since through such mingling of the blood the best and characteristic qualities of both races are lost. But we will always have a ready welcome for any guests who wish to visit us whether of kindred or foreign civilization, and our racial views only lead us to a fuller appreciation of their essential peculiarities in the same way as we would want our own peculiarities respected.'*

They've invested untold riches in hiding the facts presented on these pages from us. They've hidden the fact that Europe was fighting for its very existence. Far from what they've shoved into our heads, Germany was not alone in this fight. Europe and the world knew what was at stake. Adolf Hitler defined it best, in a speech on January 30, 1942:

*'Lord God, give us the strength that we may retain our liberty for our children and our children's children, not only for ourselves but also for the other peoples of Europe, for this is a war which we all wage, this time, not for our German people alone, it is a war for all of Europe and with it, in the long run, for all of mankind'*

Anyone who knows the truth, knows that countries didn't lose the Second World War, mankind itself lost. The same age-old powers-that-be had won again. Their victory came at a terrible cost. They butchered tens of millions with their indiscriminate bombs. Over four million Germans died in concentration camps of starvation and the elements after the war was over. Look it up. Communist soldiers, berserk with propaganda, raped millions of German women, MILLIONS, from ages 6 to 90! Many of them after the war was over.

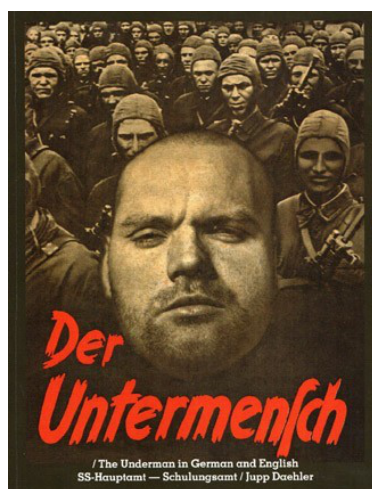
The Allies had the audacity to charge many Germans with using P.O.W.s as 'slave labor', when they themselves used millions of German P.O.W.s for a variety of purposes, from deathly mines in Africa, to building and farming, they were sent all over the world and used into the 1950s! The USA had 511 POW camps in itself and nearly half a million prisoners! [Nazi Prisoners of War in America, Arnold Krammer, 1983]

Britain dared call Germany a war monger, when Britain was responsible for invading most of the world! Check out this new study as reported by Jasper Copping from The Telegraph (November 4, 2012):

*'A new study has found that at various times the British have invaded almost 90 per cent of the countries around the globe. The analysis of the histories of the almost 200 countries in the world found only 22 which have never experienced an invasion by the British. Among this select group of nations are far-off destinations such as Guatemala, Tajikistan and the Marshall Islands, as well some slightly closer to home, such as Luxembourg. The analysis is contained in a new book, All the Countries We've Ever Invaded: And the Few We Never Got Round To.'*

**Research it all for yourself. You'll be amazed at what's been hidden from us.**





[Above: The infamous Der Untermensch. We were taught that this book was overflowing with hatred for the Poles, Russians and Slavs in general. But like most things we've been taught about WWII it is a lie! It's recently been reprinted so you can see for yourself, as I did. The truth is there is no racial hatred at all within its pages. The Untermensch is more a character of man.

[read the back of the book for a detailed description.]



"Der Untermensch: The Underman" is possibly the Third Reich's most famous, misquoted, and misrepresented publication ever. First issued in 1942 by the SS head office under the direct orders of Heinrich Himmler, "The Underman" has ever since been portrayed as "anti-Slavic," "anti-Russian," and "anti-Jewish." In fact only the third allegation has any truth to it. The "anti-Slavic" and "anti-Russian" claims are merely the product of postwar propaganda, reliant on the fact that almost no one would have the chance to actually read the publication for themselves.

The reason for this was that after the war, the Allied occupying powers in Germany ordered all copies of the publication seized and burned. As a result, only a tiny handful were saved, and it is from one of these very few surviving copies, that this edition has been prepared.

In addition to its rarity, the text has also never been correctly and fully translated into English (until now), a fact which has greatly eased the task of those seeking to distort what it actually says.

Ideologically hostile Jewish propagandists have, for example, engaged in outright forgery and misrepresentation of its contents, while a single translation made by an

ideologically sympathetic postwar publisher suffered from serious grammatical and translation distortion errors. This edition is therefore the very first complete and accurate translation into English of this 52 page oversize booklet.

Far from being anti-Slavic, the reader will see that the SS Head Office publication portrayed Russians as victims of Communism—and then specifically blamed Jews as being behind Communism, and, ideologically speaking, inheritors of a far older, far eastern attack on Europe which had started with Genghis Khan and the Mongols.

Nowhere in the SS book are the Slavic people denigrated, and in fact many of the traditional Slavic nations are mentioned in text and photograph as being part of the greater European family. European nations specifically mentioned in this book include Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Italy, Switzerland, Slovakia, Croatia, Greece, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Romania.

The suffering of ordinary Russian people under the Soviet system forms a large focus in this work, and at all times great sympathy is evoked for these victims of Communism: men, women and children alike. Special mention is made of their awful living conditions, inflicted by the Soviet economic collectivization system, and always condemned only as the result of Communism.

In addition, the economics, social structure, art, and even freedom of religion under the Soviet state is dramatically and graphically compared with Germany—and elsewhere in Europe.

Finally, after reviewing numerous Soviet atrocities and Communist secret police torture chambers discovered during the German advance into the Baltic states and the Ukraine, this SS book ends with a dramatic series of photographs showing the murderous intentions of the Soviet state—and a warning that if the European people did not unite and together fight off the attack by the "Jewish-led Underman," then Europe itself would be destroyed.

This high-quality reproduction is not a "photostat" but a fully digitally restored copy taken directly from a rare 1942 original. This special edition contains both the unaltered German-language original, followed by an English-language copy, with the translated text inserted in exactly the same position on the pages, in order to best represent the original meaning. In this way, the original German and the English can be compared for clarity's sake.

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Recently declassified United States documents reveal that the president of the United States knew about the impending attack on Pearl Harbor and did nothing about it. In fact, he and his administration took measures to hide it. Not only did they know about it in advance, but they also instigated it. They would do anything to bring America into WW2, and since Japan was a friend and ally of Germany, they knew that by instigating a war with Japan, Germany would have to follow. They violated Japan's waters and even strafed her boats with machine gun fire.

Read a short essay on Pearl Harbor by Jeffrey St. Clair - Alexander Cockburn entitled *The Good War, Revisited: The Good War, Revisited*

The Pearl Harbor essay is adapted from an article that appeared in the June 2001 edition of *CounterPunch* by Jeffrey St. Clair - Alexander Cockburn

Each Pearl Harbor day offers a fresh opportunity for those who correctly believe that Franklin Roosevelt knew of an impending attack by the Japanese and welcomed it as a way of snookering the isolationists and getting America into the war. And year by year the evidence continues to mount. The Naval Institute's website featured a detailed article by Daryl Borgquist to the effect that high Red Cross officials with close contacts to Roosevelt quietly ordered large quantities of medical supplies and experienced medical personnel shipped to Hawaii well before Dec. 7, 1941.

In 1995, Helen Hamman, the daughter of one of these officials, wrote to Bill Clinton a letter disclosing that her father had told her in the 1970s that shortly before the Pearl Harbor attack Roosevelt had told her father of the impending raid and told him to send Red Cross workers and supplies to the West Coast to be deployed in Hawaii. Roosevelt, Ms. Hamman wrote, told her father "the American people would never agree to enter the war in Europe unless they were attack [sic] within their own borders." Borgquist's research, now published in *Naval History* magazine, shows that the Red Cross was indeed staffed up and on a war footing in Hawaii by November 1941.

Foreknowledge by FDR of the "surprise attack" on Pearl Harbor has been demonstrated about every five years, ever since the Republicans made a huge issue of it after World War II. Each time there's a brief furor, and then we slide back into vaguer language about "unproven assertions" and "rumors." It's one of the unsayables of 20th-century history, as Charles Beard discovered in 1948 when he published his great book *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War (1941)*, subtitled "A Study in Appearances and Realities." Beard effectively disposed of the "surprise attack" proposition after researching official government documents and public hearings. For example, the State Dept.'s own record showed that FDR's Secretary of State Cordell Hull conferred with the British ambassador on Nov. 29, 1941, and imparted the news that "the diplomatic part of our relations with Japan was virtually over and the matter will now go to the officials of the Army and Navy." As Beard and others pointed out, the U.S. had already not only undertaken the blockade and embargoes that forced Japan into the war, but also knew that Japan was about to attack and waited for it to do so, so the isolationists could be outmaneuvered and the U.S. could enter the war on a tide of popular feeling.

At dawn on Dec. 7, 1941, the first wave of Japanese planes flew in from the east over the Waianae Mountains, leaving about 4000 American casualties with 2400 dead. Beard's scholarly but passionate investigation into secret presidential diplomacy incurred venomous abuse, as did his judgment that the ends (getting the U.S. into the war) did not justify the deceptive means.

Back in the early 1980s John Toland published his excellent book *Infamy*, which mustered all the evidence extant at that time about U.S. foreknowledge. He advanced the thesis that though FDR and his closest associates, including Gen. Marshall, knew the Japanese naval force was deployed with carriers in the North Pacific, they were so convinced of the impregnability of the base that they didn't believe the attack would have much serious effect. They thought a surprise Japanese raid would do little damage, leave a few casualties but supply the essential trigger for entering the war. Toland quoted from Labor Secretary Frances Perkins' diary an eerie description of Roosevelt's ravaged appearance at a White House meeting the night of Dec. 7. He looked, Perkins wrote with extraordinary perception, "not only as though a tragedy had occurred but as though he felt some more intimate, secret sense of responsibility."

The U.S. military commanders on Honolulu, Husband Kimmel and Walter Short, were pilloried, destroyed, set up to bear the major responsibility. For many years they fought to vindicate themselves, only to face hidden or destroyed evidence and outright perjury from superiors.

In May of 1983 an officer from the Naval Security Group interviewed one of Toland's sources who had previously insisted on remaining anonymous. The person in question was Robert Ogg, who had been an enlisted man in naval Intelligence during the war, and was one of those who detected the presence, through radio intercepts, of a Japanese task force working its way toward Pearl Harbor in the first week of December 1941. This force had been under radio silence, but the "silence" had been broken on a number of occasions. Both Ogg and his immediate superior, Lt. Hosner, reported their intercepts and conclusion to the chief of intelligence of the 12th Naval District in San Francisco, Capt. Richard T. McCullough. McCullough was not only a personal friend of Roosevelt's but enjoyed assured access to him through Harry Hopkins' phone at the White House. Ogg confirmed in 1983 that McCullough had said at the time that the information about the Japanese task force had been passed to the White House. British code-breakers at Bletchley had also passed the news to Winston Churchill that Pearl Harbor was to be attacked.

The lesson here is that there is no construction too "bad" or too "outrageous" but that it cannot be placed upon the actions of powers great or small, though usually great. When Toland's book was published there were many who scoffed at the "inherently implausible argument," the "fine-spun conspiracy theory." Gazing up the newly emerging national security state and the dawn of the Cold War, Beard argued that the ends did not justify the means, and concluded thus: "In short, with the Government of the United States committed under a so-called bipartisan foreign policy to supporting by money and other forms of power for an indefinite time an indefinite number of other governments around the globe, the domestic affairs of the American people became appendages to an aleatory expedition in the management of the world... At this point in its history the American Republic has arrived under the theory that the President of the United States possesses limitless authority publicly to misrepresent and secretly to control foreign policy, foreign affairs and the war power."

Truer words were never written.

### The "Good War"

Just as FDR's foreknowledge of the attack is rediscovered every few years, so, too, is the fact that the Pacific war was a very nasty affair. Every so often new accounts and photographs emerge documenting the cruelties of that war. In 2001, the BBC aired combat film of American soldiers shooting wounded Japanese and using bayonets to hack at Japanese corpses while looting them. "Former servicemen interviewed by researchers spoke of the widespread practice of looting gold teeth from the dead—and sometimes from the living."

The archival film is fresh evidence of the atrocities, but the war crimes themselves are an old story, best told by John Dower in his 1986 book *War Without Mercy*. Back in the February 1946 issue of *The Atlantic* the war correspondent Edgar L. Jones wrote, "We shot prisoners in cold blood, wiped out hospitals, strafed lifeboats, killed or mistreated enemy civilians, finished off the enemy wounded, tossed the dying in a hole with the dead, and in the Pacific boiled the flesh off enemy skulls to make table ornaments for sweethearts, or carved their bones into letter openers."

By the spring of 1945 the Japanese military had been demolished. The disparities in the casualty figures between the Japanese and the Americans are striking. From 1937 to 1945, the Japanese Imperial Army and Navy suffered 1,740,955 military deaths in combat. Dower estimates that another 300,000 died from disease and starvation. In addition, another 395,000 Japanese civilians died as a result of Allied saturation bombing that began in March 1945. The total dead: more than 2.7 million. In contrast, American military deaths totaled 100,997. Even though Japan had announced on Aug. 10 its intentions to surrender, this didn't deter the bloodthirsty Gen. "Hap" Arnold. On Aug. 14, Arnold directed a 1014-plane air raid on Tokyo, blasting the city to ruins and killing thousands. Not one American plane was lost and the unconditional surrender was signed before the planes had returned to their bases.

This raid, like the dropping of the A-bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was aimed at Moscow as much as Japan, designed to impress Stalin with the implacable might of the United States. The Cold War was under way, and as Beard prophesied in 1948, democracy wilted amid the procedures of the national security state, whose secretive malpractices are still being exhumed.

Papers released by the American Dept. of Energy showed that scientists from the UK Atomic Energy Authority removed children's bones and bodies to ship to the United States for classified nuclear experiments. There is a transcript of a secret meeting in Washington of "Project Sunshine," where Willard Libby, a scientist who later won the Nobel Prize for his research into carbon dating techniques, told colleagues, "Human samples are of prime importance, and if anybody knows how to do a good job of body-snatching, they will really be serving their country."

British scientists from Harwell and the Medical Research Council supplied not only American researchers but their own labs with body parts, collecting about 6000 corpses between 1955 and 1970. As *The Observer* reported, Jean Prichard, whose baby died in 1957, said her child's legs were removed by hospital doctors and taken to Harwell without permission. To prevent her from finding out what had happened, she says she was forbidden to dress her daughter for her funeral. "I asked if I could put her christening robe on her, but I wasn't allowed to, and that upset me terribly because she wasn't christened. No one asked me about doing things like that, taking bits and pieces from her."



### **Read an excerpt from Adolf Hitler's speech in the Reichstag of December 11, 1941 (4 days after Pearl Harbor)**

This speech details American aggressions against Germany in preparation of causing a war between the two countries. I implore everyone to read it, it is a superb look into the truth.

Excerpt from Hitler's speech in the Reichstag of December 11, 1941 (4 days after Pearl Harbor)

"Why is there now another American president determined to incite wars and, above all, to provoke hostility against Germany to the point of war? National Socialism came to power in Germany in the same year [1933] that Roosevelt came to power in the United States. At this point, it is important to examine the factors that explain the current situation.

First of all, the personal side of things: I understand very well that there is a world of difference between my own vision of life and attitude, and that of President Roosevelt. Roosevelt comes from an extremely wealthy family. Of birth and origin (Roosevelt) belongs to that class of people who are privileged in a democracy and who are guarantors of progress. I was only the son of a small and poor family, and I had to struggle, work and strive to live, despite the enormous difficulties.

As a member of the privileged class, Roosevelt experienced the [First] World War in a position under the shadow of Wilson [as Undersecretary of the Navy]. As a result, (Roosevelt) only knew the pleasant consequences of a conflict between the nations of which some produced gains while others lost their lives.

During this same period, I lived very differently. I was not one of those who made the story or those who benefited, but rather one of those who carried out the orders. As a private during those four years, I tried to do my duty in the face of the enemy. Of course, I returned from the war as poor as when I entered the fall of 1914. So I shared my destiny with millions of people, while Mr. Roosevelt shared with his ten thousand call from above.

After the war, while Mr. Roosevelt tested his skills in financial speculation in order to personally benefit from inflation, that is, from the misfortune of others, I still lay in a military hospital with many other hundreds of thousands of people. With experience in business, economic security and enjoying the patronage of his class, Roosevelt finally opted for a career in politics. During this same period, I fought as a total stranger for the rebirth of my nation, which was the victim of the greatest injustice in its history.

Two different paths in life! Franklin Roosevelt assumed power in the United States as the candidate of a fully capitalist party, which helps those who serve him. When I became Chancellor of the German Reich, I was the leader of a popular nationalist movement, which I had created myself. The powers that supported Mr. Roosevelt were the same powers against which I fight, because of the concern for the destiny of my people, and of a deep inner conviction. The "group of experts" that served the new president of the United States was composed of members of the same national group against which we fought in Germany as a parasitic expression of humanity, and which we began to withdraw from public life. And yet we also had something in common: Franklin Roosevelt took control of a country with an economy that had been ruined as a result of democratic influences, and I assumed the leadership of a Reich that was also on the verge of complete ruin, Thanks to democracy. There were 13 million unemployed in the United States, while Germany had seven million unemployed and another seven million part-time workers. In both countries, public finances were in chaos, and it seemed that the economic depression that was expanding could not be stopped.

From then on, things developed in the United States and the German Reich, so that future generations will have no difficulty in making a definitive assessment of the two different socio-political theories. While the German Reich experienced a huge improvement in social, economic, cultural and artistic life in a few years under the national-socialist leadership, President Roosevelt was not able to carry out even some limited improvements in his own country.

This task should have been much easier in the United States, with just 15 inhabitants per square kilometer, compared to 140 (inhabitants per square kilometer) in Germany. If economic prosperity is not possible in that country (the United States), it must be the result of the lack of will on the part of the leaders or the complete incompetence of the men in charge. In just five years, the economic problems were solved in Germany and unemployment was eliminated. During this same period, President Roosevelt greatly increased the national debt of his country, devalued the dollar, further altered the economy and kept the same number of unemployed. But this is not surprising when one realizes that the intellects designated by this man, or more accurately, who designated him, are members of that same group who, like Jews, are interested only in disorganization and never in the order. While we in the National Socialist Germany take action against financial speculation, it flourished enormously (in the US) with Roosevelt. The legislation of this man is false, and therefore the biggest mistake experienced by anyone.

If their economic policies had continued indefinitely in times of peace, there is no doubt that sooner or later they would have overthrown this president, despite all their dialectical intelligence. In a European country his career would undoubtedly have ended in front of a national court for recklessness to squander the wealth of the nation. And it would have hardly prevented a prison sentence by a civil court for a criminally incompetent business management.

Many respected Americans also share this opinion. A threatening opposition grew around this man, which led him to think that he could be saved only by diverting public attention from his national policies towards foreign affairs. In this sense, it



is interesting to study the reports of the Polish ambassador in Washington, Potocki, who repeatedly point out that Roosevelt was aware of the danger that his entire house of economic cards could collapse, and that, therefore, it was absolutely necessary to divert the attention to foreign policy.

The circle of Jews around Roosevelt encouraged him to this. With the vengeful nature of the Old Testament they considered the United States as the instrument that they and (Roosevelt) could use to prepare a second Purim [massacre of the enemies] against the nations of Europe, which were increasingly anti-Jewish. So it was that the Jews, with all their satanic baseness, gathered around this man, and he trusted them. The president of the United States increasingly used his influence to create conflicts, intensify existing conflicts, and, above all, to prevent conflicts from being resolved peacefully.

For years, this man sought a conflict anywhere in the world, but preferably in Europe, which he could use to create political entanglements with the economic obligations of America to one of the contending parties, which would then consistently involve the United States in the conflict. and thus divert attention from their own confused internal economic policies.

His actions against the German Reich in this sense have been especially forceful. Beginning in 1937, he began a series of speeches including a particularly despicable one on October 5, 1937 in Chicago, in which this man systematically incited the American public against Germany. He (Roosevelt) threatened to establish a kind of quarantine against the so-called authoritarian countries. As part of this constant and growing campaign of hatred and incitement, President Roosevelt made another offensive statement [on November 15, 1938] and then called the US ambassador in Berlin to Washington for consultations.

As of November 1938, he systematically and consciously began to sabotage any possibility of a European peace policy. In public, he hypocritically claimed to be interested in peace and, at the same time, he threatened every country that was willing to follow a policy of peaceful understanding, by blocking loans, economic reprisals, collecting loans, and so on. (\*) In this sense, the reports of the Polish ambassadors in Washington, London, Paris and Brussels provide a striking vision.

This man increased his campaign of incitement in January 1939. In a message to the US Congress. He threatened to take all measures except the war against the authoritarian countries.

(Roosevelt) He repeatedly claimed that other countries were trying to interfere in American affairs, and he talked a lot about defending the Monroe Doctrine. From March 1939 he began lecturing on European internal affairs that are not of any concern to the President of the United States. In the first place, he does not understand these problems, and secondly, even if he understood and appreciated the historical circumstances, he has no more right to deal with the affairs of Central Europe than the German head of state has to take positions or do judgments about conditions in the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt went even further. Against the norms of international law, he refused to recognize governments that he did not like, would not accept new ones, refused to fire ambassadors from nonexistent countries, and even recognized them as legal governments. He even concluded treaties with these ambassadors, who in turn gave him the right to simply occupy foreign territories [Greenland and Iceland].

On April 15, 1939, Roosevelt pronounced his famous appeal to me and the Duce [Mussolini], which was a mixture of geographical and political ignorance combined with the arrogance of a member of the millionaire class. We were called to make statements and conclude non-aggression pacts with a number of countries, many of which were not even independent, either because they had been annexed or turned into protectorates subordinated to the countries [Great Britain and France] allied with Mr. Roosevelt.

You will remember, my deputies, that later [on April 28, 1939] I gave a direct, but direct response to this meddlesome gentleman, who managed to stop, at least for a few months, the storm of gossip from this sophisticated warmonger. But now the honorable woman [his wife Eleanor] took her place. She and her children [said] that they refused to live in a world like ours. That is at least understandable, because ours is a world of work and not of cheating and organized fraud. After a short break, however, (Roosevelt) was back.

On November 4, 1939, the Law of Neutrality was revised and the arms embargo was repealed in favor of a unilateral supply [of arms] to the adversaries of Germany. In the same way, (Roosevelt) pushed East Asian economic entanglements with China that eventually lead to effective common interests.

On April 9 [of 1940] (Roosevelt) he froze all the assets of Norway and Denmark [in the US], under the false pretext of preventing them from falling into the hands of the Germans, even though he knew very well, for example, that Germany has not interfered, much less taken control of the administration of the Danish government or its financial affairs. Along with the other governments in exile, Roosevelt now recognizes one for Norway.

On May 15, 1940, the Dutch and Belgian governments in exile were also recognized, and at the same time the Dutch and Belgian assets [in the US] were frozen. And now he feared that if peace were to happen in Europe, the billions he had squandered on military spending would soon be recognized as an obvious case of fraud, because no one would attack America unless America itself provoked the attack.

On June 17, 1940, the President of the United States froze the French assets [in the US] in order, he said, to prevent them from being seized by Germany, but in reality it was to seize the gold that it was brought from Casablanca on a US cruise.

In July 1940 Roosevelt began taking many new steps to bring the war, such as allowing the service of American citizens in the British Air Force and the training of British air force personnel in the United States.

In August 1940 a joint military policy of the United States and Canada was established. In order to make the creation of a credible US- Canadian joint defense committee for the stupidest of people, Roosevelt periodically invented crisis and acted as if the United States was threatened by an immediate attack. Suddenly canceled trips and quickly returned to Washington and similar things in order to emphasize the seriousness of the situation to his followers, who really deserve pity. (Roosevelt) moved even closer to the war in September 1940, when he transferred fifty American naval destroyers to the British fleet, and in return took control of the military bases on British possessions in North and Central America. Future generations will determine the extent to which, in addition to all this hatred against socialist Germany, the desire to easily and safely take control of the British empire in its time of disintegration may also have played a role.

After Britain was no longer able to pay for American deliveries in cash, (Roosevelt) imposed the Loan and Lease Act against the American people. As President, he obtained the authority to provide loans and leases of military aid to countries that Roosevelt decided, it was in the vital interests of the United States to defend. When it became clear that Germany would not respond in any case to his continued rude behavior, this man took another step forward in March 1941.

As early as December 19, 1939, an American cruiser [the Tuscaloosa] that was inside the security zone maneuvered the [German] Columbus transatlantic into the hands of the British warships. As a result, he had to be sunk. That same day, the US military helped in an effort to capture the German merchant ship Arauca.

On January 27, 1940, and once again contrary to international law, the American cruiser Trenton reported the movements of the German merchant ship Arauca, La Plata and Wangoni to enemy naval forces.

On June 27, 1940, (Roosevelt) announced a limitation on the free movement of foreign merchant ships in US ports, totally contrary to international law.

In November 1940 (Roosevelt) allowed American warships to chase the German merchant ship Frigia, Idarwald and Rhein until they finally had to sink themselves to avoid falling into enemy hands.

On April 13, 1941, American ships were allowed to pass freely through the Red Sea, in order to supply the British armies in the Middle East. Meanwhile, in March [1941] all German ships were confiscated by the US authorities. In the process, the German citizens of the Reich were treated in the most degrading manner, ordered certain places in violation of international law, subjected them to travel restrictions, etc. Two German officers who had escaped from captivity in Canada [to the United States] were handcuffed and returned to the Canadian authorities, in the same way completely contrary to international law.

On March 27 [of 1941], the same president who is [allegedly] against any aggression, announced support for [General] Sinovia and his clique of usurpers [of Yugoslavia], who had come to power in Belgrade after the fall of the legal government. Several months earlier, President Roosevelt had sent the [OSS chief] Colonel Donovan, a much inferior figure, to the Balkans with the order to help organize an uprising against Germany and Italy in Sofia [Bulgaria] and Belgrade.

In April [Roosevelt] promised loan and lease to Yugoslavia and Greece. At the end of April he recognized Yugoslav and Greek emigrants as governments in exile. And once again, in violation of international law, I freeze Yugoslav and Greek assets.

Beginning in mid-April [1941] US naval patrols began expanded operations in the western Atlantic, reporting their observations to the British.

On April 26, Roosevelt delivered twenty high-speed patrol boats to Britain. At the same time, British warships were usually being repaired in US ports.

On May 12, Norwegian vessels operating in Britain were armed and repaired [in the US], contrary to international law. On June 4, transports of US troops arrived in Greenland to build airfields. And on June 9 came the first British report that a US warship, acting on the orders of President Roosevelt, had attacked a German submarine near Greenland, with depth charges. On June 14, German assets in the United States were frozen, also in violation of international law. On June 17, on the basis of a false pretext, President Roosevelt demanded the withdrawal of the German consuls and the closing of the German consulates. He also demanded the closure of the office of the German press agency "Transocean", the German Information Library [in New York] and the German Reichsbahn [national railway].

On July 6 and 7 [1941], the US armed forces acting under Roosevelt's command occupied Iceland, which was in the area of ??German military operations. (Roosevelt) hoped that this action would undoubtedly, in the first place, finally force Germany into war [against the US], and, secondly, also neutralize the effectiveness of German submarines. At the same time, he promised military aid to the Soviet Union.

On July 10, Secretary of Marine Knox suddenly announced that the US Navy I was under orders to fire on the Axis warships.

On September 4 the American destroyer, the Greer, acting under his orders, operated with British aircraft against German submarines in the Atlantic. Five days later, a German submarine identified US destroyers. as escort ships with a British convoy. In a speech delivered on September 11 [of 1941], Roosevelt at last personally confirmed that he had given the order to fire on all the ships of the Axis, and repeated the order.

On September 29, US patrols attacked a German submarine east of Greenland, with depth charges.

On October 17 the American destroyer, Kearny, operating as an escort for the British, attacked a German submarine with depth charges. And on November 6, the armed forces of the United States seized the German ship Odenwald, in violation of international law, took it to an American port, and imprisoned its crew.

I will pass over as meaningless the offensive attacks and rude statements of this so-called President against me personally.

(Roosevelt) calls me a gangster, this is particularly pointless, since this term did not originate in Europe, where such characters are rare, but in the United States. And aside from that, I just can not feel insulted by Mr. Roosevelt because I consider him, like his predecessor Woodrow Wilson, to be mentally unstable.

We know that this man, with his Jewish supporters, has operated against Japan in the same way. I do not need to go into that here. The same methods were used in that case too. This man first incites war, and then lies about its causes and makes unfounded accusations. He disgustingly wraps himself in a cloak of Christian hypocrisy, while at the same time slowly but steadily leading humanity towards war. And, finally, as an old Freemason, who calls God as a witness that his actions are honorable. Their blatant misrepresentations of truth and violations of the law are unparalleled in history.

I am sure that all of you have considered it an act of liberation for a country [Japan] to have finally acted to protest all this in the same way that this man had really hoped, and that should not surprise you [the attack on Pearl Harbor ] After years of negotiations with this liar, the Japanese government finally had enough of being treated in such a humiliating manner. All of us, the German people and, I believe, the rest of decent people around the world also consider this with deep gratitude.

We know the power behind Roosevelt. He is the same eternal Jew who believes that the time has come to impose the same fate on us that we have all seen and experienced the horror in Soviet Russia. We (the Germans) have come to know first- hand the Jewish paradise on earth. Millions of German soldiers have personally seen the lands where this international Jewry has destroyed and annihilated people and property. Maybe the President of the United States does not understand this. And if you understand it, that shows your intellectual narrowness. And we know that all your effort is directed to this goal: Even if we do not ally with Japan, we would still realize that the Jews and their Franklin Roosevelt intend to destroy one state after another. The German Reich of today has nothing in common with the Germany of the past. For our part, now we are going to do what this provocateur has been trying to achieve for years. And not only because we are allies of Japan, but because Germany and Italy, with their current directions have the vision and the strength to realize that this historical period is what determined the existence or non- existence of nations ,perhaps forever (1) What this other world has in store for us is clear. They were able to take the democratic Germany of the past to starvation, and now seek to destroy the National Socialist Germany of today.

(1) The existence OR NOT existence of nations: Here Hitler is speaking clearly against the New World Order that seeks the elimination of borders and the establishment of a world government and at the same time it is making clear who is behind this international conspiracy. A good listener few words.

When Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt declare that they want to one day build a new social order, this is almost the same to a bald barber who recommends a guaranteed tonic to grow hair . Instead of inciting war, these gentlemen, who live in socially more backward countries, should care about their own people without jobs. They have enough misery and poverty in their own countries to keep busy ensuring a fair distribution of food. As for the German nation, which does not need charity, be it Mr. Churchill or Roosevelt - but it does demand its rights. He will do what he must to secure his right to life, even if a thousand Churchills and Roosevelts conspire together to prevent it.

Our nation has a history of almost two thousand years. Never in this long period has she been as united and determined as she is today, and thanks to the national-socialist movement it will always be like that. At the same time, Germany has perhaps never been so far-sighted, and so aware of her honor. As a result, today I returned the passports to the American Charge d'affaires , and was bluntly informed of the following:

The constant political expansion of President Roosevelt that is directed to an unlimited world dictatorship (2) . In pursuing this goal, the United States and Great Britain have used all means to deny the nations of Germany, Italy and Japan the prerequisites for their vital natural existence. For this reason, the governments of Great Britain and the United States have opposed everything possible to create a new and better order in the world, both for the present and the future.

(2) Hitler again makes another reference to the New World Order, can there still be people who believe that Hitler was an agent of the NOM?

Since the beginning of the war, US President Roosevelt has committed steadily more and more serious crimes against international law. Along with illegal attacks on the ships and other property of German and Italian citizens, there have been threats and even arbitrary deprivation of personal liberty for internment. The increasingly hostile attacks of the American President Roosevelt have reached the point that he has ordered the US Navy, in complete violation of international law, immediately and in any place, to attack and sink German and Italian ships. . US officials have even bragged about destroying German submarines in this criminal manner.

American cruisers have attacked and captured German and Italian merchant ships, and their peaceful crews were taken to prison, President Roosevelt's plan to attack Germany and Italy with the military forces in Europe in 1943 at the latest, was made public in the United States [by the Chicago Tribune and several other newspapers on December 4, 1941], and the American government made no effort to deny it. Despite the years of intolerable provocations by President Roosevelt, Germany and Italy, they tried with sincerity and patience to prevent the expansion of this war and maintain relations with the United States . However, as a result of their (Roosevelt's) campaign, these efforts have failed."

(\*)During a meeting with the British war cabinet, on August 19, 1941, Winston Churchill, referring to Roosevelt's attitude towards war, said:

" [Roosevelt] Obviously he is determined to enter the war ... [Roosevelt] will make war, but without declaring it, and he will become increasingly provocative. [And if the Germans bother] they can attack the American forces ... [Roosevelt] has made it clear that he will be looking for some 'incident' that justifies him initiating [openly] hostilities. "

- "Churchill and America", by Martin Gilbert - Pocket Books 2006, Cap. 23 " A MEANS OF WAGING MORE EFFECTIVE WAR ", p. 2. 3. 4.

I think it is worth mentioning that the "incident" that Churchill referred to ended up being the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

\*Special thanks to the translator, whoever you are!



[Above: Professor Revilo Pendleton Oliver (July 7, 1908 – August 20, 1994), professor of classical philology, Spanish, and Italian.]

Professor Revilo Oliver commented on this treasonous action by those controlling the United States government:

*'When I left the mephitic atmosphere of Washington late in 1945, I had no great misgivings about the future of our nation. On the basis of the best estimates that I could then make, I was confident that our future was assured by a popular reaction which I deemed inevitable within the next five years. I felt certain that the secrets of Washington would quickly become known and that our nation would be swept with moral indignation and revulsion when Americans saw exposed to the light of day even a small part of the foul record of the diseased creature that had squatted in the White House for so many years, surrounded by his appalling gang of degenerates, traitors, and alien subversives.*

*I knew that the secret of Pearl Harbor would be quickly disclosed, and that Americans would soon know how the Japanese had been maneuvered and tricked into destroying our fleet and killing so many of our men. I was sure that the public would soon learn of the old conspiracy between Roosevelt and Churchill (who was at that time a private citizen in what was still Great Britain), and also of Roosevelt's persistent efforts from 1936 to 1939 to get started in Europe the insanely fratricidal war that devastated that continent, that destroyed so much of what is the most precious and irreplaceable treasure of any race -- the genetic heritage of its best men -- and that inflicted on our own country a great squandering of life and wealth in a war that was deliberately conducted to assure the defeat of the United States and Great Britain no less than that of France and Germany. I was sure that we would quickly, once peace had come, see that we had fought for the sole purpose of imposing the beasts of Bolshevism on a devastated land. I was sure that we would quickly see the nature of the great treason trap called the United Nations. I thought that decent men's stomachs would turn when they learned of the officially admitted strategy of the British government which, in deliberate violation of all the conventions of civilized warfare, had initiated the vicious bombing of unprotected German cities for the express purpose of slaughtering so many defenseless German civilians that the German government would be forced to bomb unprotected British cities and slaughter enough helpless British civilians to work up in Great Britain some enthusiasm for the suicidal war that the British government was imposing on its reluctant people -- the first example in history, I believe, of a government at war deliberately having its own citizens massacred for the purposes of propaganda. I thought that the truth about such domestic outrages as the infamous Sedition Trial in Washington would necessarily become known, and excite the feelings that such crimes must excite in the breasts of decent men.*

*And I was sure that a thousand other infamies, unsurpassed and only rarely equaled in recorded history, would be disclosed with the result that all the steamships outward bound from our shores would, within a few years, be crowded to their very rails with hordes of vermin desperately fleeing from the wrath of an aroused and angry nation.*

*In 1945 I really believed that by the year 1952 no American could hear the name of Roosevelt without a shudder or utter it without a curse. You see; I was wrong.'*

We implore you, question what you've been taught. We've all been taught lies. The good guys lost World War Two. Mankind lost World War Two. And based on the revolutionary protection laws instituted by National Socialist Germany of protecting nature and animals, even they lost WWII. The tyrants won. But the war isn't over. Free men and women, white, black, red, yellow and brown are learning the truth.

The truth will make you angry. The lengths they have gone to lie to us. No matter your country of origin you are a victim of the same propaganda lies. It is international. They want to divide and conquer us. They want us to hate and fear one another. But in reality, it is They who hate all of us. And it is They who shall learn to fear us as well.

Given time, all races and religions shall unite and wipe this tyrant from the face of the earth. And this blue planet will sigh, bearing a lighter load, less millions of its killers and enslavers. And all of this terrible dark time will be a story to tell our children's children. It is a fated time to come. After the fire. A world anew.

But pictures speak louder than words! Don't take our word for it, look and see for yourself! And ask yourself, why did they hide this truth from us?



## Chapter Two AFRICA



# AFRICA



[Above: German military postage stamp from Tunisia, North Africa, circa March/April 1943. **other examples below.**]

This stamp was issued in 1943 as an emergency measure for parcels from North Africa to Germany. It was designed by Lt. Roleff. They were only used for a few weeks and of the 1 million printed, some 620.000 were destroyed! Some exist without perforations and are from unfinished stock. Below are some variations of this rare stamp for study and comparison purposes. Below you will find perforation, plate and shade variations.



[Below: This is a rare variety where the perforation is very misaligned.]



[Below: Block of four]



[Below: Rare block of twelve. It's interesting to see all of the variations shown here!]



[Below: Here is a very rare imperforate proof.]



To see more examples, please visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

\*\*\*\*\* F A K E S \*\*\*\*\*

ACHTUNG! ATTENTION! BEWARE!

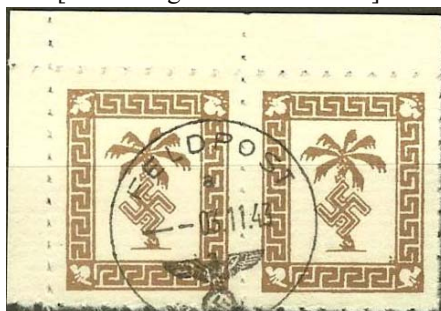
[Below: Here is a fake from 2015. While it would fool inexperienced collectors, it is a very poor copy to experienced eyes. The color is muted and faded and the definition of the design itself is very crude, unlike the original, this copy has no detail at all. The perforation is totally wrong as well. This copy has a sewing machine 'stitched' look to it.]



[Above & below: Many times fakes can be drawn out into the light by their cancel dates. It is suspicious when different copies bear the same date, as is the case on these examples.]



[Below: Again the same date.]





[Below: A much more elaborate fake. This one uses the same date cancel as above, but also uses a fake Afrika Korps palm tree ink stamp and a red censorship cancel. The palm tree ink stamp on a REAL piece would add substantial value.]



[Below: Same as above.]



To see more examples, please visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)



[Above & below: Afrika Korps cuff bands]



[Above: The German-Italian African Campaign Medal. This award was issued to soldiers who participated in the joint campaign with German and Italian soldiers in North Africa.]

[Below: This young soldier wears the German-Italian African Campaign Medal.]





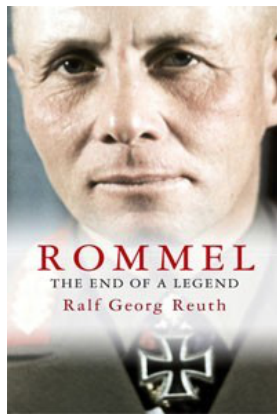
# Erwin Rommel



[Above: Erwin Johannes Eugen Rommel (November 15, 1891 – October 14, 1944).]

Erwin Rommel, the '*Desert Fox*' hardly needs an introduction. We've all learned about him since birth practically. He was the only '*Nazi*' that had a conscience. He was involved in a plot to kill Adolf Hitler and was forced to kill himself. But is any of this true? Absolutely NOT!

I implore you to read the book below to learn the truth!



[Above: Rommel - The End of a Legend. Originally published as '*Rommel. Das Ende einer Legende*' by Ralf Georg Reuth in 2004.

The English translation was first published in Great Britain in 2005 and reprinted in 2009/2010.]

You may be shocked to learn that Rommel was a devoted National Socialist. That he was not involved in the plot to kill Adolf Hitler and when probed by the conspirators they found him loyal to Germany and his Führer. The traitors wanted Rommel's name attached to their criminal deeds -- to add some sort of '*legitimacy*' to their cause. But they never told him of their plans. Rommel was an old-school soldier, who believed in his oath to his country above all else, and, what the controlled history books *forget* to tell us, he was a hardcore National Socialist. So why did they lie?

Read the book.

It's time the Desert Fox comes home.  
From the hands of the enemy and back to mankind.



[Above: Rommel being congratulated by Adolf Hitler. They believed in each other until the end.]

### More pictures of Erwin Rommel

Note: British Field Marshal Montgomery named his dog 'Rommel'. This disrespect was all too common by the Allies. From Winston Churchill pissing in the Rhine, the inhuman treatment of German POWs, to the cartoon racism of Allied propaganda. Rommel dominated Montgomery, even against great odds, sometimes pulling off shocking victories. But the automatons of darkness know no respect for their enemies.



[Above: Major General Erwin Rommel at Cherbourg, France, June 1940. At the time of this photo he was commander of the 7th Panzer Division. He is seen here with captured British officers.]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 1011-263-1505-32  
Foto: Baumann | 9. Februar 1944



[Above: Rommel and Admiral Ruge.]



[Above: Rommel reviewing his troops.]





[Above: Rommel at the victory parade in Paris. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: Rommel inspecting the Atlantic Wall. Note the person on the far left is from the Arab unit 'Free Arabian Legion'.]





[Below: Adolf Hitler and Rommel, two Old Soldiers, shaking hands in March 1943.]



[Below: A few moments later.]





[Below: Adolf Hitler and Rommel, January 1942.]



[Below: Adolf Hitler and Rommel, with Robert Ley in the middle.]



[Above: This is a 2016 commemorative coin.]



[Above: An Afrika Korps postcard.]



[Above: An Afrika Korps soldier and his Italian comrade force a British soldier to his knees. The poster, by Gino Boccasile, says '*I saccheggiatori di Bengasi saranno messi in ginocchio*' = '*The looters of Benghazi will be forced to their knees*'.]



[Above: An ominous soldier protected from the harsh desert winds.]

[Below: Fuller shot]



[Below: Portuguese version of Signal magazine]





[Above: This is the Sd.Kfz. 11 (Sonderkraftfahrzeug - special motorized vehicle).

This German half-track saw use on many theaters of war in WWII. While its main role was as a prime mover for medium towed guns, it could also carry eight troops in addition to this. Of a special note is the emblem on the door of the vehicle-- the palm tree and swastika, the symbol of the Afrika Korps.]



[Above: Women also served in the Afrika Korps. This is Ilse Schulz from the German Red Cross]

[Below: This is Hanny Weber of the German Red Cross.]





[Above: African volunteers with their Wehrmacht counterparts.]



[Above: African auxiliary and two German Afrika Korps soldiers. Note the distinct German 'pith' sun helmet worn by the rear soldier.]



[Above: Two German paratroopers with the Afrika Korps and their local guide in Tunisia.]



[Above: A local Arab ally chats with Luftwaffe officers.]





[Above: This is an unissued postage stamp depicting the Afrika Korps.]



[Above: Afrika Korps Christmas card from North Africa.]

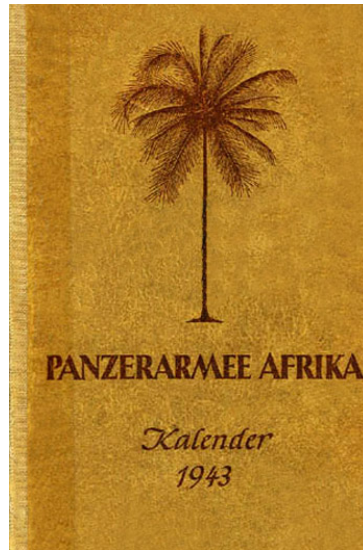


[Above: Afrika Korps ink stamps sometimes found on envelopes and postcards. 'D.A.K.' stands for 'Deutsche Afrika Korps'. These ink stamps were unofficial, done by soldiers and units as a way to show their pride.]



[Above: Afrika Korps calendar for 1942.]

[Below: 1943 calendar]



[Above: Afrika Korps feldpost envelope from May 1942. Below a larger view.]





The letter

Afrika  
den 8. 5. 42

Liebe Elterne!

Nach langer Reise mit  
Boden Flugzeug und  
Auto endlich dort  
hingekommen wo  
es ~~Befehl~~ hingehen sollte.  
Leider war es uns streng  
verboten auf der Reise  
zu schreiben. Von Süd-  
italien (Lese) mit dem  
Flugzeug über Griechenland  
nach Kreta. Aber da bleiben  
wir auch einige Tage. Dort  
habe ich mir die Heldengräber  
deutscher Fallschirmjäger an-  
gesehen. Wenn Ihr die Insel  
sehen werdet so wisst Ihr  
erst was die Fallschirmjäger  
geleistet haben.

Von Kreta aus wieder mit dem  
Flugzeug nach Afrika. Die Sonne  
brennt auf uns wieder aber es  
gibt kein ~~Fahren~~ weiterkommen  
weiter. Nur noch Stunden  
oder gar Tage sind wir noch  
den am der Front zum ein-  
satz kommen. Wenn man  
sagt Afrika, das ist halt  
so schlimm wie das Klima.  
Es gerade das ist es, die Klima-  
tischen Verhältnisse spielen  
hier die große Rolle, Landströme  
und Hitze. Aber auch das wer-  
de ich überstehen. sonst geht  
es mir gut. Was macht Gina?  
Der hat auf meinen Brief  
von Ostern noch nicht geant-  
wortet. Wenn bleibt alle  
gesund es grüßt auch Heim.  
Leider haben wir noch nicht  
die Feldpost bekommen, aber nicht  
schreiben es geht mir gar nicht  
weiter.

Die  
Wonne  
schmeckt nicht.



[Above: Here is an issue of Julius Streicher's newspaper Der Stürmer from July 1941 featuring an Africa Korps soldier on the cover.]



[Above: Here is the March 1942 issue of the popular magazine Der Adler (The Eagle) featuring a cover of the Africa Corps.]

### More Afrika Corps ink stamps









Below is a variety of other ink stamps...



[Below: Here is a Feldpost envelope with an Africa Corps drawing]



To see more examples, please visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

\*\*\*\*\* F A K E S \*\*\*\*\*

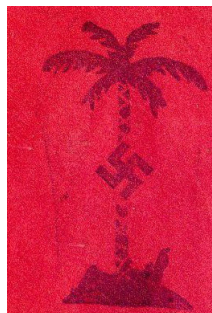
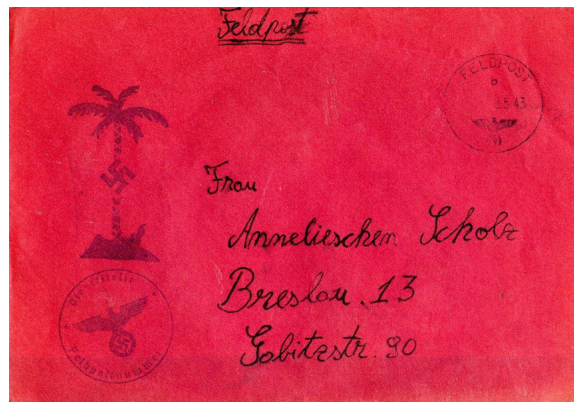
ACHTUNG! ATTENTION! BEWARE!

Here are examples of fake Afrika Korps palm tree ink stamps. These marks have been applied on old envelopes with fake Feldpost stamps as well. They were offered on Ebay in mid-2016.

EXAMPLE #1:



EXAMPLE #2:



EXAMPLE #3:



To see more examples, please visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

### More pictures of the Afrika Corps

[Below: Wow. Check out his cuff bands. This extraordinary guy was a veteran of Krete and Africa! He is also bejeweled in medals!

Unfortunately I don't know who he is ...]



[Below: A studio shot of a panzer soldier.]



[Below: An excellent shot of another panzer soldier.]





[Below: These are men from the truck section of the 553rd Supply Battalion. The number 29035 is the feldpost number of organization.]



[Below: Another shot of the monument.]



[Below: Frying an egg on a tank! 1 of 4.]



[Below: Frying an egg on a tank! 2 of 4.]



[Below: Frying an egg on a tank! 3 of 4.]



[Below: Frying an egg on a tank! 4 of 4.]



[Below: Soldiers eating rations converse with locals.]



[Below: Tunisia, the crew member of schwere Panzer-Abteilung 501 bartering with a local.]

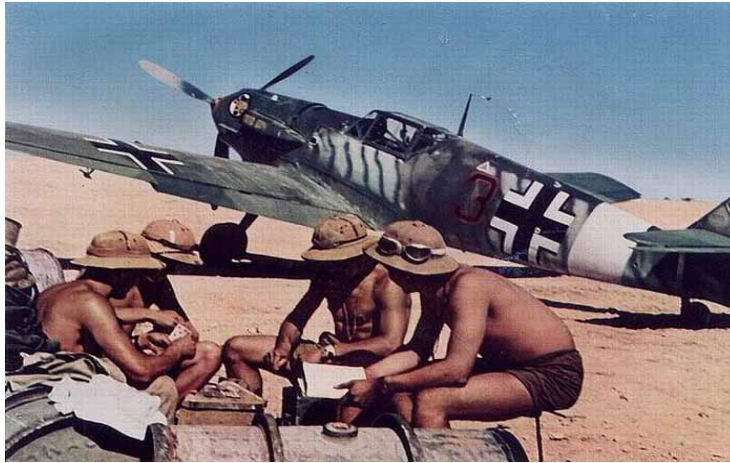


[Below: An Afrika Korps soldier getting information from a local.]





[Below: Circa 1942.]



[Below: Luftwaffe personnel sitting on the wing of a Messerschmitt Bf 110 with a local in North Africa.]





[Below: A member of a German tank crew talks to a local.]



[Below: Soldiers eating rations in their Kubelwagon. Note the palm tree/swastika stencil on the door.]



[Below: A bold Luftwaffe sergeant poses for the camera.]



[Below: An Afrika Korps graveyard in the shifting sands.]



[Below: These two tired veterans strangely almost look alike...!]





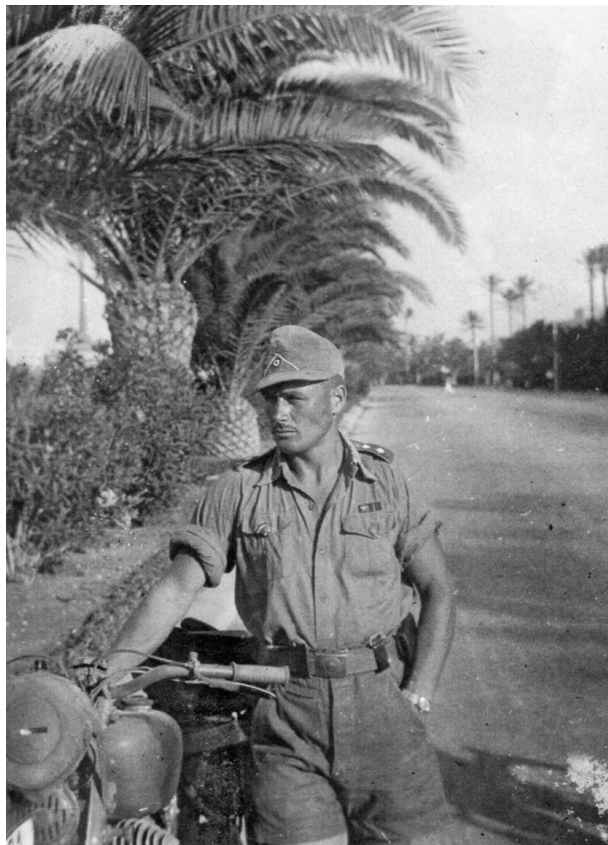
[Below: Two men prepare a Luftwaffe plane while an armed local looks on. Tunisia.]



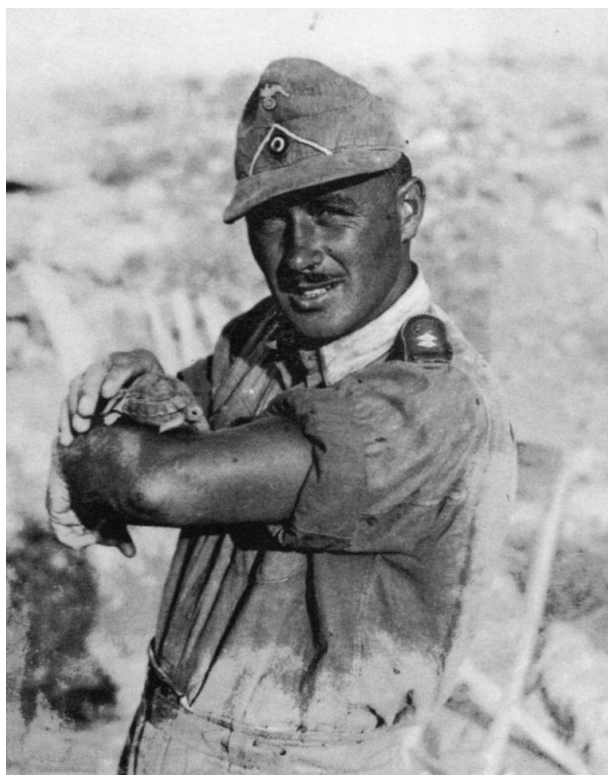
[Below: This is a picture of a motorcycle dispatch rider on a 750 cc BMW R75, note the black out cover on the headlight.]



[Below: Another example of a motorcycle dispatch rider. The blackout cover on the headlight enabled vehicles to be less noticable at night.]



[Below: Panzer-turtle!]





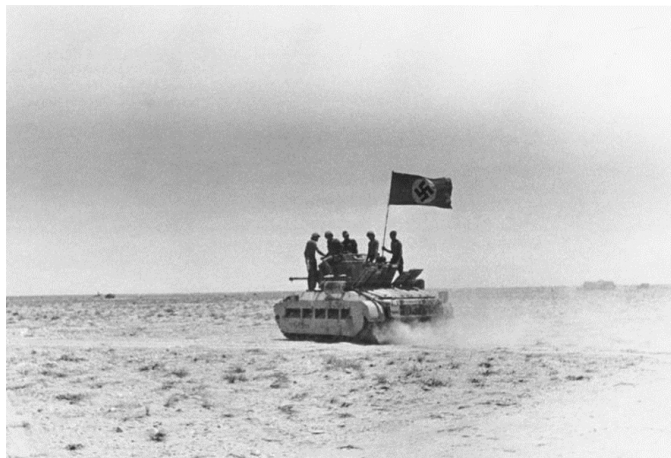
[Below: This handsome devil wears an SA sports badge.]



[Below: Hans Jurgen Richtmann.]



[Below: Afrika Korps with a captured British tank!]



[Below: Two Knight's Cross holders stand beneath the barrel of a tank. Look at the stripes on the barrel, each standing for individual kills!]



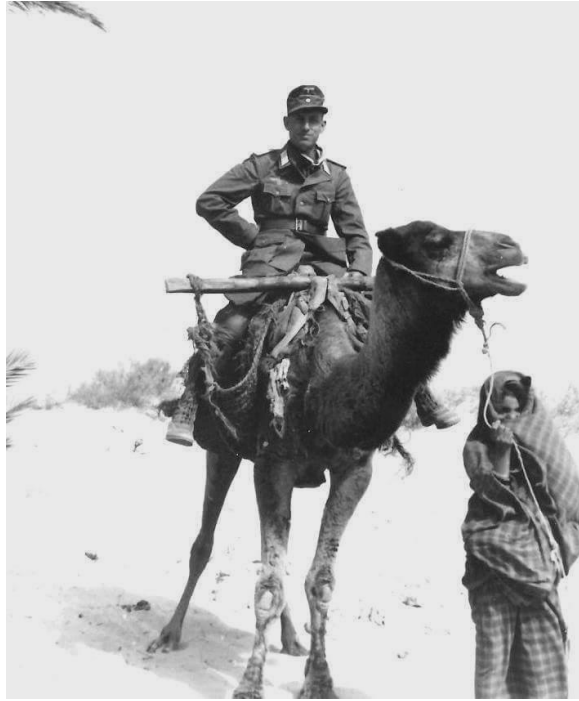
[Below: An SS man in Afrika Korps garb]



[Below: Men from the Afrika Korps with a Pz.Sf II c 75-mm gun on the chassis of a 5 ton Büssing-Nag.]



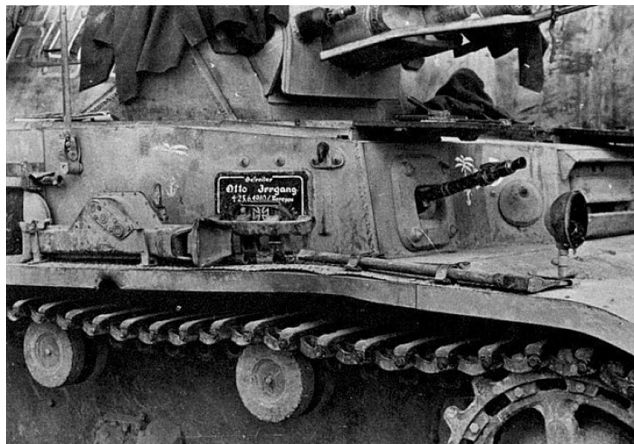
[Below: An Afrika Korps soldier on a camel with a guide.]



[Below: Christmas in Africa!]



[Below: Afrika Korps tank with a plaque to honor a fallen comrade whom died June 23, 1940. Note near the front of the tank, partially hidden by a machine gun, is the Afrika Korps symbol of a palm tree and swastika.]



[Below: Hermann Burmeister was killed early in the Africa campaign, he was killed on 4-26-1941.]





[Below: Graves of heroes in the shifting sand.]



[Below: Africa Corps veteran.]



[Below: Deutsches Soldatenkino Bengasi (Germans soldier's cinema, Benghazi) - Benghazi is the second largest city in Libya.]



## Chapter three INDIA



**INDIA**

*'Truth Alone Triumphs'*



[Above: The national emblem of India. Below the lions is an abacus; below which is the motto inscribed in Devanagari script: *'Truth Alone Triumphs'*.

This is a quote from Mundaka Upanishad, the ending part of the sacred Hindu Vedas.]

*'Dear Friend...*

*We have no doubt about your bravery or devotion to your  
fatherland, nor do we believe that you are the monster  
described by your opponents.*

A telling sentence from Mohandas Gandhi's letter to Adolf Hitler, December 24, 1940

The British rulers were especially evil to their Indian subjects during their long occupation of India. The British East India Company first reared its demonic head in India in 1612. Prior to WWII millions of Indians had died due to famines caused in no small part to heavy British taxation and cruelty. During WWII, unknown to most, was the 'Bengal Famine' of 1943-44, a genocide the British engineered largely for profit and war motives. This 'artificial famine' murdered almost four **MILLION** Indians! The un-hung war criminal Winston Churchill knowingly diverted supplies of medical aid and food that was being dispatched to starving Indians to the already well supplied soldiers in Europe.



[Above: A child and dog succumb to Churchill's evil. Bengal, 1943.]

In the book *Churchill's Secret War*, by author Madhusree Mukerjee, a grisly picture is painted:

*'Parents dumped their starving children into rivers and wells. Many took their lives by throwing themselves in front of trains. Starving people begged for the starchy water in which rice had been boiled. Children ate leaves and vines, yam stems and grass. People were too weak even to cremate their loved ones. No one had the strength to perform rites...Dogs and jackals feasted on piles of dead bodies in Bengal's villages... Mothers had turned into murderers, village belles into whores, fathers into traffickers of daughters...'*



[Above: A horrific photograph taken during the Bengal Famine. Note the vultures feasting on the dead.]

The British prime minister mercilessly turned down appeals from two successive Viceroys, his own Secretary of State for India and even the President of the US!

Subhas Chandra Bose, who was with the Japanese at the time building the Indian National Army in hopes of freeing India, offered to send rice from Burma, but his offer didn't even get past the censors.

Millions of dead Indians mattered not to the blood-thirsty powers-that-be. What mattered was annihilating the Germans and any other souls who dared resist the hidden world power's plans for global slavery.

Britain's Indian slave army fared no better. Unlike the Axis, who treated their Indian volunteers as equals, the British treated the Indians as their lesser in every way. They earned half of what white soldiers were paid and were discriminated in many other ways, like living conditions, food and worst of all on the battlefield. According to Kundan Singh, a veteran of the Indian National Army, the British kept Indian soldiers on the front lines while white British soldiers remained *'safe behind the wall of Indian soldiers.'* years old! [Shrabani Basu, *For King and Another Country: Indian Soldiers on the Western Front 1914-18*, (c)2015]

Furthermore, British nurses were not even allowed to help wounded Indian soldiers at field hospitals! They were only allowed to supervise orderlies. Imagine that, crossing an ocean to fight another man's war, getting wounded, and then not being good enough to even be treated by a professional. This was nothing new. Britain treated its Indian soldiers no different in WWI, even using child soldiers, some as young as ten.





[Above: No shortage of food here. 'V' is for victory for world slavery!]

Winston Churchill left this charming comment to history:

*'I hate Indians. They are a beastly people with a beastly religion. The famine was their own fault for breeding like rabbits.'*

And further showing his monstrous soul:

*'I do not understand this squeamishness about the use of gas. I am strongly in favor of using gases against uncivilized tribes.'*

-Winston Churchill, Great Britain's then Colonial Secretary, referring to the Kurds, in an official communication, 1921



[Above: Azad Hind sleeve shield]

Initially called the 'Infantry Regiment 950' while a part of the German Wehrmacht and later called the 'Indische Freiwilligen Legion der Waffen-SS', it was also known as the Azad Hind or Free India Legion. The legion was formed mostly from Indian POWs captured in Greece and North Africa. These men developed into a highly trained and superbly equipped division, but unfortunately this force never saw fruition of its mission, nor did it see large scale combat. It did however see some fighting. Its 9<sup>th</sup> company was transferred to Italy where it saw some action against the Allied invaders. Additionally, while in France, soldiers of the Free India Legion saw action against 'Maquis' terrorists in which a few Indians were killed in action and several others were honored afterwards for heroism.

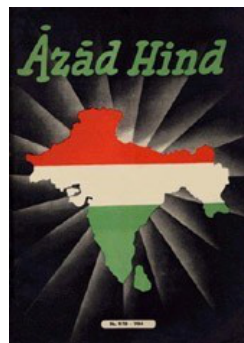
There are reports that Russian soldiers at war's end found many dead soldiers in the area around the Reich Chancellery that were guessed to be 'Tibetan' or 'Turkestani', but there are other reports that say that they were men from the Free India Legion. We may never know the truth about who these men were, since there were so very many different races defending the capital of National Socialism, Berlin.

In 1943 Chandra Bose, the leader of the Free India Division, would later raise an army in the Pacific known as the 'Azad Hind Fauj', or the Indian National Army (INA). Chandra Bose was a tireless warrior for India's independence and freedom from colonial slavery. He found fertile ground for his dreams and eager comrades in Germany. He met with Adolf Hitler several times and was respected greatly by the Germans. Adolf Hitler even gave him a pure gold cigarette case!

Today there are statues to Bose all over India. He is viewed with great respect and admiration by many Indians today. Indians have expressed to me that he is like India's George Washington.



[Above: Symbol of the Indian National Army - the text says 'Long Live Free India']



[Above: Azad Hind means 'Free India', it was also a rallying cry for independence. India was under colonial occupation by the British.]

*'It does not matter who among us will live.'*  
-Defiant and courageous saying of the Indian National Army.

*Subhas Chandra Bose*

*'We should have but one desire today, the desire to die so that India may live, the desire to face a martyr's death, so that the path to freedom may be paved with the martyr's blood.'*

-Subhas Chandra Bose



[Above: Subhas Chandra Bose.]

Subhas Chandra Bose (January 23, 1897 – August 18, 1945) was an Indian nationalist and leader of the Azad Hind and Indian National Army. Today he is celebrated as one of India's greatest heroes.



[Above: Subhas Chandra Bose meeting with Adolf Hitler, May 29, 1942.]



[Above: Subhas Chandra Bose with Gandhi at the Indian National Congress, 1938.]

At a mass gathering on July 4, 1943 in Singapore, Rash Behari Bose (no relation), handed over to him the leadership of the Indian Independence League. The following day Bose reviewed for the first time his beloved Indian National Army (INA), which then comprised about 13,000 men. It was the realization of a dream. He spoke to them fondly:

*'Soldiers of India's army of liberation!...*

*'Every Indian must feel proud that this Army -- his own Army -- has been organized entirely under Indian leadership and that, when the historic moment arrives, under Indian leadership it will go to battle...*

*'Comrades! You have voluntarily accepted a mission that is the noblest that the human mind can conceive of. For the fulfillment of such a mission, no sacrifice is too great, not even the sacrifice of one's life...*

*'...Today is the proudest day of my life. For an enslaved people, there can be no greater pride, no higher honor, than to be the first soldier in the army of liberation. But this honor carries with it a corresponding responsibility, and I am deeply conscious of it. I assure you that I shall be with you in darkness and in sunshine, in sorrow and in joy, in suffering and in victory. For the present, I can offer you nothing except hunger, thirst, privation, forced marches and death. But if you follow me in life and in death, as I am confident you will, I shall lead you to victory and freedom. It does not matter who among us will live to see India free. It is enough that India shall be free, and that we shall give our all to make her free. May God now bless our Army and grant us victory in the coming fight!'*



[Above: Chandra Bose (middle), The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem Mohammad Amin al-Husayni (left) and Iraqi Prime Minister Rashid Ali al-Gaylani in Berlin, 1943.]



[Above: Division Azad Hind (Free India) volunteer, Monte Casino, Italy.]



[Above: These Azad Hind (Free India) postage stamps were made in Berlin in 1943 for the Indian Legion, but were never issued due to worsening conditions of the war. Note the first stamp, an Indian soldier bears a German machine gun (MG-42), and the last stamp depicting India breaking the chains of colonialism. Bose supervised the design of these stamps, even providing pictures of the nurse and the ceremonial swords.]



[Above: This is the highest value Azad Hind stamp, and also the rarest.]



[Above: Purported Azad Hind banknotes. See next pages for more examples and information.]



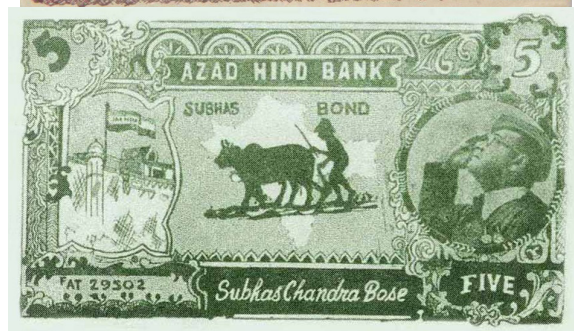


Strangely, these notes are not in Rupees, but 'Good Wishes'. It is assumed that they are promissary notes. It is stated that Chandra Bose founded the 'National Bank of Azad Hind', also known as the 'Bank of Independence', in Rangoon, Burma on April 5, 1944. It was established to manage donated funds from the international Indian community. It has been confirmed that Bose wished to have special banknotes made by the provisional Azad Hind government. These notes were to be used after the liberation of India from British occupation as a form of emergency currency. These notes are very crude, usually only printed on one side. It is rumored that these were printed in Germany, but personally I doubt this story. The notes are far below German standards, even during the worst parts of the war. It is also said that the ship carrying these notes was torpedoed. This story sounds doubtful to me as well. The notes that I've seen do not bear any water damage, so how were they pulled from the sea?

These notes bear various images besides Chandra Bose. One of them purportedly even shows Bose shaking hands with Adolf Hitler, but I've yet to see this example. Other notes bear the images of Mahatma Gandhi, Captain Lakshmi Swaminathan, the female commander of the INA's Rani of Jhansi Women's Regiment & Minister for Women's Affairs for the provisional government of Azad Hind, and Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of Independent India.

Regardless, these notes are interesting. We may never know the truth...

[Below: Here is an example of some of the notes bearing the image of Chandra Bose.]







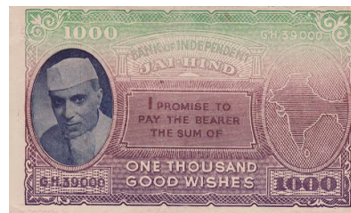
[Below: The following notes bear the image of Mahatma Gandhi]



[Below: The following note bears the image of Mahatma Gandhi and future Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru.]



[Below: The following notes bear the image of future Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru.]



[Below: The following note bears the image of Captain Lakshmi Swaminathan, the female commander of the INA's Rani of Jhansi Women's Regiment & Minister for Women's Affairs for the provisional government of Azad Hind.]



The following stamps are best described by the excerpts below. Like the notes above, little is known of these items. They are widely faked, and since the versions below are for illustrative purposes only, we cannot vouch for their authenticity. Authentic versions seem to run in the hundreds of dollars however.





### Imphal Stamp That Failed

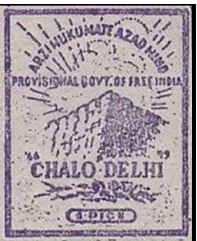
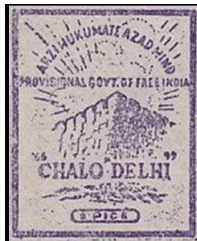
So confident were the Japs that they would occupy Imphal, when they invaded Southern Assam, that they actually prepared a special issue of stamps for use there. Needless to say, these stamps failed to materialise, but our correspondent, Flying Officer T. A. Broomhead, informs us that he has seen proof impressions in the hands of the man who was responsible for the printing (in Rangoon). Two denominations appear to have been prepared, viz. 3 pice plum and 1 anna red, both in the same design and roughly perforated  $11\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  (approx.). The subject of the vignette (illustrated) is the old Mogul Fortress at Old Delhi accompanied by the slogan "On to Delhi." Bi-lingual inscription reads "PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF FREE INDIA." When it became evident that the Imphal stamps would not be required the dies were destroyed and the bulk supply of sheets printed in readiness was burnt with the exception of a small quantity salvaged by the printer.

## INDIAN NATIONAL ARMY.

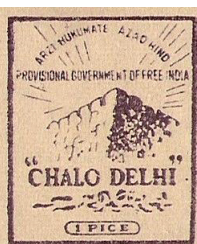
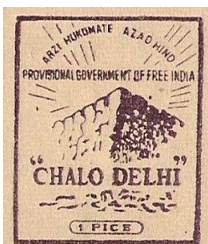
The following are stated to have been used in the occupied areas of India during the drive on Imphal. Issued by the Indian National Army.



Typo. No gum. Perf.  $11\frac{1}{2}$  or imperf. 1 p. violet, 1 p. maroon, 1 a. green.



[Below: Note the versions below have 'GOVERNMENT' spelled out, instead of abbreviated as those above.]







[Below: Perforated version.]



[Below: Perforated block of four.]



Stamps inscribed "CHALO DELHI" (On to Delhi!) were said to have been issued for use by the I.N.A. in the occupied areas of India during the march on Imphal where the Japanese invasion was halted: they are extremely rare.



1944. (Type) in Rangoon. No gum. Perf. 11½ or Imperf.

INA13 1p. (½a.)	plum	..	..	—	—
INA14 1a.	green	..	..	—	—

Forgeries in slightly larger size were made in Calcutta. The 1a. value also exists in red, believed to be a proof.

*'Dear friend [...] We have no doubt about your bravery or devotion to your Fatherland, nor do we believe that you are the monster decribed by your opponents.'* (Mohandas Gandhi, writing to Adolf Hitler, December 24m 1940)



[Above: Indian officers. Note the German award ribbon on the left soldier's jacket. This ribbon represents the Iron Cross medal, which was a coveted decoration, awarded for feats of bravery.]



[Above & below: Indian volunteers (Free India or 'Azad Hind' Legion) of the 950th Infantry Regiment on the 'Atlantic Wall' (Bay of Biscay) being inspected by Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, circa summer 1944.]



[Below: Azad Hind propaganda poster.]



**More pictures of Chandra Bose**

*'We should have but one desire today, the desire to die so that India may live.'*  
-Chandra Bose



[Above: Chandra Bose as a student in England preparing for his Indian Civil Service entrance examination, 1920.]



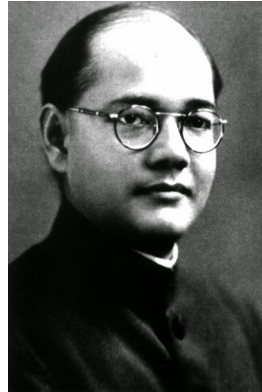
[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose. Circa 1936.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]





[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose with his Generals.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose in garlands.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose.]





[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose, the determined voice of a free India.]



[Above: Bose took the oath of allegiance to the Provisional Government of India on October 23, 1943, proclaiming: *'I, Subhas Chandra Bose, will continue this sacred war of freedom till the last breath of my life...'*]





[Above: Bose making a radio broadcast on July 6, 1944.]



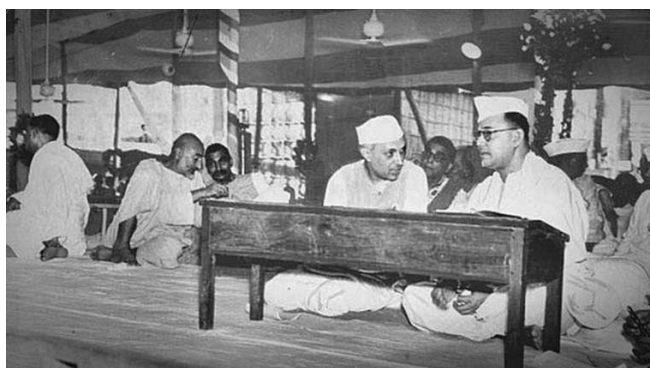
[Above: Bose, far left.]



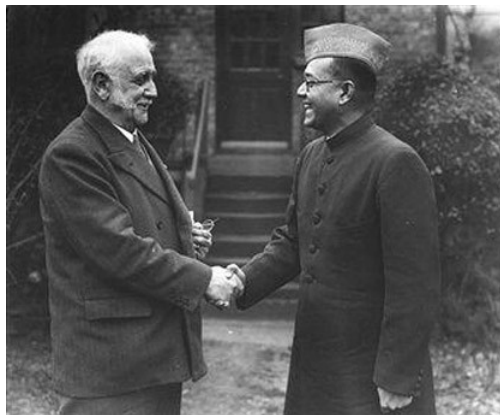
[Above: Chandra Bose.]



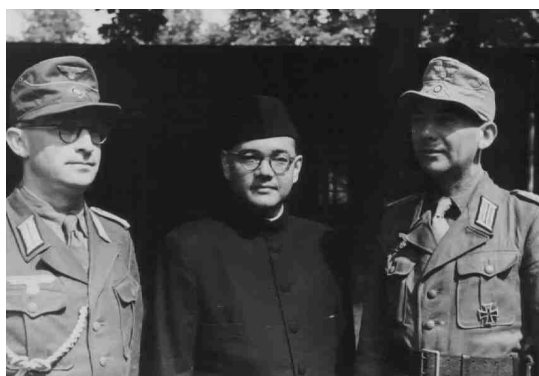
[Above: Chandra Bose.]



[Above: Chandra Bose and the future leader of India, Nehru.]



[Above: Chandra Bose and George Lansbury.]



[Above: Chandra Bose with Legion commander Major Krappe (right)]



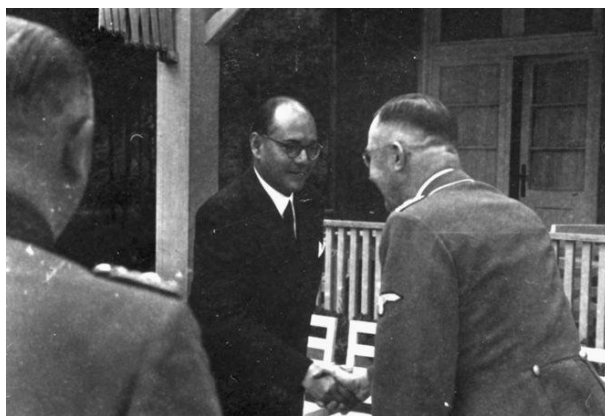
[Above: Chandra Bose(far right) beside Legion commander Major Krappe]



[Above: Chandra Bose and Legion commander Major Krappe]



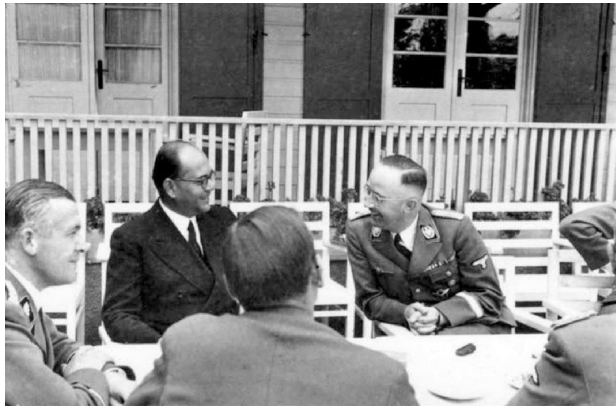
[Above: Chandra Bose and Legion commander Major Krappe]



[Above: Chandra Bose meeting Heinrich Himmler. Circa 1943.]



[Above: Chandra Bose meeting Heinrich Himmler. Circa 1943.]



[Above: Chandra Bose meeting with Heinrich Himmler. Circa 1943.]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101/III-Aber-064-64  
Foto: Aber, Kurt 1943

[Above: Chandra Bose meeting with Heinrich Himmler. Circa 1943.]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101/III-Aber-064-21A  
Foto: Aber, Kurt 1943

[Above: Chandra Bose meeting with Heinrich Himmler. Circa 1943.]



[Above: Chandra Bose meeting with The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem Mohammad Amin al-Husayni in Berlin, Germany. Circa 1943.]





[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing his Azad Hind volunteers.]



[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing his Azad Hind volunteers.]



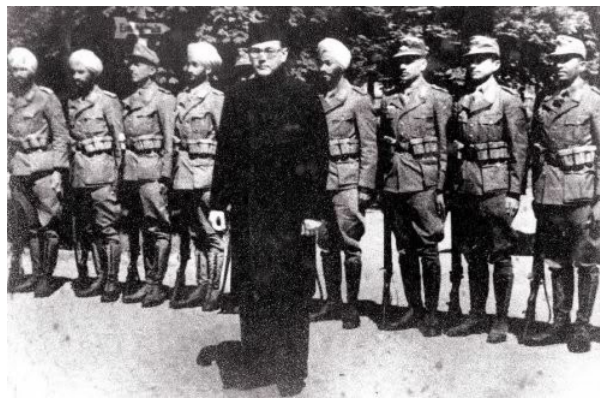
[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing his Azad Hind volunteers.]



[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing his Azad Hind volunteers. Circa 1942. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: Chandra Bose and Legion commander Major Krappe reviewing Azad Hind volunteers.]



[Above: Chandra Bose is in the foreground]



[Above: Chandra Bose eating with his men.]



[Above: Chandra Bose with the Azad Hind.]



[; Chandra Bose with the Azad Hind.]



[Above: Chandra Bose speaking at the inauguration of the Indo-German Friendship Society in Hambburg, 1942.]



[Above: Chandra Bose and Captain Werner Musenberg on the deck of submarine U-180 en route to Japan.]



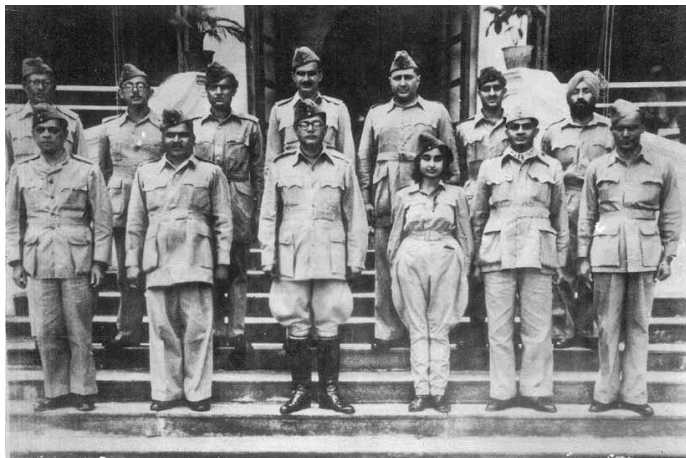
[Above: Chandra Bose on the deck of submarine U-180 en route to Japan.]



[Above: Chandra Bose and Captain Werner Musenberg.]



[Above: The crew of the Japanese submarine I-29 after a rendezvous with the German submarine U-180 300 sm southeast of Madagascar; Bose is sitting in the front row, second from left. April 28, 1943.]



[Above: Chandra Bose, front and center, with members of the 'Azad Hind Fauj', or the Indian National Army (INA). Singapore, October 21, 1943.]





[Above: Chandra Bose and Lakshmi Sahgal, the Minister of Women's Affairs in the Azad Hind government, at the camp in Bras Basah Road. Bose is seen here reviewing an Indian National Army female combat regiment -- one of world's first. In the background one can see the former apothecary building and the arched verandahs of what later would be the Soon Chong Leong building at the corner of Bras Basah Road and Bencoolen Street.]



[Above: Young women recruits. The women's regiment attracted numerous recruits from the working class in Singapore and Malaya. Bose deeply believed that if he had one thousand recruits as courageous as Lakshmi Sahgal he could drive the British out of India.]



[Above: Bose spoke to his women volunteers in Rangoon, saying in part: 'Sisters, there is no sphere of our activity in which our women have not gladly and bravely shared the burden of work...']



[Above: Female volunteers in the Indian National Army]



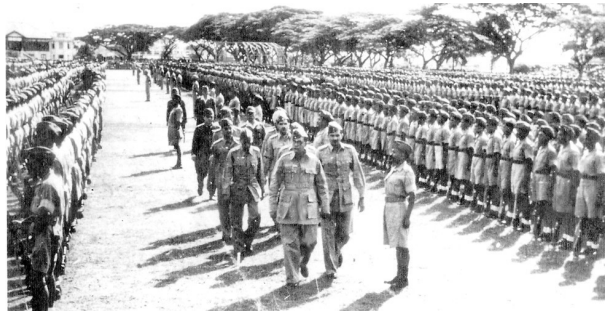
[Above: Female platoon in the Indian National Army]



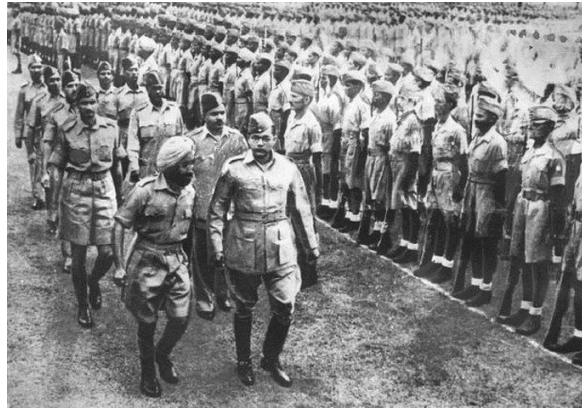
[Above: Female volunteers of the Indian National Army during rifle training]



[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing INA volunteers.]



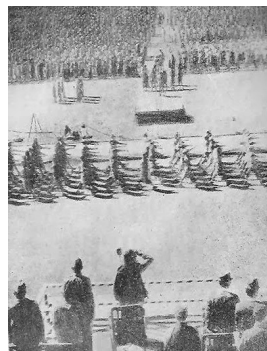
[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing INA volunteers of the Gandhi Brigade of Azad Hind Fauj. The INA regiments were named 'Gandhi Brigade', 'Azad Brigade', 'Nehru Brigade' and 'Subhas Brigade'.]



[Above: Chandra Bose reviewing INA volunteers.]



[Above: INA soldiers on the march in the rocky area of Assam. Note the placard one of the them is holding in the background, which is most likely the image of Bose.]



[Above: On October 25, 1943 Bose addressed his new army of liberation: *'Comrades! The Azad Hind Fauj has only one single aim: the liberation of Mother India; the Fauj has only one destination: the ancient Red Delhi Fort! The Provisional Government and its Army are the servants of the Indian Nation.'*]





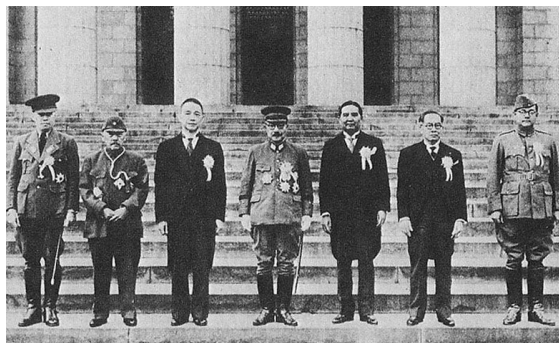
[Above: Chandra Bose giving a speech.]



[Above: Chandra Bose speaking with Japanese comrades.]



[Above: Bose (left) and his staff officers examine campaign details.]



[Above: Participants of the Greater East Asia Conference Held in Tokyo, Japan, Nov 5-6, 1943. Left to right Ba Maw (Burma), Zhang Jinghui (Manchukuo), Wang Jingwei (China), Hideki Tojo (Japan), Wan Waithayakon (Thailand), José P. Laurel (Philippines), Subhas Chandra Bose (India).]





[Above: Participants of the Greater East Asia Conference joined by others.]



[Above: Subhash Chandra Bose speaking at the Greater East Asia Conference.]



[Above: Wang Jingwei looking on while Hideki Tojo and Subhas Chandra Bose shake hands.]



[Above: Chandra Bose (second from right) toasting with Japanese leaders.]



[Above: Chandra Bose (third from right) toasting with Japanese leaders.]



[Above: Chandra Bose lighting a cigarette.]



[Above: Bose photograph inscribed while in Japan in 1943.]



[Above: Bose having a smoke in Tokyo, November 1943.]



[Above: Bose with unknown others.]



[Above: Subhas Chandra Bose with his brother Sudhir Chandra Bose and his Brother's wife. Circa 1939.]



[Above: Subhas Chandra Bose receiving Madeleine Slade (Mirabehn) in Dalhousie. Bose was recovering from a recent illness and Gandhi had sent her to enquire about his health. Circa 1937. Mirabehn (November 22, 1892 - July 20, 1982) was the daughter of the British Rear-Admiral Sir Edmond Slade. She left her homeland of Britain to live and work with Mohandas Gandhi toward the independence of India. For her work Gandhi gave her the name 'Mirabehn', after Meera Bai, the great devotee of Lord Krishna.]



[Above: Chandra Bose with his wife Emilie Shenkl and daughter.]



[Above: Chandra Bose with his wife Emilie Shenkl and pet German Shepherd in 1937.]





[Above: Chandra Bose with his wife Emilie Shenkl (right).]



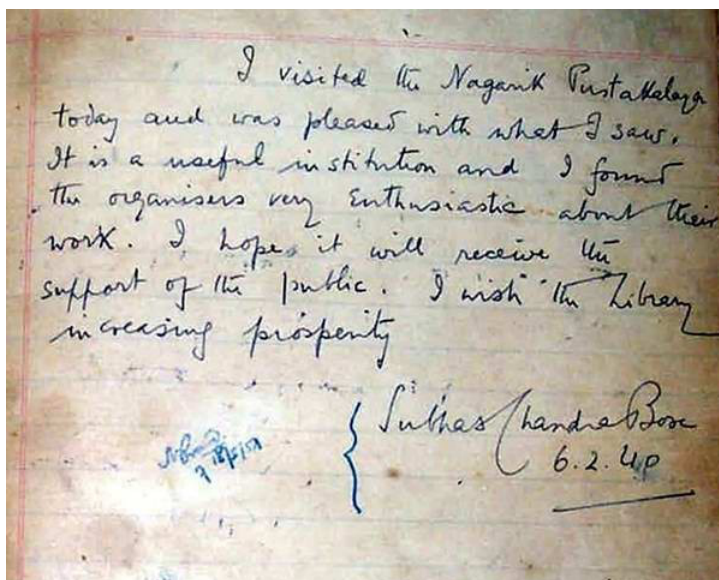
[Above: Chandra Bose and his daughter.]



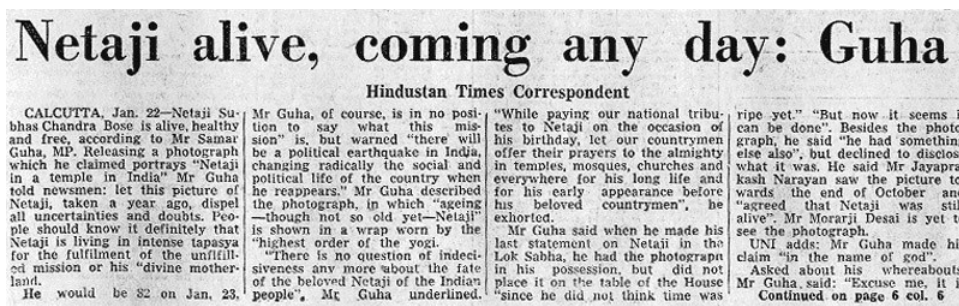
[Above: This is believed to be the last picture ever taken of Chandra Bose, Saigon, August 17, 1945.]



[Above: Chandra Bose on the cover of a Japanese magazine.]



[Above: Chandra Bose signs a visitor's book of the library Nagarik Pustakalaya in 1940.]



[Above: The spirit of Bose refuses to die... his job undone, now he fights to free his beloved India from the corruption that rules it.]

**More pictures of postwar items bearing Chandra Bose's image.**

[Below: Head of bronze statue of Chandra Bose.]



[Below: Here is an Indian 1964 postcard depicting Chandra Bose. Also of interest are the two postage stamps bearing his image. The postage stamp on the left commemorates 67 years since the birth of Bose.]



[Below: Here is the postage stamp on the left.]





[Below: A 1964 commemorative envelope using the postage stamp on previous page]



[Below: Here is the postage stamp on the right.]



[Below: A 1964 commemorative envelope using the postage stamp above.]



[Below: Here are the two stamps above mentioned in the Stanley Gibbons Catalogue from 1973. 'I.N.A.' stands for the Indian National Army.]



To see more items bearing Chandra Bose image... Please Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)



## Quotes by Chandra Bose



'One individual may die for an idea; but that idea will, after his death, incarnate itself in a thousand lives. That is how the wheel of evolution moves on and the ideas and dreams of one nation are bequeathed to the next.'

---

'I have said that today is the proudest day of my life. For an enslaved people, there can be no greater pride, no higher honor, than to be the first soldier in the army of liberation. But this honor carries with it... a corresponding responsibility and I am deeply conscious of it. I assure you that I shall be with you in darkness and in sunshine, in sorrow and in joy, in suffering and in victory. For the present, I can offer you nothing except hunger, thirst, privation, forced marches and death. But if you follow me in life and in death, as I am confident you will, I shall lead you to victory and freedom. It does not matter who among us will live to see India free. It is enough that India shall be free and that we shall give our all to make her free. May God now bless our Army and grant us victory in the coming fight!'

---

'Reality is, after all, too big for our frail understanding to fully comprehend. Nevertheless, we have to build our life on the theory, which contains the maximum truth. We cannot sit still because we cannot, or do not, know the Absolute Truth.'

---

'When we stand, the Azad Hind Fauz has to be like a wall of granite; when we march, the Azad Hind Fauz has to be like a steamroller.'

---

'Remember that the greatest crime is to compromise with injustice and wrong.'

---

'As soldiers, you will always have to cherish and live up to the three ideals of faithfulness, duty and sacrifice. Soldiers who always remain faithful to their nation, who are always prepared to sacrifice their lives, are invincible. If you, too, want to be invincible, engrave these three ideals in the innermost core of your hearts.'

---

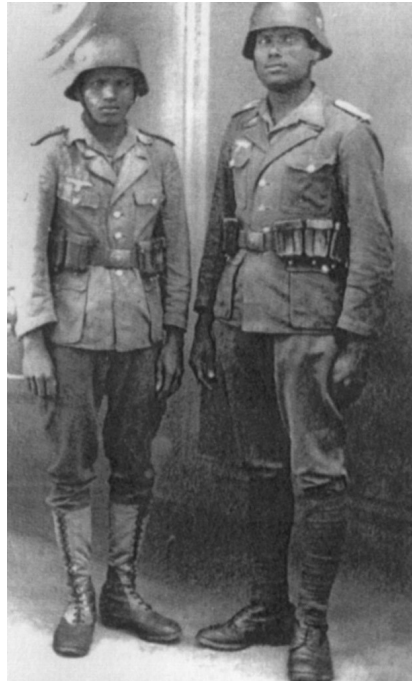
“You give me your blood and I will give you Independence!”

### **More pictures of the Azad Hind and Indian National Army (INA)**

One of the oddities of the Free India Legion was that the working language used by both German and Indian personnel within the unit was English!

It's interesting that today it's widely declared that the Germans under National Socialism were religiously intolerant. Yet another lie they tried to brainwash us with. In fact, it was quite the opposite. The Waffen-SS made special concessions for Muslims, Sikhs, Hindus, etc., even giving them special rations and uniforms required by their religious beliefs. For example, pork and other items had to be taken out of the standard rations for Muslims, whom also had to pray five times a day at specific times. The 'Sikh' Indians had long hair and beards, therefore could not wear gas masks. Another portion of the Indians were vegetarians. So as you can see the Germans went through great lengths to accommodate them.

[Below: A rare picture showing two Indian volunteers wearing German style 'stahlhelm' helmets. For some odd reason not many pictures of this type exist.]



[Below: Two 'Sikh' Indian volunteers. A Sikh is a follower of Sikhism. It primarily originated in the 15th century in the Punjab region of South Asia (Punjab borders India and Pakistan). The term 'Sikh' has its origins in Sanskrit. It translates as 'disciple' or 'student.' Sikhism is considered one of the more universal religions. The Sikh code of conduct strictly forbids the use of intoxicants, drugs, alcohol, cigarettes, narcotics and any other foreign substance which disrupts the body, sexual relationships out of marriage, consuming sacrificial meat (Kutha meat), and the cutting of hairs.]



[Below: 'Sikh' Indian volunteer machine gunner. The regiment was 'magnificently' well-armed and equipped, more so than most regiments, even purely German ones. This particular picture was used for the Indian Legion postage stamp seen beside it.]





[Above: Along the 'Atlantic Wall']



Bundesarchiv, Bild 1011263-1580-05  
Foto: Vetterl 1/1944 Frühling

[Above: On maneuvers in Normandy, France, preparing for the Allied invasion. The Free India Legion would soon face the Allies on the battlefield. Circa 1944. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]





[Above: February 1944]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 146-1085-130-30  
Foto: Hoffmann | November 1943

[Above: Berlin, circa 1943.]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 146-1085-130-30  
Foto: Hoffmann | 1943

[Above: Berlin, circa 1943. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: Berlin, circa 1943. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: Two Sikh Azad Hind volunteers.]



[Above: Sikh Azad Hind volunteer.]



[Above: Two Sikh Azad Hind volunteers. The guy on the right is loaded down with three stick grenades. The Indian Legion was superbly supplied with arms and equipment, during a time of massive shortages. This caused quite a lot of controversy, since the Indian volunteers weren't in active combat.]



[Above: Two Sikh Azad Hind volunteers learning to dismantle their machine gun.]







[Above: At the Koningsbruck Camp.]



[Above: Unfurling the flag of a dream. The dream of freedom from British colonial oppression.]



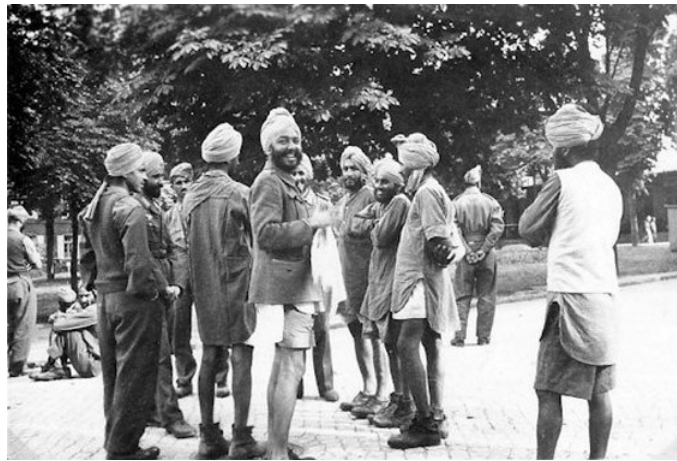


[Above: Volunteers from the Indian province of Punjab. This diverse regiment contained Sikh, Hindu and Muslim volunteers. Circa 1942.]



[Above and the two below: An oath of loyalty ceremony, taken by all armed forces.]





[Above: A Sikh soldier in German service (second from the left) speaks to a group of prisoners-of-war in an attempt to persuade them to join the Azad Hind.]





[Above: A sikh volunteer checks identity papers somewhere in France. Circa February 1944.]



[Above: Weapon inspection. Circa 1944.]



[Above: An Indian officer, complete with an officer's Wehrmacht dagger hanging from his waist.]











[Above: Chandra Bose reviews Indian volunteers.]



[Above: Azad Hind sports team?! Yep, take note of the Azid Hind patch on their uniforms. This is a field hockey team. Spring 1944. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: A cool photo probably taken along the Atlantic Wall.]



[Above: German officials review the Azad Hind.]



[Above: An interesting photo of an Indian-looking man serving in the Luftwaffe.]



[Above: A Sikh volunteer preparing his head for a turban.]



[Above: Japanese Army General Kenji Doihara inspecting the troops of the Indian National Army (INA), Singapore, 1944.]



[Above: Triumphant Japanese and Indian National Army comrades. These two forces led a combined assault on the northeastern corner of India around Imphal (lasting from March until July) and Kohima (lasting from April until June) in 1944. The British and their colonial Indian slaves eventually repelled them. It has been voted to be 'Britain's Greatest Battle'. The Indian National Army (INA) of Chandra Bose and their Japanese allies suffered 53,000 dead and missing in the battles. The British reported 12,500 casualties--further fighting would add another 4,000 casualties to the British forces. The fighting was so hellish that the battles have been described as the 'Stalingrad of the East'.

Today there are many memorials for the British and Indian soldiers who fought and died there (no mention of Japanese?). One of the most famous, the 'Kohima Epitaph' reads:

*'When You Go Home, Tell Them Of Us And Say,  
For Your  
Tomorrow, We  
Gave Our  
Today'. ]*



## MANY I.N.A. MEN ALREADY EXECUTED

LUCKNOW, Nov. 2.—"Probably few people know that a large number of valiant soldiers of the I.N.A. have already been executed after army trials by court-martial," said Mr Ansar Harvani, president, All-India Youth League and general secretary, U.P. Provincial Forward Bloc, who was released yesterday from the Lucknow Central Jail after three years' detention. He had been detained in Bengal but was recently brought to the U.P.

Mr Harvani added: "I saw Sardar Sardara Singh of Jullundur walking to the gallows shouting 'Jai Hind!' and 'Inquilab Zindabad!' and being executed when I was in a Bengal jail. I can also not forget Mr Rama Tiwari of Nadiad, a young man of 20 who shared my barrack in Alipur Central Jail. He was taken away by the Intelligence authorities who later informed me that he was sentenced to death and hanged."

Mr Harvani also disclosed that in the Lucknow Central Jail there were nine members of the I.N.A., all Sikhs, who were serving their terms of life transportation. "They are kept in solitary cells and are made to work on grinding mills. Besides them, there are 11 I.N.A. detenus, all from East Bengal. The climate of the U.P. does not suit them."—A.P.I.

[Above: Many Indian patriots would be mercilessly executed by the British after their surrender at the end of WW2. 'Jai Hind' means 'Long live India' or 'Victory to India' and 'Inquilab Zindabad' means 'Long Live the Revolution' Heil Rama Tiwari and Sardar Sardara Singh!]

Below: The following article is taken from the San Francisco Chronicle, from May 15, 1941. The British were very nervous about losing their hold on India. In the beginning of the war there was a very real possibility of German help in freeing India. This is the first time I've heard of a supposed plan of a Russian/German alliance to free India (I don't believe it).

FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1941

### Foreign Summary: New Nazi Moves in the Near East May Threaten Britain in India

By THE FOREIGN EDITOR

Three threats to Britain sprang up in the Near East yesterday without an indication of whether any of them will develop into anything serious.

Berlin announced German and auxiliary Italian forces have driven 45 miles into Egypt from the Sallum sector on the Egyptian-Libyan frontier, Cairo announced just as promptly the Germans were thrown back 45 miles to the Sallum sector. As the Germans say their thrust started Monday morning the affair seems to be the same the British reported as a German rout two days ago.

The Turkish Press found it necessary to warn Germany shortly after the return to Ankara of German Ambassador von Papen that any German attempt to reach French-Syria through Turkish territory will be bitterly resisted. Von Papen, who has been in Berlin, was reported to have again assured President Ismet Inonu of Turkey that the Turks have nothing to fear.

Insurgent Iraq Premier Al Galilani's radio station at Baghdad reported the government of Afghanistan, in accordance with the Saadabad pact, has advised Britain to settle its differences with the Iraq regime quickly or Afghanistan will side with Iraq.

The pact of Saadabad does not bind Afghanistan to offer Iraq any sort of military aid. It is a friendship accord without military clauses between Iraq, Iran (Persia), Turkey and Afghanistan.

The sudden Afghan announce-

His general, Ugo Cavallero, has written the Duce a letter, which Mussolini has been so gracious as to release for publication, in which the reborn Caesar is told that he smashed the Greeks and that the Germans just helped out, so to speak.

Associated Press Rome cables:

"Premier Mussolini personally directed and guided the Italian counter offensive against the Greek army in March which dealt the 'decisive blow' of the Greek-Italian war, General Cavallero, chief of the Italian general staff, disclosed here last night.

"General Cavallero was replaced as commander of the Italians in Albania just before the offensive began.

"His letter to Mussolini states the Italian offensive was fully prepared when Mussolini arrived in Albania March 2 after the Greek drive against Tepeleni had been broken. The Greeks began a new drive March 6 and the Italians launched their counter-offensive March 9 under Mussolini's eye.

#### GERMANY

##### Six-Year Sentences For Radio Treason

Seven persons have recently received sentences from German courts of four to six years for radio treason. They listened to foreign radio stations. Germans are only permitted to listen to German radio stations so that they will not be polluted by foreign news and opinions.

Anyone who mentions anything he has heard on a foreign station is charged with "irresponsible support of enemy propaganda."



When the Japanese took over the port city of Ningpo the Nazi swastika flying





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The pact of Saadabaad does not bind Afghanistan to offer Iraq any sort of military aid. It is a friendship accord without military clauses between Iraq, Iran (Persia), Turkey and Afghanistan.

The sudden Afghan announcement, however, may be a give away of some German attempt to league the four countries in some sort of movement to smash British influence in the Near East and threaten her hold on India. This is the first indication that the Germans may have a plan for breaking through to the frontier of India and carrying the war to India if they are successful in Egypt and in the Near East.

There have been rumors in the



the Germans may have a plan for breaking through to the frontier of India and carrying the war to India if they are successful in Egypt and in the Near East.

There have been rumors in the diplomatic colony at Vichy that the Germans had some plan for a joint Russian-German attack on India and a plan to present Russia with Iran, Afghanistan and India as a sphere of influence.

Meantime, in Cairo the story was going about that United States merchantmen will soon enter the Red sea bearing American Flag insignia of neutrality and burning all lights at night. Berlin insisted again yesterday that any neutral ships entering the Red sea will be attacked.

Enforcement of a blockade in the Red sea is in fact illegal under present interpretations of international law since no Axis naval units are able to operate there. Enforcement of a blockade solely by bombers operating from distant bases is not recognized in international law because the issue has never arisen before.

Formally speaking, the American decision not to recognize the Red sea as a belligerent area is accordingly entirely proper.

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## AFRICA

### Germans Trying to Reach Sidi Barrani

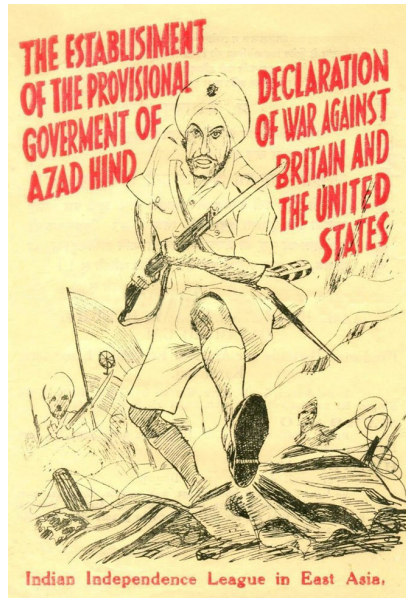
The German armored forces advance of some 45 miles into Egypt, which the British now report has been completely wiped out, is evidently part of an effort to advance the line to Sidi Barrani, 60 miles inside of Egypt and high water mark of the Italian advance last year.

The British report says flatly that the Germans have not only been thrown back, but have been pushed to a position south and west of the frontier village of Sallum, which they have held for some weeks.

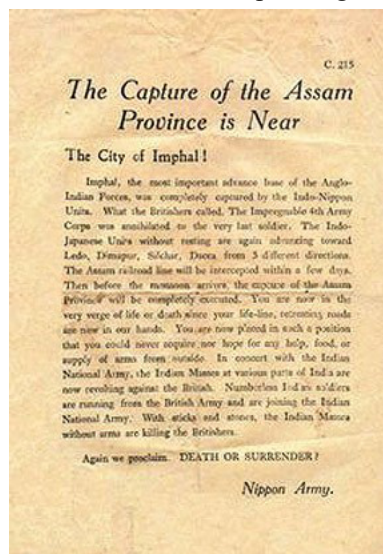
Meantime, in Rome the official army spokesmen explained the British at Tobruk are protected by a small Maginot line. Such slow progress is being made in the siege, it is asserted, because each blockhouse has to be taken in hand-to-hand fighting under heavy artillery fire.



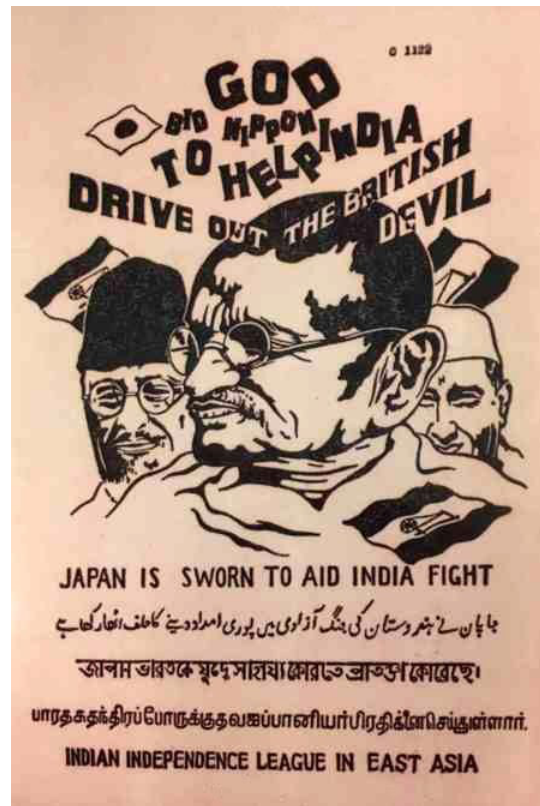
Pictures of Azad Hind and Indian National Army propaganda leaflets



[Above: Mahatma Gandhi tells his fellow Indians to stop killing each other for the British occupiers.]



[Above: Flyer dropped by Japanese planes over India.]



[Above: 'God bid Nippon [Japan] to help India drive out the British devil'.]



[Above: Here we have Churchill, Roosevelt and the leader of China Chiang Kai-shek, pushing and pulling an Indian in an attempt to get him to fight for them. The uppermost flag in the explosion is that of China. The woman on the right has the colors of the Dutch flag on her hat.]



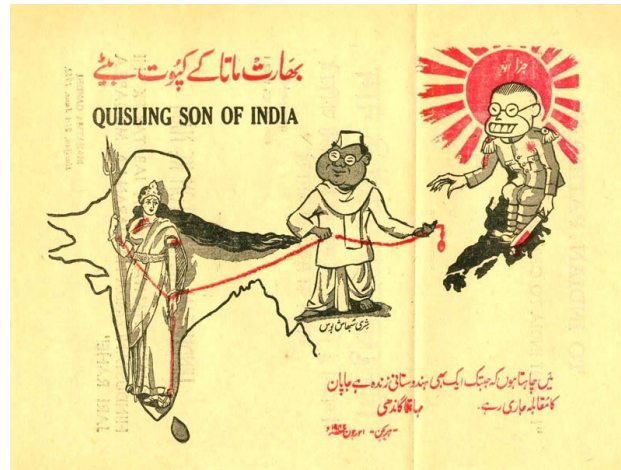


[Above: This flyer depicts an Indian kicking the British out of India. Lots of Axis symbolism here as well.]



To see more items like these, Visit [www.morningtheancient.com](http://www.morningtheancient.com)

[Below: Allied propaganda leaflet. What a lame attempt to discredit Chandra Bose! This was dropped by Allied forces over Indian National Army and Japanese forces targeting those Indians who had joined the INA and allied themselves with the Japanese. I find it strange that they refer to him as 'Quisling' after Norway's Vidkun Quisling of WWII fame. I mean, how many Indians even knew who Quisling was?]



[Below: Another Allied propaganda leaflet. Once again another lame attempt to discredit Bose. Note the 'swastika' at his feet -- drawn wrong for a more powerful effect, or the 'artist' was an idiot who had never seen a swastika before. I mean, how do so many people get a 2,000 year old symbol wrong?]





A political cartoon by H. S. Ghandhi. It depicts a man in a suit and hat, looking distressed and sweating, running while pulling a large sack on a rickshaw. The sack is labeled 'India' and 'پاکستان' (Pakistan) and is on fire. The background shows a city with smoke and a large, dark, angular shape in the sky.

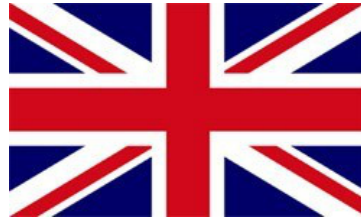
[illegible]

*“As a Christian I have no duty to allow myself to be cheated, but I have the duty to be a fighter for truth and justice.”*

*Adolf Hitler – speech in Munich*

*April 12, 1922*

## Chapter Four BRITAIN



[Above: Membership badge from the 1930s from the British 'Imperial Fascist League' (IFL).]

*Arnold Spencer Leese*

*'THERE IS REALLY ONLY ONE WAR AIM! We are fighting the Jews' Chief Enemy for the Jews! Poland and Czechoslovakia are not British Interests but Jewish Interests.'* 1940 pamphlet by Arnold Leese, 'Leese for Peace'



Arnold Spencer Leese (1878-1956), after joining and becoming dissatisfied with the British Fascists in 1924 founded the Imperial Fascist League and ran a newspaper called 'The Fascist'. The I.F.L. operated between the years 1928 and 1939. Leese was a prominent veterinarian, author, publisher and politician. In 1924 he was historically elected 'Councillor' in his home town of Stamford, Lincolnshire. Running as a fascist, his comrade and he were the first constitutionally elected fascists in England. Like all political dissenters, he was jailed at the start of WWII for no other reason than his beliefs.]



[Above: Imperial Fascist League belt buckle.]

*'If I am killing a rat with a stick and have him in a corner, I am not indignant if he tries to bite me and squeals and gibbers with rage. My job is, not to get angry, but to keep cool, to attend to my footwork and to keep on hitting him where it will do the most good.'*

-Arnold Spencer Leese, speaking at a reception, February 17, 1937, upon his return from prison where he was jailed for writing an article entitled 'Jewish Ritual Murder'.

Leese was also a staunch defender of animals. He protested the inhumane killing of animals for religious reasons. He authored an article on this subject called:

### **The Legalized Cruelty of Shechita:**

### **The Jewish Method of Cattle-Slaughter**



[Above: Female I.F.L. member said to be Mrs. Leese outside their offices in Charing Cross.]



[Above: B.U.F. armband]



[Above: 'The Fascist' --the newspaper of the B.U.F.]





[Below: The Fascist, May 1934.]



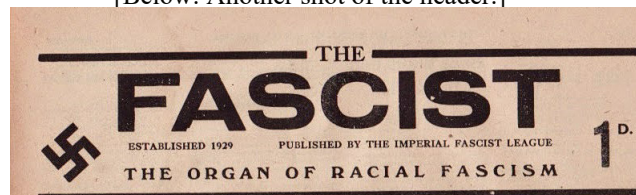
[Below: The Fascist, May 1934.]



[Below: The Fascist, July 1936.]



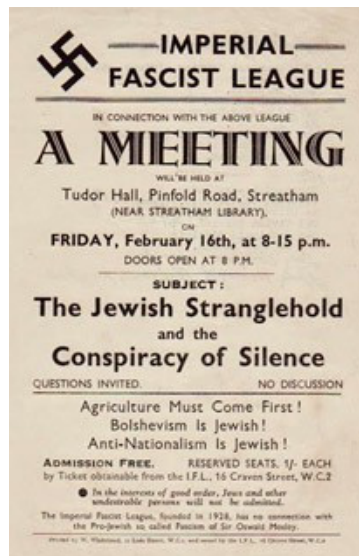
[Below: Another shot of the header.]





[Above: Leese was also a talented artist and did most of the illustrations of his publications himself. Note that the figure on the bottom left hand corner is Leese.

This is from the front page of issue 68 of 'The Fascist', January 1935.]



[Above: A meeting poster of the Imperial Fascist League.]

See **Appendix 1** 'The Legalized Cruelty of Shechita: The Jewish Method of Cattle-Slaughter' by Arnold Leese

See **Appendix 2** 'The Era of World Ruin! (The Era of Democracy)' by Arnold Leese

See **Appendix 3** 'O U T O F S T E P : Events in the Two Lives of an Anti-Jewish Camel-Doctor' by Arnold Leese

## More pictures of Arnold Spencer Leese

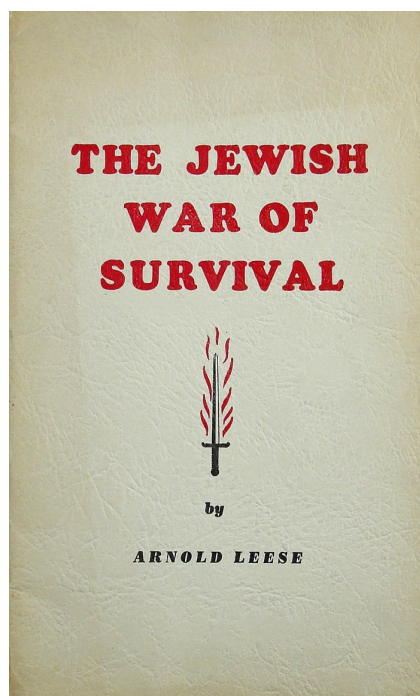
[Below: Leese and the Imperial Fascist League.]



Arnold Leese (sitzend Mitte)  
Führer der „Imp. Fascist League“

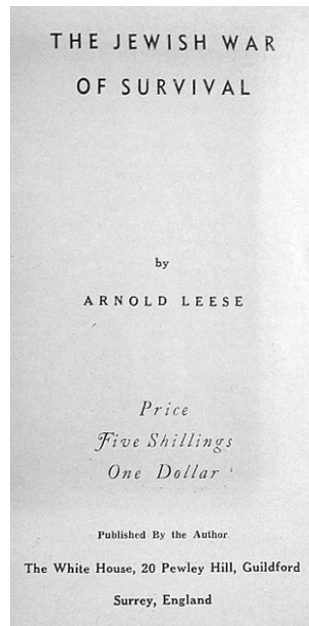


Arnold S. Leese





[Below: Opening page]



**DEMOCRACY IS  
DEATH BY  
JEWRY!**

**FIND OUT WHY!**

by applying for LITERATURE lists to :-  
LEESE'S BUREAU OF ANTI-JEWISH INFORMATION,  
20 Pewley Hill, Guildford, Surrey.

or to  
THE BRITONS PUBLISHING SOCIETY,  
40 Great Ormond St, London W.C.1.

**BOLSHEVISM'S SOFT UNDERBELLY  
IS THE JEW!**

831/9/50 Published by ARNOLD LEESE, 20 Pewley Hill, Guildford.  
Printed by THE CARMAC PRESS, 57 Feltown Street, E.C.2.

## Kosher Fascism in Britain

**I**N most countries where Fascism, under one name or another, is becoming established, particularly in northern Europe, it is becoming generally realised that when the Jews and Masons find it impossible to kill it with ridicule or by the misuse of legal power, they range themselves, with large funds, behind a spurious movement, with a similar name, often indulging in mild and spasmodic "anti-semitic" sentiments to influence the unwary and so attempt to side-track the whole work. Such, we know is the Dollfuss Brand of Fascism in Austria. Such, we firmly believe is the British Union of Fascists in England. The vast majority of its unpaid members, we know, are patriots; but they (like most Freemasons) are simply dupes.

### THE EVIDENCE.

1. No prominent pioneering anti-semitic will give Mosley any support. Why?
2. Every effort has been made by Mosley's followers to stamp out the anti Jewish Imperial Fascist League. Why? The methods adopted, which have all failed, were attempted assault, threats to murder, attempt by organised effort to murder, and attempt to bribe our printers.
3. From the beginning, the B.U.F. has had access to enormous funds which makes it possible for thousands of men to become "Fascists" without any participation in self-sacrifice and struggle for existence such as all genuine Fascist movements have to undergo to prove themselves. Where does the money come from?
4. Sir Oswald Mosley married a woman of Jewish blood, grand-daughter of Levi Leiter and his children therefore are of Jewish blood. Every effort is made by the paid careerists of the B.U.F. to hide and dis-ort this important fact. It is obvious that anything against Jews threatened by Sir Oswald must be the most utter humbug. Owing to Sir Oswald's Jewish appearance, it is often said without any proof, that he is Jewish. He certainly is neither Nordic nor Mediterranean in appearance, but Armenoid; his temperament and reactions resemble those of an Armenoid. His pedigree reveals nothing Jewish. In Viscount Snowden's "My Autobiography," p. 876, he points out the physical resemblance between Mosley and Lassalle, the Jewish founder of "Social Democracy." The Viscount writes that he was conversing about this with a friend, who replied "That's very interesting, for an acquaintance of mine who knows Mosley well tells me that Mosley is aware of his resemblance to Lassalle and has modelled his career largely in imitation of Lassalle."
5. In the "Evening News" of 4th May, 1934, Rothermere states in a leading article that the Mandate for Palestine should be given to Italy. "We can imagine," he says, "how quickly the Blackshirts would put an end to the monstrosity of squandering good British money on a hotbed of bad Semitic trouble." The B.U.F. have not yet denied the implication. The rank and file of the B.U.F. are completely ignorant of the enormous mineral and oil wealth purposely being left undeveloped in Palestine until the British can be done out of it by giving away the mandate.
6. A large number of members of the Mosleyite Movement are vaguely anti-Jewish although without knowledge of the question. To appease these members, Mosley allows statements to be issued from time to time which have no real meaning. He is fond of telling the world that "Jews who put Britain first have nothing to fear," or words to that effect. Let the reader consider whether that cryptic utterance gives any clue as to what treatment Lord Reading, Lord Melchett, or Mr. Sieff might expect under a Mosley regime. The words are without meaning; they give no clue. They were not intended to.

Let us now see what Mosley and his henchmen and supporters have actually stated about their attitude to the Jewish Menace, which they politely call the "Jewish Question":—

### SIR OSWALD MOSLEY'S OWN STATEMENTS.

When he was running the New Party, 24th August, 1932, he said that "he neither authorised nor approved of "anti-Jewish propaganda." (Quoted in "Jewish Chronicle," 26th August, p. 26).

[P.T.O.]



In an official statement from B.U.F. Headquarters:—"Anti-Semitism is no issue of Fascism. We never attack Jews because they are Jews." This was in Sept. 1933. The same month, according to "News Chronicle," of May 5th, 1934, he said, "Anti-semitism is no part of the policy of the B.U.F."

Writing to Lord Melchett, he said, as reported in the "Jewish Chronicle," dated 6th January, 1933, "Anti-semitism forms no part of the policy of this organisation and Anti-semitic propaganda is forbidden."

In the "Daily Mail," 29th January, 1934, he stated, "We are accused of Anti-semitism and of racial and religious persecution. That charge is not true."

Interviewed by the "Jewish Chronicle" (reported in their issue of 12th May, 1933) he said "Anti-semitism is no issue of Fascism. The trouble in Germany is entirely local. As I have already said in public, I think that the Anti-semitic policy of the German Nazis was a great mistake. It certainly is not our policy. He hoped and believed that any attacks on German Jews would very shortly cease."

**GENERAL FULLER**, who writes for Mosley, and organises his party, is an occultist, and in 1907 he wrote a book, entitled "The Star in the East." In it he said, *inter alia*, "Aleister Crowley is . . . the marvellous being whom God has permitted to make a discovery of the highest importance in his illuminative philosophy of Crowleyanism!" Occultism in Europe is Jewish. "The mysticism of Israel supplies the foundation of modern Western occultism."—Dion Fortune in *The Mystical Kabbalah*, 1935.

**MR. JOYCE**, one of the chief Mosleyite speakers, when addressing the Mile End Old Boys' Club Debating Society, on 23rd October, 1933, as reported by Mr. S. H. Harinsky, said that the B.U.F. were not Anti-semitic and expressed "great sympathy with Jews all over the world for the unhappy plight of their brethren in Germany."

"**THE BLACKSHIRT**," a Mosleyite paper, dated 1st to 7th July, 1933, said, "The B.U.F. are definitely NOT anti-Jewish IN ANY WAY . . . Under a Fascist regime, Jews will be treated in exactly the same manner as other British subjects." (Our italics).

**LORD ROTHERMERE**, without whose former support the Mosley Movement would have been dead long ago, states in his papers:—

"**DAILY MAIL**," 22nd Jan., 1934:—"Nor is there the slightest ground for believing that the Blackshirts are or ever will be antagonistic to such bodies as the Jews, the Trade Unions or the Freemasons."

"**SUNDAY DISPATCH**" 25th February, 1934:—"There will never be a persecution of Jews in a Black Shirt Britain." "Great Britain is thankful that she has as citizens very many good Jews."

"**SUNDAY DISPATCH**," 13th May, 1934:—"The model for the British Black Shirt Movement is to be found in Italy, where Mussolini has appointed several Jews to important offices, viz.: Signor Volpi, the ex-Finance Minister, and his successor, Signor Guido Jung being outstanding examples."

**FINALLY**.—The President of the Oxford University Jewish Society, writing to the "Jewish Chronicle," dated 29th Sept., 1933, said "Our greatest supporters in our fight against the Imperial Fascists are the Mosley Fascists themselves."

DOWN WITH KOSHER FASCISM.



Join the Imperial Fascist League

30, Craven Street, London, W.C.2.

Subscribe to our Paper "THE FASCIST," 1d. monthly, 1jd. post free. Annual Subscription 1/6 per annum (post free).  
THE PAPER WHOSE MOTTO IS "KEEP TROTH."

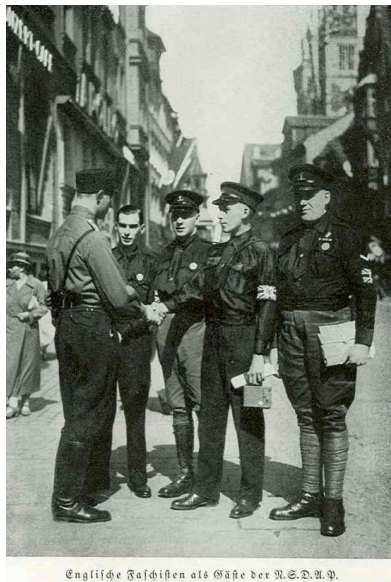
Walter Whitehead, Printer, 22, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

### More pictures of the Imperial Fascist League

[Below: An I.F.L. member covers a hole where a plaque to Karl Marx has been tore out!]



[Below: This picture is from a German commemorative book of the 1935 Reichsparteitag showing a British deligation who was attending the event.]



Englische Faschisten als Gäste der N.S.D.A.P.



[Below: Booklet in German/English explaining the program and goals of the Imperial Fascist League.]



'The Jewish Rotting of China' by Arnold Leese

## **The Jewish Rotting of China**

It was the Sassoon family which turned the normal Chinese dislike and distrust of foreigners into hatred. David Sassoon made the Opium Trade in China from 1832 until he died in 1864. His family carried on the Trade under our Flag and made huge fortunes. The British took the blame, and now the Chinese loathe us; just as we took the blame for the Jewish atrocities at Nuremberg, Spandau and elsewhere in Germany, so that the Germans now hate us.

Backed by the Sassoons, the Shanghai Opium Monopoly existed until 1917 under the Jew Edward Ezra, its Managing Committee being composed entirely of Jews and Indians. Not only did the British Flag protect the Sassoons in this abominable trade which the Manchus did all they could to prevent, even to the extent of war, but also these Jews were welcomed in England instead of being ostracised. Royalty petted them and they intermarried with Aryan aristocrats. Some became Baronets and one a Minister of the Government.

When the Freemason, Sun Yat-Sen, began his revolutionary movement at Canton, the Jew Morris Cohen, a British subject, became his aide-de-camp and was sent by Sun around the globe to get military experts for his revolutionary army. On Sun Yat-Sen's death bed this Jew was commended to Chiang Kai-Shek and he was employed as liaison officer between the Canton Government and all foreign Consulates-General. Cohen became known in China as Moi-Sha, and was made Military Counsellor to the Cantonese Forces, and a General, although still a British subject.

As late as 1939, Cohen was travelling the high seas under the protection of our Flag. The last we heard of him was late in 1945 when he emerged from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. The South African Sunday Express described him as "the guiding genius behind the War-Lords of China".

The Soviet Jew, Jacob Borodin (real name M. Grusenberg) was sent by the Kremlin with the Jew Joffe, in 1923, to try and bolshevise Sun Yat-Sen and became Chief Political Adviser to the Kuomintang. His wife, a Jewess, spied in China for the Soviets. When Sun died, Borodin was left in charge and it was he who appointed Chiang Kai-Shek to succeed Sun in 1926. However, in 1927 a raid was made by Chang Tso-Ling on the Soviet Embassy at Peking, which revealed the scope and extent of the Soviet plot to bolshevise China, and the Borodins were arrested and imprisoned.

In 1923 the notorious Jew, Trebitsch Lincoln, ex-M.P. in Britain, headed a Chinese mission to get arms for Wu Pei Fu, a War-Lord with a fine character, but failed, probably purposely, in the attempt. After that, Lincoln drifted about, too mistrusted in China for any other important role.

The Soviet General, B. K. Galen, who was really a Jew called Chesin, and was nicknamed Blucher, accompanied the "Armenian" Soviet Delegate Karachan to Peking in 1924 where a treaty was made with Chang Tso-Ling by which the Chinese Eastern Railway was handed over to the Soviets. This placed the movement of troops at the mercy of the Bolsheviks. The intrigues and bribery by which this surrender by Chang Tso-Ling was obtained were carried out through the medium of a Jewish timber magnate called S. Skidelski. At once, the Railway was placed in charge of the Jews Gekker, Koslowsky and Snamensky (Zamyensky). To continue with the career of General "Galen", he became Chief Military Adviser to Chiang Kai-Shek in 1926.

Now for the Soviet Jew S. A. Gekker: As early as 1922; he has been Military Adviser to the Mongolian Bolshevik Government, and in 1924 he was made Head Political Commissar on the Chinese Eastern Railway aforesaid. This appointment was at the hands of the Jew, M. D. Lashewitz, who was President of the Board of Railway Control in Moscow.

Nor must the Jew, A. Joffe, be forgotten. We have already met him as head of the Soviet Mission to Sun Yat-Sen, when, with the Jew, Jacob Borodin, he tried to develop Sovietism. Later he became Political Adviser to Chiang Kai-Shek in 1926 and organised the Red Section of the Kuomintang.

High up in the Political Department of the Red Army in China were also the two Jews, W. N. Levitschev and J. B. Gamarnik, who in 1936 was its head.

The Nanking Ministry of Finance has always been dominated by Jews, viz: Kann, L. Rajchman and R. Haas. In England, the Jew Billmeir helped, with his merchant fleet, to take Soviet arms to China in 1938.

Finally, the Jew Ben Kizer (U.S.A.) was appointed head of Unrra in China, and as everyone knows, it fell to pieces in corruption. Enough has been said to prove that every real key position in the process of the Bolshevik destruction of China has been Jewish.

ARNOLD LEESE.

Published by Arnold Leese, 20, Pewley Hill, Guildford, Surrey.

Below: Here is an example of another Leese article on China:

# CHINESE COMMUNISM ?

YES, but it was JEWISH when it  
started.

The following article by Arnold Leese is reprinted from *Gothic Ripples*, No. 49, dated 28th February, 1949. It shows that the seeds of Bolshevism were planted in China by Jews, who also tended and trained the growth that resulted. The corruption of the regime of Chiang Kai-Shek caused many of the masses in China to turn to Communism for relief, since Chinese Communism is mixed with Nationalism and discourages the old Chinese curse of official corruption; but Communism in China has the same de-humanising effect on the people as it has elsewhere.

## THE JEWISH ROTTING OF CHINA.

It was the Sassoon family which turned the normal Chinese dislike and distrust of foreigners into hatred. David Sassoon made the Opium Trade in China from 1832 until he died in 1864. His family carried on the Trade under our Flag and made huge fortunes. The British took the blame, and now the Chinese loathe us; just as we took the blame for the Jewish atrocities at Nuremberg, Spandau and elsewhere in Germany, so that the Germans now hate us.

Backed by the Sassoons, the Shanghai Opium Monopoly existed until 1917 under the Jew Edward Ezra, its Managing Committee being composed entirely of Jews and Indians. Not only did the British Flag protect the Sassoons in this abominable trade which the Manchus did all they could to prevent, even to the extent of war, but also these Jews were welcomed in England instead of being ostracised. Royalty petted them and they intermarried with Aryan aristocrats. Some became Baronets and one a Minister of the Government.

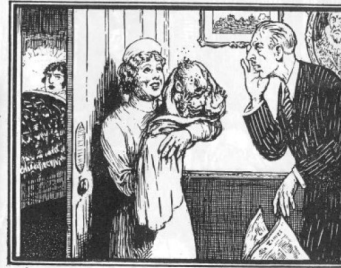


King Edward the First



He expelled the Jews in 1290. Our best and most British Monarch.

Assimilation



"Dont he take after his mother, my Lord?"



ASSIMILATION: "We don't let our dogs do that"



"It comes to thith, Mithter Editor you cut out the WORD, or we cut out the Ads get me?"  
[The word "Jew" must not be mentioned in News-  
paper reports of crime and fraud.]

A Ziontific Lie.



"Yeth, we have no Oil". [There is lots of Oil in Palestine, but it must not be tapped until the Jews get possession of the country]

A Holiday Snap



Shocking Case of Anti-Semitism at Margate.



## Palestine



"We want only your native justice that our fathers taught us to trust".

6

## The Cheque Mates



7



"Tell the Preth I'm here to make an all-British Film".

8 ?



POISON GAS  
1915-1935

A Jew called Haber directed the first gas attack; Jews now direct their poison-gas attack through the Press.

9

## A study in Democracy VESTMINSTER, 1945



PRESS EXTRACT: "The new Parliament will continue very much on the lines of the last one."

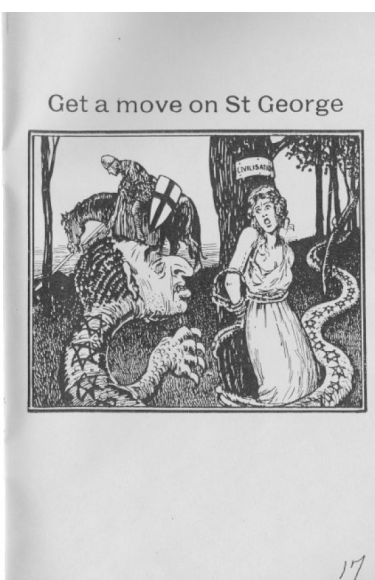
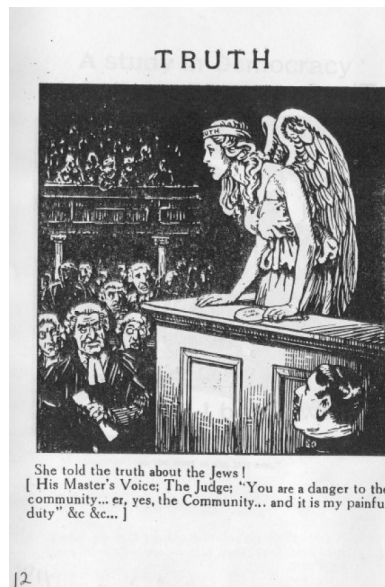
10

## The Constant Companions



Jewry and Liberalism.

11



## Chapter Five Belgium



**BELGIUM!**  
**(WALLOON)**



[Above: Waffen-SS Walloon sleeve shield]



[Above: Waffen-SS Walloon sleeve cuff-band]



[Above: Walloon Rexist flag. Note the symbolism of the armored sword-bearing arm coming out of a cloud = a divine force or God.]



# Léon Degrelle



[Above: Léon Degrelle]

Léon Joseph Marie Ignace Degrelle (June 15, 1906 - March 31, 1994) was the leader and founder of Belgium's Fascist Rexist political party. He joined the Waffen-SS Walloon Legion as a common soldier and after three years of heavy combat in the East he rose to command the 28th SS-Freiwilligen Grenadier Division Wallonien. He was a devoted, beloved and highly capable leader and retained his political beliefs until the day he died.]



[Armband of Rexist party.]







[Above: Walloon volunteers. The Walloonian people are a French speaking minority of Belgium.]



[Above: Walloon volunteers on the march.]



[Above: A postage vignette honoring the Waffen-SS Walloonian Legion's fight against Bolshevism.]



[Above: A Walloonian Waffen-SS recruiting poster. It says: 'Come with us!']



[Above: Another Walloonian Waffen-SS recruiting poster. *'To defend Belgium...'*]

**See Appendix 4 -Léon Degrelle's Letter to the Pope (May 20, 1979)**

**More pictures of Walloonian Waffen-SS volunteers.**

[Below: Walloonian volunteer SS-Untersturmführer Léon Gillis in Pomerania. He is holding a StG 44 assault rifle, Spring, 1945.]



[Below: Walloonian volunteers fighting alongside the Wiking division in the Cherkassy pocket, where in February 1944, against overwhelming odds they broke through the surrounding Communist forces, losing half their numbers!]



[Above: A united Europe. In Dresden, Germany, a Walloonian Waffen-SS volunteer meets his French and Croatian counterparts.]



[Above: Charleroi, Belgium, Walloonian volunteers on the march. August 31, 1943.]



[Above: A young Walloonian Waffen-SS volunteer.]



[Above: SS-Untersturmführer Léon Gillis in Pomerania in the spring of 1945. He is armed with a StG 44 assault rifle.]



[Above: North Caucasus, December 1941.]





[Above: Walloonian Waffen-SS volunteers take the oath of allegiance.]



[Above: Chow time. On the left is the hero Hubert Van Eyser who was to be killed in action at Cherkassy as a platoon leader in the 1st Company.]



**More pictures of Walloonian Waffen-SS commander Léon Degrelle and the Rexist Party.**

*'German racialism has been deliberately distorted. It never was an anti-"other race" racialism. It was a pro-German racialism. It was concerned with making the German race strong and healthy in every way. Hitler was not interested in having millions of degenerates, if it was in his power not to have them. Today one finds rampant alcohol and drug addiction everywhere. Hitler cared that the German families be healthy, cared that they raise healthy children for the renewal of a healthy nation. German racialism meant re-discovering the creative values of their own race, re- discovering their culture. It was a search for excellence, a noble idea. National Socialist racialism was not against other races, it was for its own race. It aimed at defending and improving its race, and wished that all other races did the same for themselves.'* -Léon Degelle

[Below: Léon Degrelle, circa 1928.]



[Below: Léon Degrelle.]



[Below: Belgian nationalist group the Rexist Party is seen here on parade in Brussels in 1942.]



[Below: The Rexist Party.]



[Below: Léon Degrelle speaking to his Rexist party.]







[Below: A young Degrelle speaking to his Rexist party.]







[Below: Léon Degrelle and Fernand Rouleau leaving the Palais des Arts at Brussels. Behind Degrelle is Victor Matthys, the freshly appointed chief deputy of the Rexist Movement.]



[Below: A young and handsome Degrelle.]



[Below: Degrelle in Rexist party uniform and German officers.]



[Below: Rexist newspaper, 1943.]





[Below: Léon Degrelle leaving the recruiting office for the Wallonian Legion in the summer of 1941. When Germany and the Axis attacked communist Russia on June 22, 1941 over 1000 Walloons volunteered immediately, among them Degrelle himself. Since Degrelle was an important political leader in Belgium the Germans offered him a leadership role in the Walloon volunteer force. Modestly, he declined, replying that he couldn't take the commission in good conscience since he had no military training, and that he would prefer to first gain experience in the ranks. That he did, becoming one of the most beloved and capable leaders in WWII.]



[Below: Léon Degrelle after the statement by Victor Matthijs (deputy and acting leader of the Rexist party) regarding the need to unite the groups, namely the Flemish National Union, the Rexist party and the Verdinaso (Verbond van Dietsche Nationaal- Solidaristen - Union of Diets National Solidarists), into one party for the Flemish people led by Staf De Clercq (leader of the Flemish National Union), May 10, 1941.]



*'You must train harder than the enemy who is trying to kill you. You will get all the rest you need in the grave.'* -  
Léon Degrelle

[Below: Léon Degrelle]



[Below: Léon Degrelle (left) and Richard Jungclaus (March 17, 1905 - April 15, 1945). Jungclaus was a German SS-group leader and lieutenant general of police (1943) as well as Higher SS and Police Leader (HSSPF) of Belgium-Northern France.]



[Below: Léon Degrelle and Richard Jungclaus, among others.]



[Below: Léon Degrelle in his Sd.Kfz. 251 half-track with his children by his side during the parade of the SS Sturmbrigade Wallonien in Brussels on April 1, 1944. The Wallonien crossed the city from south to north passing in front of the 'Bourse' (the Belgian Stock Exchange Building).]

*'I got to greet the Légion Wallonie parade in front of the stock house on one of our vehicles. I was happier and more proud than ever before when the armored cars and other vehicles drove past me with load noise. These were lent to us by Sepp Dietrich, but they were filled with our Belgian soldiers. I greeted every single machine with my right hand high, my steel helmet on and the freshly received Knight's Cross on my chest. The other hand was intermittently holding one of my children's hand who were allowed to climb into the vehicle and stand next to me. The mass, which estimatedly involved around a hundred thousand people, was cheering and threw us piles of flowers.'*  
-Léon Degrelle

[Below: Legion Walloon parade in Brussels.]



[Below: Legion Walloon parade in Brussels, Degrelle's children are with him.]



[Below: Legion Walloon parade in Brussels, Degrelle's children are with him.]



[Below: Legion Walloon parade in Brussels, Degrelle's children are with him.]



[Below: Legion Walloon parade in Brussels, Degrelle's children are with him.]





[Below: Legion Walloon parade in Brussels, Degrelle's children are with him.]



[Below: Degrelle and his children.]



[Below: Degrelle and his children.]



[Below: Degrelle and family.]



[Below: Degrelle and his daughter.]









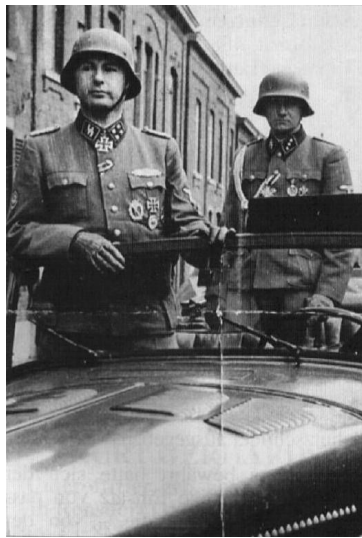


[Below: Degrelle and some of the survivors of the Walloon Sturmbrigade after escaping the Cherkassy Pocket. The savage and inhuman battering the brigade withstood resulted in its strength being reduced from 2000 men to 632! Yet despite being grossly outnumbered and out gunned it held its position.]





[Below: ...]





[Below: Wallonian Legion Hauptmann Lucien Lippert, a former Belgian Army general staff officer, with his second-in-command Leutnant Léon Degrelle, July 1943.]





[Below: Reichsführer SS Heinrich Himmler visiting units of the Legion Wallonien, on Himmler's right is Léon Degrelle. Spring 1943.]



[Below: Reichsführer SS Heinrich Himmler and Léon Degrelle sharing a lighter moment.]



[Below: Léon Degrelle, commander of the 28th SS Wallonien, passing out cigarettes to his men, February 1945.]





[Below: Léon Degrelle, awarding Iron Cross 1st Class to Belgian soldier.]

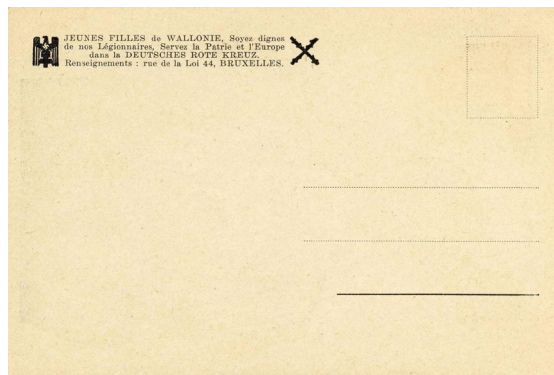




Material that was issued for the Walloon Waffen-SS Legion and the Rexist party.

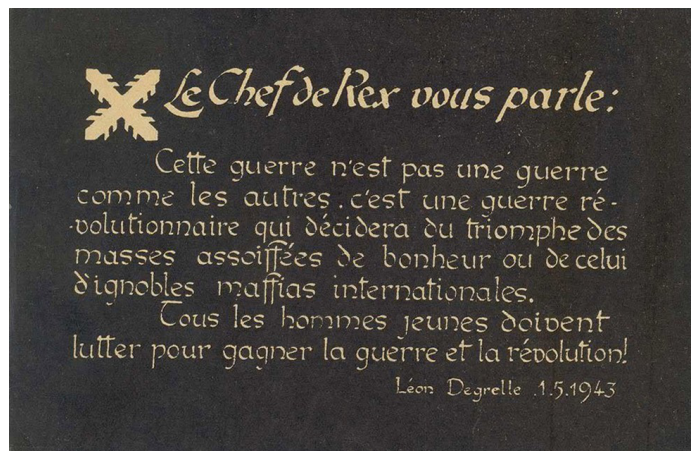


[Above: Waffen-SS Walloonian Legion recruiting postcard.]



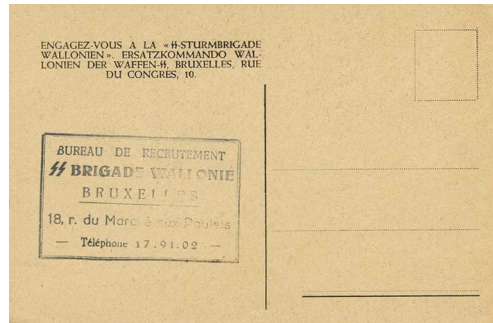
[Above: Postcard back.]

[Below: Here is a postcard dedicated to the SS-Sturmbrigade Wallonien.]





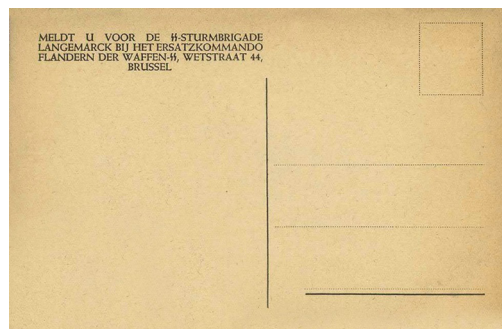
[Below: Back of postcard.]



[Below: Here is another postcard in the series, this time dedicated to the SS-Sturmbrigade Langemark.]



[Below: Back of postcard.]



[Above: These stamps were issued to benefit the Walloonian Waffen-SS Legion. They were issued April 10, 1942.]





[Above: Waffen-SS Walloonian Legion postcard.]



[Above: Waffen-SS Walloonian Legion recruiting art.]



[Above: Waffen-SS Walloonian armband.]

To see more ... Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

*“We called on the masses of the people not to surrender their arms, for the surrender of one's arms would be nothing less than the beginning of enslavement.”*

*Adolf Hitler – speech in Munich*

*April 12, 1922*

## Chapter six TURKMENISTAN



# Turkmenistan



*'Nobody who dies and finds good from God would wish to come back to this world even if he were given the whole world and everything in it, except the martyr, who – seeing the superiority of martyrdom – would wish to come back to the world to be killed again.'* -The Prophet Muhammad, Hadith 4:53

Turkmenistan is a country in Central Asia, bordered by Kazakhstan to the northwest, Uzbekistan to the north and east, Afghanistan to the southeast, Iran to the south and southwest, and the Caspian Sea to the west.

Turkmenistan was once an important crossroads of civilizations for centuries. Its city, Merv, was one of the great cities in the Islamic world during medieval times. It was also an important stop on the Silk Road, the trade route with China.

Turkmenistan was forcibly annexed by the Russian Empire in 1881, which resulted in the country playing a prominent role in the anti-Bolshevik/communist movement in Central Asia. The communists eroded centuries of culture and virtually ended their all-important nomadic lifestyle. These things said, it is easy to see why the people of Turkmenistan found allies with National Socialist Germany and the Axis during WWII.



Sigerbai Kusherbai is from Turkestan. The Turkomans, including Uzbeks, Kirghiz, Kalmucks, Kasachs, Tadshaiks, Karakalpaks and hordes of other names, settled in the vast territory stretching from the Caspian Sea to Pamir and to the borders of China. The Turkomans number between 25 and 30 million people. A recent census taken by the Soviets numbers them at less than half this figure, but these statistics were dictated by political intentions. Today many of the Turkomans, who never willingly submitted to the Soviet system for national reasons, are fighting with the Germans.

[Above: ' Sigerbai Kusherbai is from Turkestan. The Turkomans, including Uzbeks, Kirghiz, Kalmucks, Kasachs, Tadshaiks, Karakalpaks and hordes of other names, settled in the vast territory stretching from the Caspian Sea to Pamir and to the borders of China. The Turkomans number between 25 and 30 million people. A recent census taken by the Soviets numbers them at less than half this figure, but these statistics were dictated by political intentions. Today many of the Turkomans, who never willingly submitted to the Soviet system for national reasons, are fighting with the Germans.'

-Signal magazine, English edition.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteers.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteers.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteers in France captured by communists.]



[Above: An interesting newspaper article depicting an Asiatic Nazi soldier.]



[Above: An Asiatic Wehrmacht soldier with his comrades and an American Military Police officer.]





[Above: 'Neu Turkistan' newspaper with a handbook overlaid called 'Muslim Turkistan'.]

Note: 'Turkistan' does not denote a single country but rather a region. As of 2015 this term includes present-day Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan and Xinjiang ('Chinese Turkistan'). Turkistan literally means '*Land of the Turks*'.



[Above: Another newspaper for volunteers from Turkistan. ]

**More pictures of volunteers from Turkistan.**



[Above: A Turkmen volunteer sporting a wristwatch]



[Above: Men of the 'Ostmuselmanische SS-Regiment']



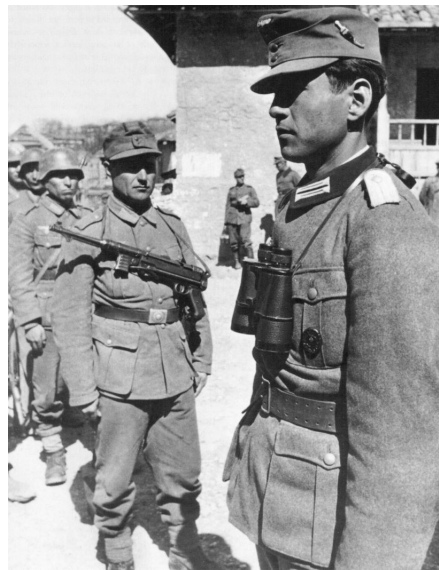
[Above: Private in the 'Ostmuselmanische SS-Regiment']



[Above: Eastern Turkick volunteer. The newspaper he is reading was made for Muslim volunteers of Turkistan.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteers.]



[Above: Members of the Turkverband during inspection.]



[Above: Formed in early 1944, this is a member of the 'Mussulmanischen SS-Division Neu-Turkistan'.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteers.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteer with child.]



[Above: Turkmen volunteer.]





Bundesarchiv, Bild 1011-200-1082-04A  
Foto: Müller | 16. Januar 1944

[Above: Rommel (center) seen here with a Turkmen volunteer (far left). France, January 1944. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: Somewhere in France.]



*“What we have so often preached at home about the essence of the enemy coalition has now been confirmed: it is a devilish pact between democratic capitalism and Jewish Bolshevism. All nations whose statesmen have signed this pact will sooner or later become the victims of the demonic spirits they have summoned.”*

*Adolf Hitler - proclamation to the German Folk*

*Fuhrer Headquarters, February 24, 1945*

## Chapter Seven AFRICA



# AFRICA

*'It is not a question of one nation in Africa having lost its freedom – on the contrary practically all the previous inhabitants of this continent have been made subject to the sovereignty of other nations by bloody force, thereby losing their freedom.'*

– Adolf Hitler



[Above: German military postage stamp from Tunisia, North Africa, circa March/April 1943]





[Above: An African volunteer arm-in-arm with his German comrade.]



[Above: African volunteer with the Africa Korps, Tunisia.]



[Above: African volunteers with German soldiers.]





[Above: 1000 Francs bank note from German liberated Tunisia, circa 1942. The Germans used old French stocks which they overprinted. Front.]



[Above: 1000 Francs bank note from German liberated Tunisia, circa 1942. The Germans used old French stocks which they overprinted. Back.]



[Above: Must have an interesting necklace...]



[Above: Germans posing with a French prisoner of war, France, 1940.]

Well we've all heard about how the Germans killed black soldiers under French employ.  
I guess this time they must have forgotten! Silly Germans...]



[Above: Conscripted French P.O.W.]



[Above: Conscripted French Senegalese troops taken prisoner by the Germans.]



[Above: More conscripted French Senegalese troops taken prisoner by the Germans.]



[Above: The communists forced many races that they had crushed to fight for them. Here is a Mongoloid man (and his comrades) after his surrender to the Waffen-SS.]



[Above: Possibly a French P.O.W., this photo says quite a lot about German and black P.O.W. attitudes and relations.]



**More pictures of Africans taken prisoner by the Germans.**



[Above: French prisoners of war.]



Bundesarchiv Bild 121-0423  
Foto: z. d. d. 1940-1941

[Above: French prisoners of war. This African is happy he will not be dying for colonialism!]



[Above: Column of French prisoners of North African regiments.]



[Above: French prisoners of war.]





[Above: French Moroccan soldiers captured by the Germans at Amiens.]



[Above: Senegalese riflemen captured by the Germans at Amiens.]



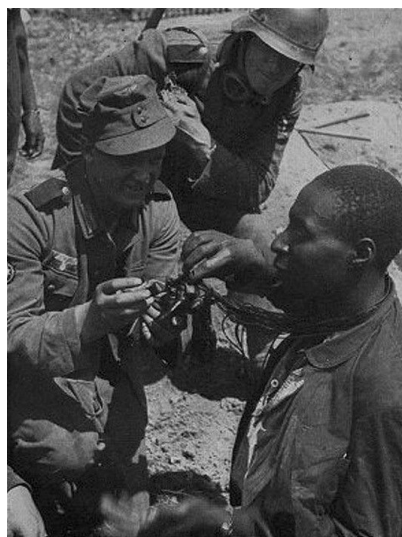
[Above: French prisoners of war.]



[Above: French-Senegalese prisoner of war. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: French-Nigerian prisoners of war, 1940.]



[Above: French-Senegalese prisoner of war.]



Bundesarchiv, RM 183-105159  
Foto: Ulrich / Mai 1940

[Above: French prisoners of war.]



Bundesarchiv, RM 182-123042  
Foto: Egner / November 1940

[Above: French prisoners of war.]



Bundesarchiv, RM 146-2003-0021  
Foto: Struckmeyer-Worff / August 1940

[Above: French prisoners of war.]



[Above: French colonial soldiers taken prisoner by the Germans. The note on the picture says that the soldiers were starving and that the Germans gave them food (see the slab of meat before them).]





[Above: French prisoners of war.]



[Above: French prisoners of war.]



[Above: French prisoner of war or...?]

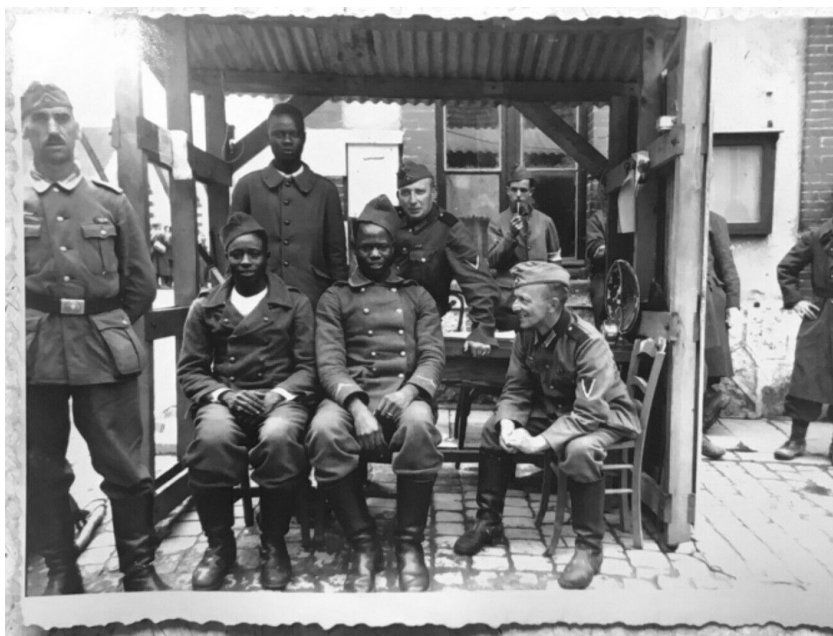




[Above: French prisoner of war.]



[Above: French prisoner of war.]



[Above: French prisoners of war photo (with three close-ups next page).]



[Above: Close-up. 1/3]



[Above: Close-up. 2/3]

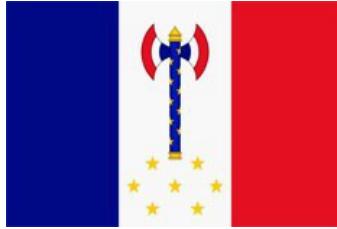


[Above: Close-up. 3/3]

## Chapter Eight FRANCE



# FRANCE



*'Work, Family, Fatherland.'*

-Slogan of Vichy France. (The previous slogan was 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'.)

*'Arise, children of our Nation,  
The day of glory has arrived!  
Against us tyranny's  
Bloody banner is raised,  
Do you hear, in the countryside,  
The roar of those ferocious soldiers?  
They're coming right into your arms  
To cut the throats of your sons, your women!  
To arms, citizens,  
Form your battalions,  
Let's march, let's march!  
Let an impure blood  
Soak our fields!'*

-La Marseillaise, the French national anthem since 1795, by Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lise



[Above: Waffen-SS French sleeve shield]

Three French Waffen-SS volunteers were awarded Germany's highest decoration, The Knight's Cross. They are:

Legion-Unterscharfuehrer Francois Apollat (April 29,1945)

SS-Hauptsturmfuehrer Henri-Josef Fenet (April 29,1944)

Legion-Unterscharfuehrer Eugene Vaultot (April 29,1945)

French Waffen-SS volunteers ranged from 18,000 to 22,000 men. They were loyal and ferocious soldiers who stood with their German comrades until the very last moments of WWII. It has been recorded that the French Waffen-SS forces also included a number of personnel from the French colonies, including French Indo-China (what the French colonialists called Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia), and even a lone Japanese! Four black men (one was from Martinique) are also recorded to have volunteered, and were accepted. They fought on the Eastern Front and at least one of them is known to have fallen in action.

The last battalion of the 33rd Waffen Grenadier Division of the SS Charlemagne, known as the known as Charlemagne Battalion, under the command of SS-Hauptsturmfuehrer Henri Fenet, fought in the Battle of Berlin in the Nordland division.

These shining French heroes, only 320-330 men left of their proud force which once stood in the thousands, fought with a tenacity and bravery seldom seen in history. In the central sector of fighting they destroyed at least sixty Russian tanks alone!

They viciously defended the approach to Adolf Hitler's bunker in the final days of the war. In fact, they were amongst the very last defenders of the bunker! Surrounded, hungry, wounded and knowing all was lost, their heroic spirits proved their undying loyalty to Adolf Hitler and Europe. Until May 2, when Adolf Hitler martyred himself for earth, they resisted the Russian advance.

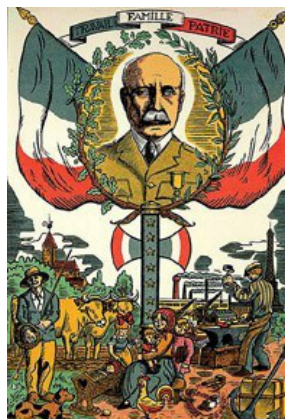
The last of these beautiful men, including their leader Henri Fenet, were captured at this date. They were the last and only unit still defending the bunker. They purposely robbed the communist invaders of their plans for a victory celebration of May 1st, a day important to them.



[Above: Beautiful French lottery ticket from 1942.]



[More Beautiful French lottery ticket from 1942.]



[Above: A postcard with the image of Marshal Pétain.]

# Pierre Laval



[Above: Pierre Laval]

Pierre Laval (June 28, 1883 – October 15, 1945) was a French politician. From January 27, 1931 to February 20, 1932 he served as Prime Minister of France and also headed another government from June 7, 1935 to January 24, 1936. His most important and historic role however was his prominent role as vice-president of Vichy's Council of Ministers from July 11, 1940 to December 13, 1940. Furthermore, he served as the head of government from April 18, 1942 to August 20, 1944. After the Allied occupation of France in 1944, Laval was arrested for 'treason'. In a mock show-trial, Pierre Laval was found guilty of loving his country and murdered by firing squad.



[Above: Pierre Laval and Adolf Hitler]

## More pictures of Pierre





[Above: Pierre Laval and Carl Oberg in Paris]



[Above: Marshal Petain and Pierre Laval]



[Above: Adolf Hitler, Laval, Ciano, Goering, and others. Circa December 29, 1942]





[Above: Laval (far right) and Petain]



[Above: Two men from 'The Legion of French Volunteers Against Bolshevism'. This force of volunteers saw action on the Eastern Front, where many of them fell in defense of Europe. The remainder of this courageous force was almost completely annihilated defending Berlin.]



## Henri Joseph Fenet



[Above: Hauptsturmführer Henri Joseph Fenet]

*'We didn't think of death at all. Not at all. Only of fighting, keeping on fighting. We lived and fought only to fight. Loyal to the end. Loyal to the end.'*

-French Waffen-SS volunteer Henri Joseph Fenet

Henri Joseph Fenet, one of the last recipients of the coveted Knight's Cross (April 29, 1945), he also was awarded the Croix de Guerre by France. This hero was sentenced to 20 years of hard labor for his service to humanity. He was finally released in 1959.

## Jacques Doriot



[Above: Jacques Doriot]

Jacques Doriot (September 26, 1898 - February 22, 1945) was a French politician prior to and during World War II. Doriot founded the ultra-nationalist 'Parti Populaire Français' (PPF) in 1936. His party was a strong supporter of France being structured like National Socialist Germany and Fascist Italy. When France declared war on Germany in 1939 Doriot was a dedicated and vocal supporter of Germany and supported the occupation of Northern France by Germany. He gave all his energies to various anti-communist

projects, including Radio Paris. In 1941 Jacques Doriot would take a step that would forever cement his name in the pages of history--he co-founded the Légion des Volontaires Français (LVF) with Marcel Déat. The LVF was created so that French men could fight communism on the Eastern Front. Doriot practiced what he preached, he joined the LVF and saw combat on the Eastern Front in 1941. Doriot fought with the LVF until it was nearly destroyed and then joined the Wehrmacht where he was awarded the Iron Cross in 1943.

Jacques Doriot was killed on February 22, 1945 while driving from Mainau to Sigmaringen (a town in southern Germany, in the state of Baden-Württemberg). His car was strafed by Allied fighters. He was buried in Mengen (in Württemberg).

**More pictures of Jacques Doriot.**



[Above: Paris, circa 1943]



[Above: Paris, circa 1943]



[Above: Paris, circa 1943]



[Above: Jacques Doriot addressing the Parti Populaire Français]



[Above: ...]



[Above: Circa 1943]

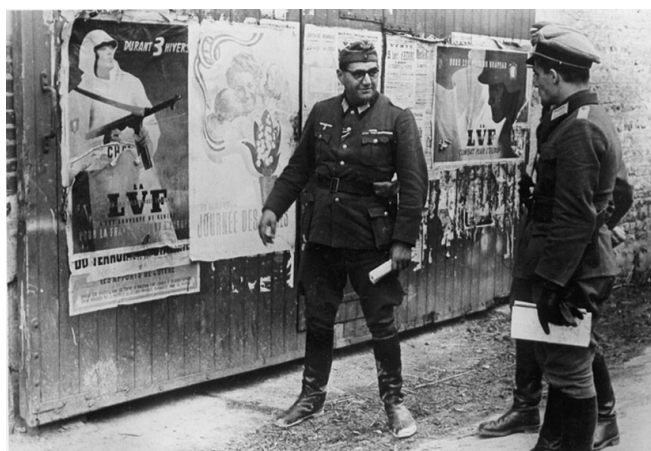


[Above: In this picture you can see his Iron Cross and Eastern Front Medal (upper middle of his jacket)]



[Above: Jacques Doriot in LVF uniform examining Allied occupation money for France.]





[Above: Jacques Doriot (4th from left).]

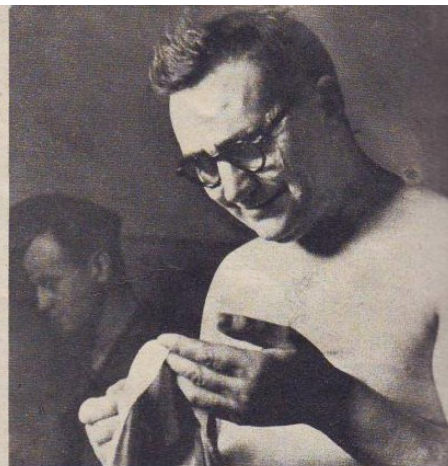




*Im Quartier: Briefe vor dem Angriff ...*

Unser Kriegsberichter Hanns Hubmann macht sich mit den Männern der französischen Freiwilligen-Legion bekannt

*Leon, der Jüngste der Legion, spricht fließend Russisch*

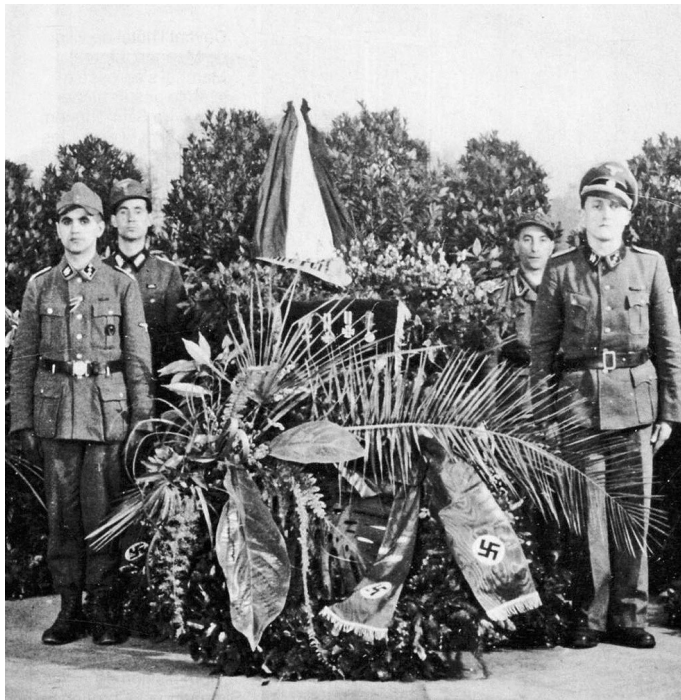


*„Man muß eine politische Ansicht nicht nur propagieren, man muß auch für sie eintreten“, sagt der Legions-Leutnant Jacques Doriot, der Gründer und Leiter der Parti Populaire Français. Im Jahre 1935 landete dieser bis dahin führende Kommunist zu seinem Vaterland zurück. Er, der politische Kämpfer, steht jetzt in Reih und Glied mit alten Haudegen der französischen Armee, wie zum Beispiel Oberfeldwebel Maurice Huel, dessen Brust vier Ordensspangen schmücken*



[Above: A page from Signal Magazine.]





[Above: The sacred grave of Jacques Doriot.]



[Above: A French Catholic priest at the funeral of Jacques Doriot.]

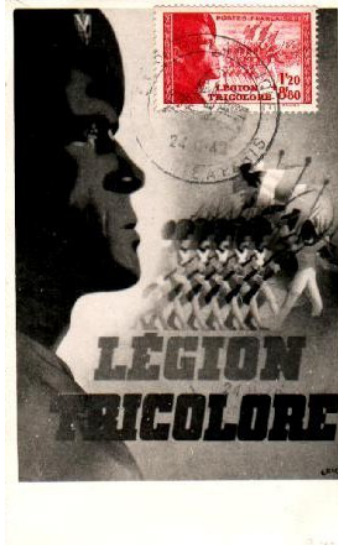
[Below: Posters]



[Below: Vichy France patches]



[Below: Postcard and stamp honoring the French Legion Tricolore, which were French volunteers to fight Bolshevism on the Eastern Front.]



[Below: Two Milice members at attention.]





The Milice Française (French Militia), better known as the Milice, was a paramilitary force created by the Vichy regime on January 30, 1943. It was primarily created to help fight the communists and their allies in the French Resistance. The Milice's was headed by Prime Minister Pierre Laval.

The soldiers of Milice (known as miliciens), wore a blue uniform jacket, brown shirt and a wide blue beret shaped like a boat. It employed both full-time and part-time personnel, and also had a youth wing. Many of Milice's men were working-class civilians who believed in the aims of the organization. They understood the threat of communism and its soulless sister capitalism. At its height in 1944 the Milice membership reached 25,000–30,000 by 1944.

When the Allies invaded France many of the Milice fled to Germany to avoid the bloodthirsty communist rampages that the Allied invasion enabled. Many of them would later join the valiant Waffen-SS Charlemagne division, where fate would have them be amongst the final defenders of the ruins of Berlin.

#### **More pictures of Milice Française.**



[Above: A column of Milice in Paris]



[Above: Laval and Darnand review Milice troops. Circa 1944.]



[Above: Milice training exercise.]



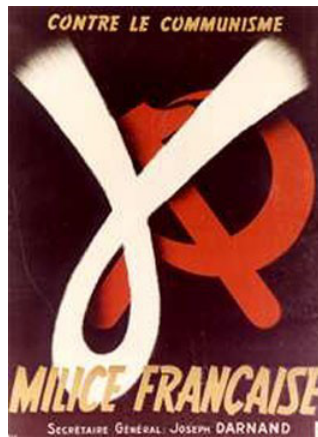
[Above: Communist terrorists being arrested. Circa July 1944]



[Above: Milice on parade]



[Above: Milice member guarding terrorist prisoners. Note he is wearing a German army Wound Badge, indicating previous service with a German Army unit. He is armed with a Spanish copy of the Smith & Wesson Model 10 revolver.]



[Above: Recruitment poster for the Milice.]



[Above: Recruitment poster for the Milice.]

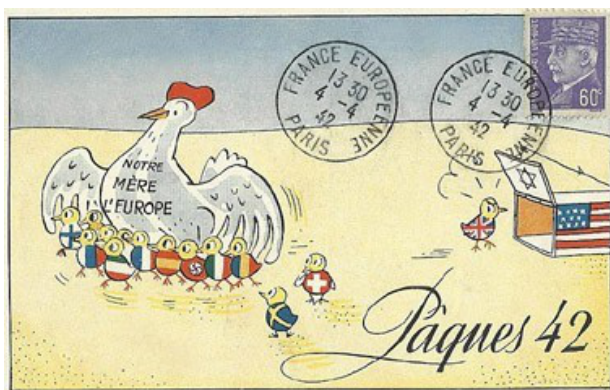


[Above: Milice identification book, circa 1943.]



[Above: Milice cancel stamp.]

[Below: 'Our Mother Europe' circa 1942. A strange and funny postcard from France. Check out the British chick going into the Jewish/American trap-box! Two other chicks, Sweden and Switzerland, being neutral countries, are sort of wandering around not sure what to do.]





# Philippe Henriot

[Below: Philippe Henriot. Circa 1934.]



Philippe Henriot (January 7, 1889 - June 28, 1944) was a man of many talents. He was a poet, a politician, a journalist and alas he was a Minister in the French government at Vichy. He was a beloved director and orator of political broadcasts. He was also a part-time member of Milice, which he joined in 1943. He believed 'with a deep-seated conviction that Christian civilization was engaged in a life and death struggle against Bolshevism.' Philippe Henriot was a devoted Roman Catholic. In 1936 the head of the FNC, General de Castelnau, described Henriot as 'an ardent defender of religion, the family and society.' It was such beliefs that led Henriot in 1941 to support the Axis invasion of the communist Soviet Union. He stated correctly: 'Bolshevism is the enemy of Christianity.' In 1943 Henriot was appointed Secretary of State for Information. As the government's spokesman he created many broadcasts and programs for Radio Paris. He also broadcast twice a day on Radio Vichy. He was beloved by many for his passionate speeches. Eloquent and dedicated, when Philippe Henriot's voice crackled through the radio waves all of France listened, even his enemies. Indeed he was so beloved and influential that 'Families shift their meal times so as not to miss him. There is no-one left in the street at the time he speaks.' His enemies called him the 'French Goebbels'. On January 6, 1944 his talents led him to be made the French Minister of Information and Propaganda. Only five months later, on June 28, 1944, a group of cowardly assassins murdered him in cold blood outside his home at the Ministry building.

Philippe Henriot was given a State Funeral in Paris, presided over by Cardinal Suhard in Notre Dame Cathedral. Many thousands of mourners paid their last respects to this beloved national hero.

**More pictures of Philippe Henriot.**



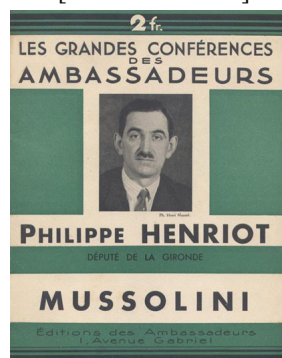
[Below: Henriot in Milice uniform giving a speech.]



[Below: Henriot in Milice uniform giving a speech.]



[Below: Booklet.]



[Below: Poster.]



After France was occupied by the invading Allied armies, many thousands whom had helped free their country and/or had worked for the Vichy government were murdered by communists and other human monsters. An astounding 300,000 people were arrested which resulted in 'guilty' verdicts of 124,613 people, of which around 50,000 of those received jail sentences. 6,763 were condemned to death in civil courts (767 were actually passed sentence on), and an equal number were condemned in military tribunals. Over 50,000 others were stripped of their civil rights. Another 25,000 professionals, administration and otherwise, were also penalized. Democratic justice in all of its hypocritical, iron-fisted glory. An untold thousands of women were raped, humiliated and beaten. Their crime: they were accused of being having romantic relationships with Germans. One book estimates the number of women targeted to be over twenty thousand! (Virgili, p. 52)

[Below: A young women is being forced to look into the camera as a smiling ghoul is cutting off her hair.]



[Below: A young women is forced to kneel with swastikas and other childish scribbling smeared on her face.]



[Below: A woman has had Her clothes torn off in public by criminal perverts. What kind of animals would do these things?!]



**More pictures of post-WW2 assaults on women.**



[Above: A French woman accused of sleeping with Germans is attacked and her head has been shaved by her neighbors in a village near Marseilles.]



[Above: A French woman with a bloody face is forced to look at the camera while French soldiers do nothing.]



[Above: As above.]



[Above: Naked French women smeared with tar/oil are forced to stiff arm salute.]





[Above: The brave, heroic, sexual sadist.]



[Above: A sobbing French woman with a swastika smeared on her face is paraded through the streets with civilians and a soldier.]



[Above: A different view of that above.]



[Above: Sadistic soldiers parade a naked French woman through the streets. I'm sure they felt very manly and tough doing this cowardly and perverted act.]



[Above: Another shot of the cowardly act above.]



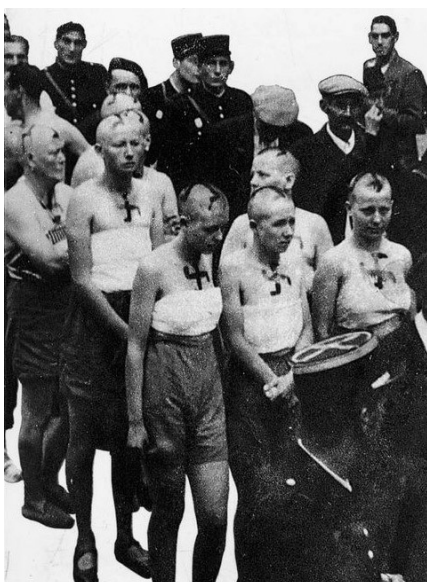
[Above: Another naked woman dragged through the streets...]



[Above: A despondent woman has her hair cut off by commie terrorists.]



[Above: Women with their tops torn off and swastikas scrawled with tar on their faces are paraded through the streets of Paris. Notice on these women a commonality: the deviant idiots who drew them couldn't even draw the swastikas correct!]



[Above: Another shot of the girls above]





[Above: Another woman beaten and tarred with her shirt ripped off.]



[Above: A young woman has her hair forcibly cut off while a 'tough guy' in a beret tries to give his most intimidating expression. Real scary huh? Cowardly loser.]



[Above: A group of armed men escort a 'dangerous' teenager whose been beaten and tarred.]





[Above: Another woman's head is shaved. Look at the monsters sadistically laughing in the background. I wonder if they would still be laughing if she could see France today and what the wonderful victors did to it? They wouldn't even recognize it--nearly void of white faces.]



[Above: Another poor woman about to be brutalized by 'heroes'.]



[Above: Another shot of the woman above.]



[Above: Nowhere to run...]



[Above: A teenager is brutalized by a mob incited by communist 'partisans'. Note she is being 'painted' by a French 'artist' at the bottom of the screen. I'm sure he went on to paint the 'modern masterpieces' that are pushed down our throats today.]



[Above: Women half naked, one of them with her head shaved, await their fiendish captors.]



[Above: Endless lines of women... these ones are stripped to their undergarments and paraded through the streets. Their tormentors think this is VERY funny. Was there anyone human left at the end of WWII? Or had they all already died fighting to save us?]



[Above: Not even a mother with a newborn is spared these monsters' wrath.]



[Above: I wonder if they smeared swastikas on the newborn? Afterall, his/her mother was a no good 'Nazi'...]



[Above: Nothing shows the evil of the victors more than these photos. The horror these women endured. Can you imagine being a mother with a newborn, maybe with a German father, and being brutalized and led through the streets, with a mob drunk on Judeo-propaganda?]



[Above: A back view of the girls above.]







[Above: Swastikas have been painted on the top of their heads. Very creative.]



[Above: Brutalized women, their heads shaved, are loaded into the back of a truck. A dark fate of death and rape in their future? It was very likely for many. MILLIONS died in Allied captivity AFTER the war.]



[Above: Close-up of the above. The 'man' behind them is holding a sign that says 'collaborators', but who is the real collaborator? These 'victors' were tricked into fighting and dying to keep their secret rulers filthy rich. It's been admitted by British and American politicians that they made war with Germany because she pulled out of the stock market--therefore international finance couldn't make anymore money there. Sickening.]



[Above: She looks strong, defiant and unfazed by it all.]



[Above: These two abused girls are little more than children!]



[Above: These thugs are tightly holding her arms and cutting off her hair.]





[Above: This poor, defenseless woman has been beaten bloody. This cowardly violence took place in Rennes (the capital of Brittany!) on August 15, 1944.]



[Above: Wow, some real tough guys...]



[Above: Pretty and defiant...]



[Above: A larger view.]



[Above: They forced her to wear a swastika and carry a picture of her German boyfriend/husband. Laval, France.]



[Above: She's old enough to be his mother. But they cared not. They were in a frenzy of Judeo-capitalist-communist propaganda.]





[Above: This young monster is having the time of his life. His friend sure does have an interesting nose...]

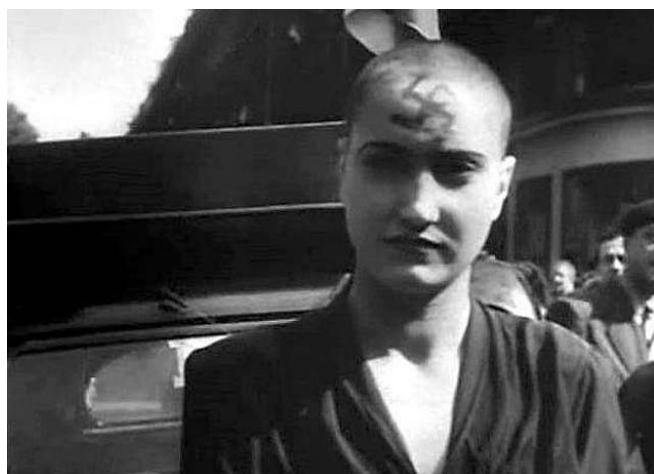


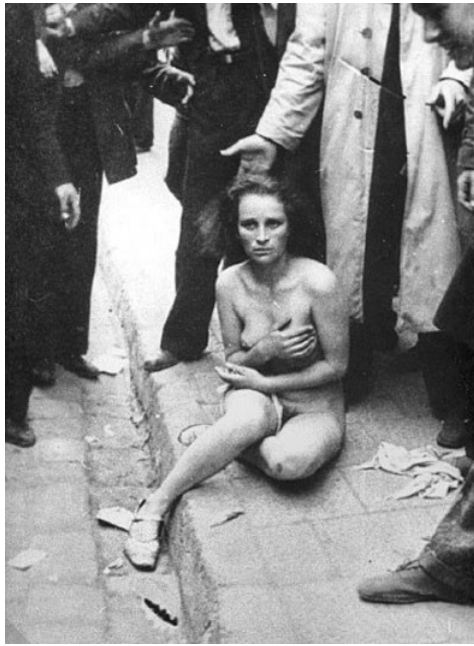
[Above: Hair covers the ground from other women who have endured this travesty.]



[Above: These women are accused of being 'German sympathizers'. They are being led to the local prison.]









[Above: Probably the first time some of these perverted losers ever saw a naked woman.]



[Above: Perhaps one of the most vile photos of them all... A child gleefully holds the chains of an abused, half naked man and woman.]







[Above: Ah, how cute. Now each one of these 'men' are spinning in their graves. They realized too late who the real 'traitres' were.]









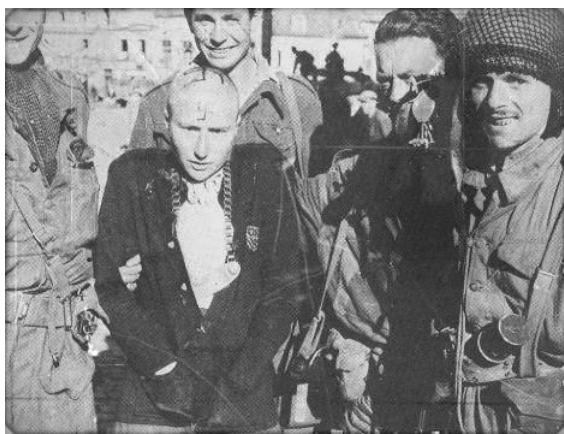
















[Above: Most of them are literally children. They're being forced to do the stiff arm salute...]







[Above: An iron spirit, she sticks out her tongue in defiance to the camera!]





[Above: The Jewish overlords have returned. The monster who encouraged and allowed it all... Charles de Gaulle.]



[Above: This poor Corsican woman, her head shaved and her clothes ripped off, is poked and prodded by a crowd. Note the heroic Allied pervert leaning over to catch a better look at her backside!]





[Above: The French communists and their brainwashed mobs weren't the only monsters after the war. This picture is from Amsterdam. Note these big, tough heroes force the girl to hold up a picture of Adolf Hitler and salute.]



[Above: These teenagers from the Netherlands 'collaborated' with Germans.]



[Above: This pathetic picture was taken in May 1945. Note the childish cape they've pinned on one woman -- she must have been a 'super Nazi'! After the war many thousands of European girls were arrested, beaten, raped or murdered for having relationships with Germans. The insane 'crime' was called 'denunciation'. Women were not the only ones charged with this erroneous 'crime', men also were charged in great numbers.]



[Above: This picture was taken in a refugee transit camp controlled by the Allies after the war. The story is that this young woman is Belgian and had worked with the German authorities against Allied terrorists. Like most attacks on women after the war, this was a sexual attack in nature. Dessau, Germany, April 1945.]



[Above: A victory for the Judeo-capitalist-communist forces of darkness...]



[Above: Sudeten Germans were viciously attacked, murdered and raped. They were also painted with swastikas on their backs and in the case of the women in this picture - on their faces!]



[Above: This Dutch woman is brutalized and forced to hold a sign with the words 'Moffenhoer' (Kraut whore).]

It's important to understand that many French people did NOT welcome the Allied invasion. Many French saw the Germans as liberators and protectors against the threat of communism. The thousands and thousands of French who volunteered to fight beside the Germans on the Eastern Front is a testament to this. There was also a great deal of hatred and animosity between the British and the French people. When the Allied invasion finally happened the French learned firsthand of the extreme brutality and violence of the Allies, who ruthlessly leveled cities and towns throughout France and killed thousands of French civilians. Here are some quotes from the so-called liberators themselves:

*'The French population did not seem in any way pleased to see us arrive as a victorious army to liberate France. They had been quite content as they were and we were bringing war and desolation to their country.'*

-Sir Alan Brooke, British Army Chief of Staff

*'I saw absolutely no evidence of German abuse of the population... The attitude of the French was sobering indeed. Instead of bursting with enthusiasm they seemed not only indifferent but sullen. There was considerable cause for wondering whether these people wished to be "liberated."'*

-John Eisenhower, General Dwight Eisenhower's son

*'I am informed the Germans did not loot either residences, stores, or museums. In fact the people claimed that they were meticulously treated by the Army of Occupation.'*

-General LeRoy Lutes, US Army

*'I see SHAEF communiqué said yesterday that the town had been liberated. Actually, it has been completely flattened and there is hardly a house intact; all the civilians have fled. It is a queer sort of liberation.'*

-Field Marshall Montgomery, referring to the French town of Carentan

*'Most Frenchmen speak of the correctness of the German Army's behavior. They seem particularly impressed that German soldiers were shot for incivility to women and compare this with the American troops' bad behavior toward women.'*

-Captain B. H. Liddell Hart

#### **Additional French Waffen-SS volunteer pictures.**



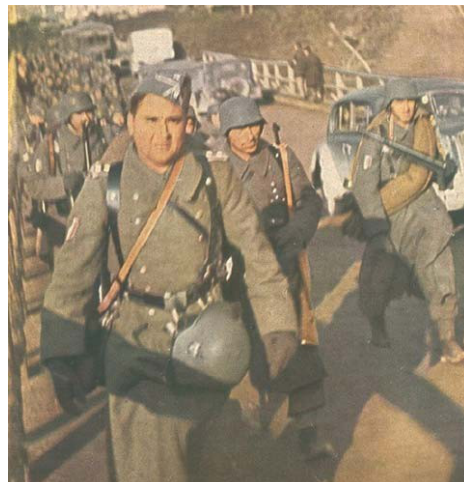
[Above: November 1941]



[Above: November 1941]



[Above: Note the French tri-color shield on the side of his stahlhelm (helmet)]







[Above: New recruits for the Legion of French Volunteers]



[Above: This recruiting station is in Marseille, circa 1942.]



[Above: An operator of the Legion of French volunteers somewhere on the Eastern Front, circa 1943.]



[Above: French volunteers of the LVF conversing with their Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe comrades. Strange and glorious to see, for the first time--German and French men fighting together...]



[Above: French volunteers of the Waffen-SS 'Französische SS-Freiwilligen-Grenadier-Regiment'. Circa 1943.]



[Above: French volunteers of the Waffen-SS 'Französische SS-Freiwilligen-Grenadier-Regiment'. Circa 1943.]





[Above: LVF award ceremony. Circa 1943.]



[Above: LVF award ceremony. Circa August 1943.]



[Above: Check out the homemade/handwritten armband on this soldier!..]





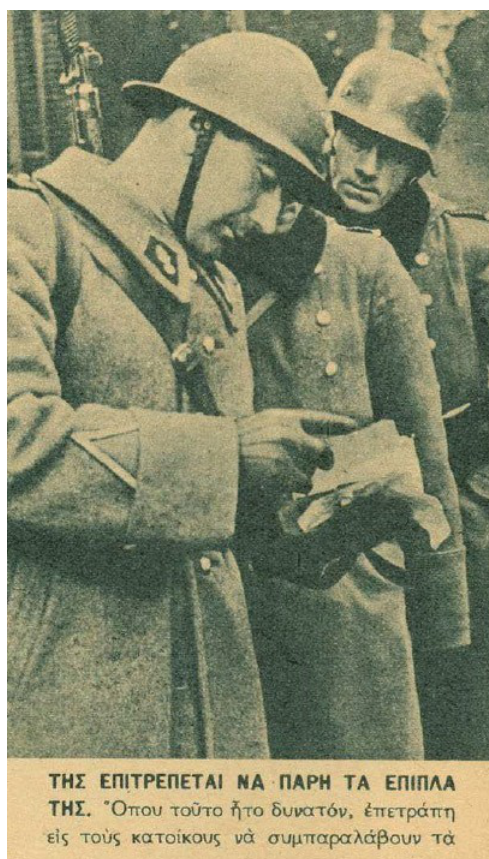
[Above: A united Europe. In Dresden, Germany, French Waffen-SS volunteer meets his Walloonian and Croatian counterparts.]



[Above: An LVF soldier and civilians somewhere in Russia...]



[Above: The 'Infantry-Regiment 638 Französischer' near Moscow.]



[Above: This is from a Greek version of Signal Magazine, dated April 1943. It says:

*'SHE IS ALLOWED TO KEEP HER FURNITURE.*

*Whenever possible, residents were allowed to keep the furniture of their evacuated houses. The police safeguards the area to dissuade possible lootings.'*

(The article in which the picture is featured refers to a police operation in the French city Marseille).]



[Above & next page: German soldiers help French farmers plough their fields with the use of Renault UE armored tractors. The UE was built for the French Army to tow anti-tank guns. The Wehrmacht used it in the same role and for various other activities, including this one. France, 1941.]



[Above: Wider shot of the above.]

















Produced by: RBC 1312-140231-24  
 For: Canadian Forces  
 Date: 1991









*Lagebesprechung. Der Kommandeur der französischen Freiwilligen-Legion, Oberst Roger Labonne, vor der Karte. Neben ihm Oberleutnant Jean Fontenay, aktiver Kämpfer im Mouvement Social Revolutionnaire*























SIXIEME ANNIVERSAIRE DE LA LEGION DES VOLONTAIRES FRANCAIS. 27 Aout 1943. Un grand blessé vient de recevoir la médaille militaire.







[Above: A curious little French girl examines a German soldier in France, June 1940.]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101-141-1291-07  
Foto: Mörner | November 1941

[Above: Somewhere in Russia, November 1941. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101-141-1291-08  
Foto: Mörner | November 1941

[Above: Somewhere in Russia, November 1941. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: Somewhere in Russia, November 1941. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: A French Waffen-SS volunteer in France, Oktober 1943.]



[Above: A French SS-Schütze (Private) from the 8. Französische SS-Freiwilligen Sturmbrigade (Brigade Frankreich) sometime in 1944.]



[Above: French Waffen-SS in August 1943.]



[Above: French Waffen-SS on New Years Eve 1943-1944.]



[Above: The Legion of French Volunteers Against Bolshevism Congress.]



[Above: The Legion of French Volunteers Against Bolshevism Congress.]









[Above: A French Waffen-SS grave marker of four men who gave all for Europe:  
Paul Briffault.  
Robert Stoffart.  
Raymond Payras.  
Sergey Krottoff.]



[Above: Waffen-SS recruiting center in Calais, Northern France, photographed shortly after occupation of the the Allies.]



[Above: A page from Signal Magazine.]



[Above: A page from Signal Magazine.]

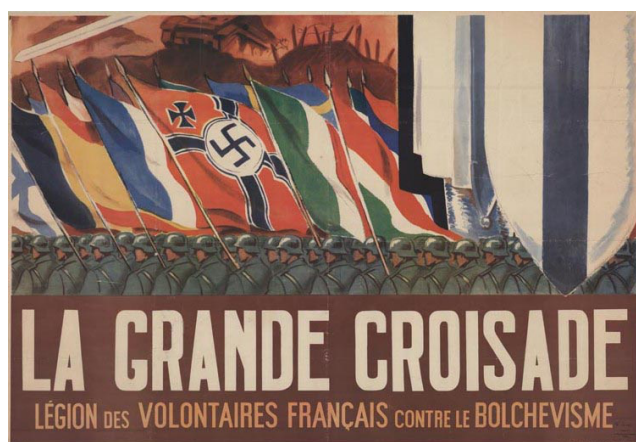


French Waffen-SS related posters, political posters and newspapers.

To see even more please visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)



[Above: 'France is the bastion of Europe. Defend it!']







[Above: 'Katyn - a paradise underground'. Circa 1943. A grim reminder of the communist massacre of thousands of Polish officers in Katyn forest.]



[Above: A poster showing Soviet and Americans in Africa. After WWII Africa would be a battlefield of KGB and CIA proxy wars, revolutions and assassinations.]



[Above: A couple gets up close and personal to a bust of the World Destroyer.]



[Above: 'Devenir' - The Combat Journal of the European Community]

[Below: French language signal magazine.]



[Below: A page of signal magazine.]



[Below: Postwar newspaper article from the Times Herald of Washington DC. Circa August 10, 1945. What a farce these Allied trials were. Imagine entering a court room to defend yourself and the jury screamed and booed. The ruling tyrants sham-democracy at its finest. Marshal Petain, the unlucky accused, was a celebrated WWI hero of France. A patriot who only did what was best for his country during dark times. He was sentenced to life in a dungeon where he died. His only wish was to be buried under French soil. The souless 'good guys' denied his request and buried him on an island instead.]

## Vichy Aides Jolt Petain's Defense At Treason Trial

By HERBERT G. KING

PARIS, Aug. 10 (UP)—Two of France's most hated collaborators, Fernand de Brinon and Joseph Darnand, were marched yesterday into the crowded courtroom where their former Vichy chief, Marshal Petain, is on trial for treason and, while excited listeners booed and hissed, dealt a series of body blows to Petain's defense.

De Brinon, former Vichy Ambassador and "errand boy" in German-occupied Paris, roused the old Marshal to a red-faced anger as he asserted that Petain favored collaboration with the Germans and showed it, and that a telegram signed with Petain's name went to Adolf Hitler after the Dieppe raid, offering French help to the Germans in the event of "aggression" against France by the Allies.

### Defense Approved Call

Darnand, swarthy and powerful, testified that the hated Vichy militia which he headed was organized to "have a group which was closer together and more in line with Petain's policy." The Vichy militia collaborated with the Germans against the patriots of the resistance movement.

Dramatically enough, both De Brinon and Darnand were called over the objections of the prosecution and with the full approval of Defense Attorney Fernand Payen, whose case suffered the most from their testimony.

They were called by Presiding Judge Mongibeaux, who announced his intention at the beginning of today's session. Prosecutor Mornet objected vigorously, saying that it was in the national and international interest that the trial should not be prolonged by such witnesses. Payen said he too wanted to get the trial over, but to "let them be called."

### Witness Certifies Telegram

De Brinon and Darnand were brought separately from Fresnes Prison, where they await their own trials, and spectators and jurors alike booed as they came into court under heavy guard. Mongibeaux refused to give Darnand the courtesy title of "Monsieur" and said merely "call Darnand." When the heavy-set figure appeared in court, a juror remarked under his breath, "I hope they shoot him."

De Brinon became the first witness to testify from direct firsthand knowledge that a telegram signed with Petain's name went to Adolf Hitler after the Dieppe raid, offering France's military help against an Allied invasion.

Mongibeaux asked De Brinon about the telegram.

"I only know about it in my role as postman, because the telegram was delivered through me," De Brinon said. "It was certainly authentic. There is no doubt of it. I can only say the telegram bore the signature, Philippe Petain."

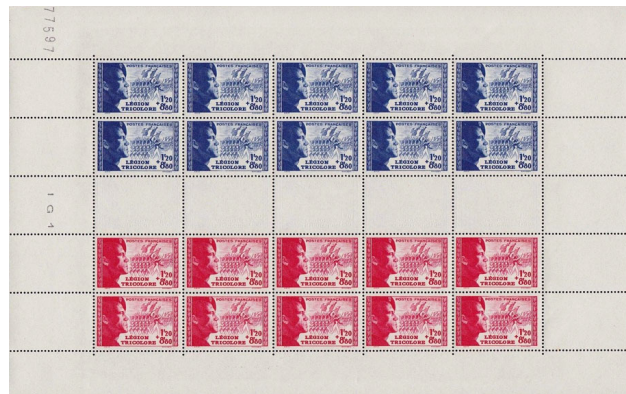


Postage material including that issued to benefit the French Waffen-SS Legion.

To see more... visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)



[Above: These stamps, issued from 1940-1942, bear the picture of France's leader Marshal Petain. Petain earned great fame in WW1 and was one of France's greatest war heroes.]



[Above: These embossed postage stamps depict the Legion Tricolore. Barely visible is a strip of 'albino' stamps separating the strip of blue and red. They are pure white stamps.]



[Above: Used on envelope, 1944.]





[Above: BEWARE! ACHTUNG! ATTENTION!

The above item is a fraud and is intended to trick would-be collectors. It uses an authentic feldpost envelope (of very low value) and adds a fake French Waffen-SS postage stamp (the variety seen above). The cancel on the stamp is fake as well. This cancel type is totally fantasy and never existed. Low life frauds, like who made this envelope, often use real feldpost envelopes to add a feel of authenticity to their fakes.]



[Above: A souvenir sheet showing a sword cut into a bear, representing the Communist Soviet Union, which in the picture has laid waste to a city.]



[Above: An odd error of a piece of a sheet with the words usually below the bear atop it.]

## French Waffen-SS related newspapers



La croisade contre le bolchevisme.  
La Légion des volontaires français.  
Série I, photo 5  
*En patrouille.*



La croisade contre le bolchevisme.  
La Légion des volontaires français.  
Série I, photo 3  
*Exercice aux canons antichars.*



La croisade contre le bolchevisme.  
La Légion des volontaires français.  
Série I, photo 6  
*Au froid sibirien contre l'ennemi.*



La croisade contre le bolchevisme.  
La Légion des volontaires français.  
Série I, photo 9  
*On mange très bien là-bas.*



La croisade contre le bolchevisme.  
La Légion des volontaires français.  
Série I, photo 8  
*Après le combat : on échange des expériences.*



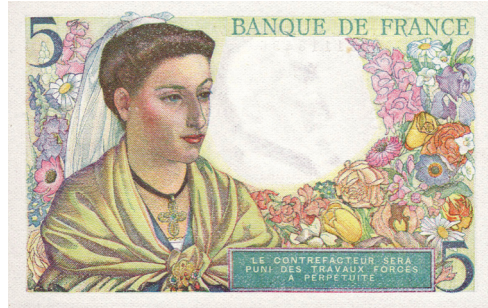
## French currency, bonds and coupons of the era

### FRANCE

--I included notes until the mid-1950s because they are so artistic and beautiful!

To see more... Visit [www.morningtheancient.com](http://www.morningtheancient.com)

[Below: Front - note #1a (1943)]



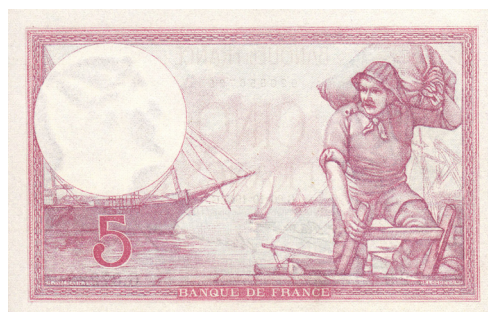
[Below: Back - note #1b]



[Below: Front - note #1a2 (1928)]



[Below: Back - note #1b2]

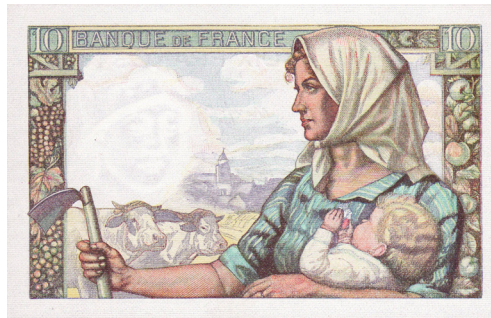




[Below: Front - note #2a (1942)]



[Below: Back - note #2b]



[Below: Front - note #2a2 (1941)]



[Below: Back - note #2b2]



[Below: Front - coin #1 [50 centimes] (1943)]

-The coin legend of the following coins, which are struck in aluminum, is: 'TRAVAIL, FAMILLE, PATRIE' translates as 'WORK, FAMILY, FATHERLAND' which replaced the previous slogan of the republic 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity']



[Below: Back - coin #1 [50 centimes] (1943)]



[Below: Front - coin #2 [1 franc] (1943)]



[Below: Back - coin #2 [1 franc] (1943)]



[Below: Front - coin #6 [10 francs] (1906)]

- This coin is gold and although is decades before WWII, I put it here because it is so beautiful!]



[Below: Back - coin #6 [10 francs] (1906)]



[Below: Front - coin #1 (1938)]



[Below: Back - coin #1]



To see more... Visit [www.morningtheancient.com](http://www.morningtheancient.com)

*“If Bolshevism ultimately triumphs, it will not merely mean that a few miserable bourgeois governments will go to the devil, but that irreplaceable historic traditions will come to an end as well. Yes, and that furthermore a turning point in the development of humanity will inevitably be the end result in the worst meaning of the word. Bolshevism’s triumph means not only the end of today’s peoples, their states, their cultures, and their economies; it also means the end of their religions! This world shock will result not in freedom, but in barbarous tyranny on the one hand and a materialistic brutalization of man on the other!”*

*As so often before in the history of peoples, Germany’s fate this time will again be of decisive importance for the fate of all. If the flags of the red stultification and brutalization of humanity (Menschheitsverdummung und Menschheitsvertierung) should ever be hoisted over Germany, the rest of the world will share the same lot.”*

***Adolf Hitler~January 1, 1932***



## Chapter Nine AFRICA



# AFRICA



[Above: German military postage stamp from Tunisia, North Africa, circa March/April 1943]

An Arabic edition of Mein Kampf was published in 1939. A picture of Adolf Hitler graced its cover under the heading of

*'The Strongest Man in the World'.*

*'In NS Germany, groups such as Muslims and Buddhists were accorded full respect, and allowed to practice their religion freely. In the pre-war years, NS Germany helped organize a pan-Islamic world congress in Berlin... The Berlin Mosque held regular prayers even during the war years, attended by Arabs, Indians, Turks, Afghans... While the British in Egypt and Palestine were treating the Arabs as conquered subjects, the Germans were treating them as equals, as comrades.'*

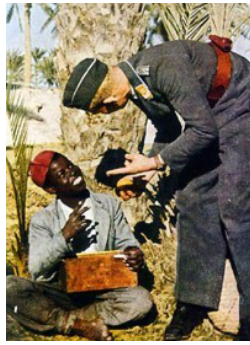
—David Myatt



[Above: North African Luftwaffe volunteers standing with German airman.]



[Above: A German soldier poses with North African children.]



[Above: A German soldier barters with a North African child.]



[Above: German soldiers talk with a Muslim man and woman in a burka.]



[Above: Another photo showing German soldiers talking with a Muslim woman in a burka. Note the mosque in the background.]

*'Had we been on our own, we could have emancipated the Muslim countries dominated by France; and that would have had enormous repercussions in the Near East, dominated by Britain, and in Egypt. All Islam vibrated at the news of our victories. The Egyptians, the Iraqis and the whole of the Near East were all ready to rise in revolt. Just think what we could have done to help them, even to incite them, as would have been both our duty and in our own interest! But the presence of the Italians at our side paralyzed us. ...The memories of the barbarous reprisals taken against the Senussi are still vivid. The Italians prevented us from playing our best card, the emancipation of the French subjects and the raising of the standard of revolt in the countries oppressed by the British. Such a policy would have aroused the enthusiasm of the whole of Islam. It is a characteristic of the Muslim world, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific, that what affects one, for good or for evil, affects all.'*

—Adolf Hitler

Muslims were not the enemy of Adolf Hitler. Quite the opposite is true, they were his allies and admirers. Outside of the Germans themselves, the Arab Muslim people were amongst the first to recognize Adolf Hitler's divinity and holy mission.

Do not be tricked to see Muslims as your enemies. They are not. Do not be tricked into thinking all Muslims are a barbaric people, they are not. Like all peoples there are good and there are bad. It is important to note that in their own country no race is our enemy. Every race is in harmony with nature in their indigenous lands. National Socialism will see to it that all races shall return to their own historic lands. Here's an interesting example from Saint Savitri Devi:

*'Few people even among the so-called greatest ones, have ever had enough pluck to stand all their lives, day after day, against the suggestions of economic pressure — to become poorer still, while poor already, generously, for the sake of a higher urge; to be openhearted and openhanded, noble in their treatment of creatures, while themselves hungry and despised. We knew such a person in India, a humble woman, living in wretched surroundings and crippled, who begged for her food, and yet who could not witness an animal's distress without doing something to relieve it. She still picks up and feeds the poor unwanted kittens that other human beings have thrown into the street; she once adopted a puppy she had found, half dead, under a heap of rubbish; and at the time we knew her she managed to feed some twenty or twenty-five starving cats and several stray dogs of the locality. The woman happens to be a Muslim. Her name is Zobeida Khatun'*

—Savitri Devi

## Chapter Ten THAILAND



# THAILAND



On December 21, 1941, a mutual offensive and defensive alliance pact was signed between Thailand and Japan. The Thai government declared war on Britain and the United States on January 25, 1942.

The leader of Thailand, Field Marshal Plaek Phibunsongkhram, went to great lengths to modernize Thailand, issuing 12 mandates.

*'we must be as cultured as other nations otherwise no country will come to contact us. Or if they come, they come as superiors. Thailand would be helpless and soon become colonized. But if we were highly cultured, we would be able to uphold our integrity, independence, and keep everything to ourselves.'*

Here is a quote from the cultural mandates or state decrees, issued from 1939-1942:

*'Another six cultural mandates followed between March 1940 and January 1942. Two stressed the importance of working hard and the need to assist aged-people or invalids, while one banned all men from appearing in public bare-chested or with loose shirt-tails. They must wear either uniforms or western-style suits. Women were also encouraged to adopt a more westernised appearance by wearing not only skirts and hats but also gloves with matching handbags and shoes. On September 8, 1940, a cultural mandate emphasizing the need to use time efficiently was issued. Thais were instructed to organize their lives by dividing the day into three: between six and eight hours had to be allocated for sleep, the daylight hours to work, and the rest of the time to physical exercise, gardening, cultural pursuits and listening to the radio. It was also decreed that no more than four meals should be eaten per day, and the chewing of betel nut – which blackened teeth – was banned altogether, with provincial governors being instructed to destroy all betel trees unless some industrial use could be found for them.'*

Unlike practically all of its neighbors, Thailand was never colonized. Yet they were surrounded by British and French colonies: Burma and Malaysia by the British and Laos and Cambodia by the French. There are various reasons and theories about why Thailand was never colonized. We won't go into that here, but a lot of Thai people will certainly attribute this near miracle to their slickness and guile!

## Prajadhipok



[Above: King Prajadhipok (November 8, 1893 – May 30, 1941) was the seventh monarch of Siam. He was also the last absolute monarch and the first constitutional monarch of the country.]



[Above: Adolf Hitler and King Prajadhipok at the Berlin Tempelhof Airport, Germany, 1934.]



[Above: Adolf Hitler and King Prajadhipok at the Berlin Tempelhof Airport, Germany, 1934.]



Above: King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambhai Barni with German Foreign Minister Konstantin von Neurath, Berlin, 1934.  
The original description is:

*'Arrival of the King of Siam (Thailand). From left to right:*

*Dr. Hans Heinrich Lammers, Queen of Siam, Dr. Otto Meißner, King Prajadhipok (Rama VII.), Constantine Baron von Neurath; July 1934'And: 'This afternoon at [...] the Siamese royal couple arrived at the Lehrter train station with the scheduled express train coming from Hamburg']*



# Plaek Phibunsongkhram

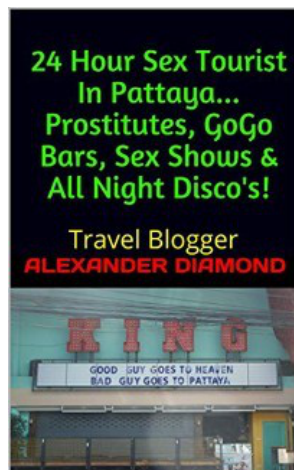


[Above: Field Marshal Plaek Phibunsongkhram (July 14, 1897 – June 11, 1964), was the dictator (1938-1944) of Thailand during WWII and later Prime Minister (1948-1957).]

It's sad to think about Thailand today compared to then. Imagine the degeneracy of Bangkok today, and now imagine what Plaek Phibunsongkhram would think about it. One big party, drink and drugs everywhere, prostitutes wandering the streets, transvestites, tourist child rapists, all of it. The sickness of this modern world. The mandates were sometimes harsh, but if they had been used as guidelines this degeneracy never would have happened.

The degeneracy reaches the highest levels of Thailand, from official corruption to police collusion, which is all rampant in Thailand.

Not that anything is different anywhere else in the world. All of us are being ruled by corrupt millionaires and downright monsters.



[Above: 'Sex tourists' are very common in Thailand, there are even pedophiles who go to Thailand to assault children.]



[Above: Half naked girls like these seen here are very common. It's interesting looking at Mandate 10:

On Thai dress, issued January 15, 1941, consisted of two items:

*'Thai people should not appear at public gatherings, in public places, or in city limits without being appropriately dressed. Inappropriate dress includes wearing only underpants, wearing no shirt, or wearing a wraparound cloth.' 'Appropriate dress for Thai people consists of:*

*'Uniforms, as position and opportunity permits;  
'Polite international-style attire;  
'Polite traditional attire.'*

The Mandates, however harsh sometimes, would have protected Thailand's greatest treasure: it's women and children. But in 2020, everything's for sale.]



[Above: Here is a poster showing Thai dress before and after the Mandate 10]



[Above: Thai volunteer in the service of the Wehrmacht in southern France, circa 1944.]



[Above: Thai air force.]



[Above: Thai bugle call.]



[Above: Thai poster, early 1941.]



[Above: Thai paramilitary women's organization.]



[Above: Thai and Japanese soldiers united for an Asia free from colonial occupation.]



[Above: Thai leaflet:  
"Thai brethren!"

*You must have unity. Believe in your government and your army. Ensure that we must win!... You should know that news from the enemy is always an assault against us.'*



\*See below!



[Below: Poster utilizing above art]



[Above: Standard of junior soldiers.]



# More photos of Thai soldiers



[Above: Military youth]



[Above: General Prayoon Phamonmontri (1897 - 1982) at the Infantry Regiment 48 in Berlin-Neustrelitz, 1941.]



[Above: General Phibun Songkram (center) posing with his generals and a captured French flag!]

*“Democracy is the breeding ground in which the bacilli of the  
Marxist world- pest can grow and spread.”*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

*Mein Kampf, Chapter 3, Stalag Edition*



## Chapter Eleven SPAIN



[Above: Symbol of the Spanish Falange political party. The word Falange = Phalanx, as in the tight military formation popularized by the Roman legions.]

Adolf Hitler approved the use of Spanish volunteers on June 24, 1941. Massive amounts of volunteers flocked to recruiting offices all over Spain. There was such a turn-out that over two divisions worth of men showed up to volunteer. It had been planned by the Spanish government to send only 4,000 men, but they soon realized that there were more than enough volunteers to fill an entire division! There were 18,104 men in all, with 2,612 officers and 15,492 soldiers.

The Spanish were extremely eager to fight Communism, which had nearly destroyed their country during the Spanish Civil War a few years earlier (not to mention pay back their German comrades who had fought alongside them in their civil war). After a grueling nearly 700 mile march to the Russian Front, the brave and tenacious Spaniards proved their worth under fire.



[Above: Waffen-SS Spanish sleeve shield]



[Spanish volunteers of the 'Division Azul' or 'Blue Division'.]

Even after the fortunes of war turned against Germany and its Axis partners and the leader of Spain ordered the division home, thousands (close to 3,000) refused, choosing instead to fight on with their German comrades, who previously in 1936 had helped Spain win its civil war against the communists. On the Eastern Front, if Russian commanders found out they would be facing the Spanish division, they were known to lie to their men and tell them they would be facing 'regular' army soldiers. Such was their reputation for courage and fighting ability. These utterly loyal and ferocious Spaniards would later fight to the death defending Berlin. They were amongst the very last defenders of the ruins of the capital of the Reich, attached to Division Nordland, in the 'Unit Ezquerra' (named after their captain, Miguel Ezquerra, a veteran of the Blue Division).

# Miguel Ezquerro Sanchez



[Above: Miguel Ezquerro Sanchez.]

Miguel Ezquerro Sanchez (January 10, 1913 - October 29, 1984) was a Spanish Falangist and a veteran of the Spanish Civil War. Loyal to his German comrades who helped Spain against the communists during its civil war, upon the outbreak of WW2 he immediately attempted to volunteer to help Germany. Although initially declined, when finally Spain decided to send volunteers to fight communism on the Eastern Front he eagerly signed up.

When Spain repatriated the division on April 2, 1944, under Allied pressure, Miguel Ezquerro secretly crossed the border and returned to Germany to fight on. Many other Spanish veterans returned as well and they joined the Waffen-SS.

In December of 1944 Miguel Ezquerro took part in the Ardennes Offensive (Battle of the Bulge) and led a small group of his countrymen to great effect.

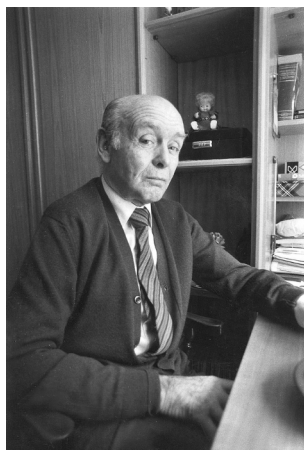
In the closing days of WWII Miguel Ezquerro was in Berlin, amongst the hundreds of other Spanish volunteers defending Adolf Hitler's bunker. Once again he commanded a unit of the last of his brave countrymen. These exceptional human beings were known as Unit Ezquerro. This group of Spaniards destroyed many T-34 Soviet tanks trying again and again to take the German Foreign Ministry building and chancellery.

After the war was over Miguel Ezquerro was arrested and ordered to be deported to a concentration camp in Russia, luckily he was able to escape, however. After a long odyssey which took him through numerous countries eventually he returned to Spain.

In an interview many years later, in 1982, he revealed that during those hellish final moments in Berlin, when the forces of darkness were poised to destroy everything beautiful, he was personally awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross by Adolf Hitler himself. Furthermore, he was even granted honorary German citizenship personally by Adolf Hitler. (Source: Cfr. Interview Magazine, Vol. 339, Madrid, November 1982)

Later in life he wrote a book entitled *'Life and Death in Berlin'*. He died in Madrid in 1984, at 71 years old and was cremated. In 1995 his remains were placed beside his comrades of the valiant Blue Division in the Pantheon of the Blue Division of the Almudena Cemetery in Madrid, located on the 3rd plateau, Zone A of the cemetery.

[Below: Miguel Ezquerro Sanchez, late in his years]



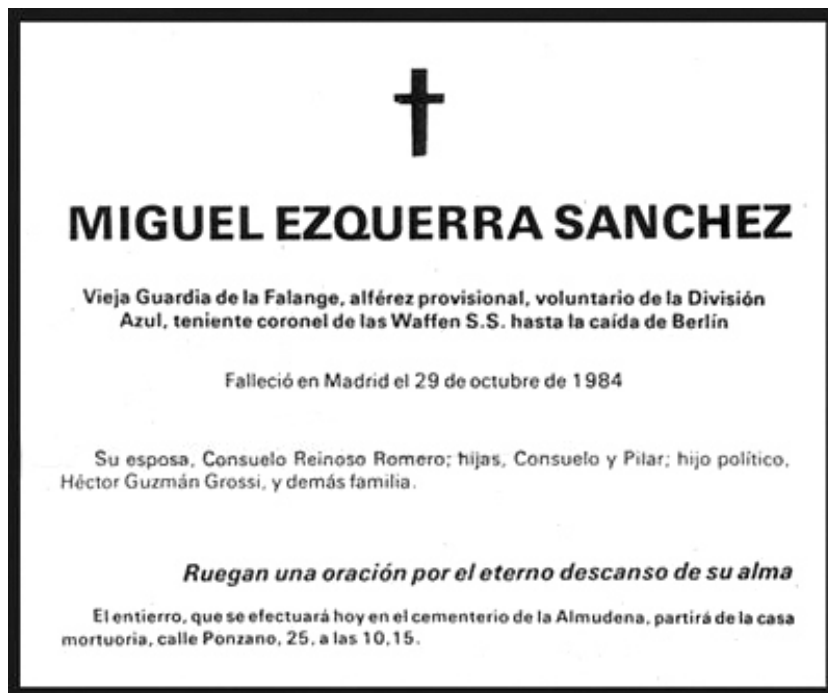
[Below: This is a fantasy Waffen-SS cuff band, made after the war.]



[Below: Miguel Ezquerra's book 'Life and Death in Berlin']



[Below: The death card of Miguel Ezquerra Sanchez]





[Above: Spanish Division Azul graphic]



[Above: Division Azul poster]



[Above: Spanish Division Azul in Madrid]



# *José Antonio Primo de Rivera*



[Above: José Antonio Primo de Rivera y Sáenz de Heredia (April 24, 1903 - November 20, 1936). The founder of the revolutionary Spanish Falange political party.]

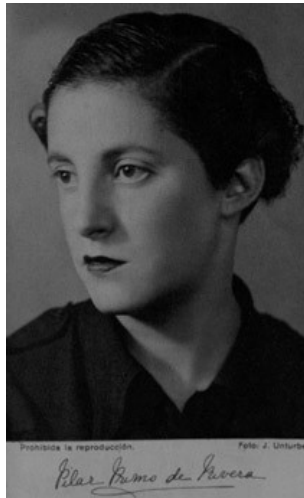


[Above: Painting honoring José Antonio.]



[Above: Falangist charity stamps honoring José Antonio, 1936-1938.]

# Pilar Primo de Rivera



[Above: Pilar Primo de Rivera (November 4, 1907 – March 17, 1991), José Antonio's sister and founder of the women's Falange section. Pilar was also a Frauenführerin in the Axis NS-Frauenorganisation.]



[Above: Pilar Primo de Rivera.]



[Above: Pilar Primo de Rivera shakes hands with Reichsjugendführer Artur Axmann. To the right stands BDM leader Jutta Rüdiger.]

## Leocadio Jiménez Caravaca



[Above: Leocadio Jiménez Caravaca was famous for his daring exploits on the Eastern Front during WWII. After the war he continued to fight communism in his homeland of Spain. In 1977, two years after the collapse of Franco's regime, he was arrested for supplying weapons for what was known as the Atocha Massacre of 1977. On the night of January 24, 1977 five communist lawyers were killed by Spanish patriots. Caravaca was sentenced to four years in prison in 1980 and died in 1985 of laryngeal cancer. A dashing warrior until the end, he is said to have said: *'The best part of my life was spent blowing up communists, I never once thought of retiring.'*]



[Above: Here are girls from Spain's Fascist 'Falange' party. On their chests is the symbol of the Falange party. This is taken from a magazine cover.]



[Above: *'En España empieza a amanecer...'* = *'The Dawn begins in Spain...'*]



[Above: Falange girl holds her banner to the heavens.]

## Agustín Muñoz Grandes



[Above: Agustín Muñoz Grandes.]

Agustín Muñoz Grandes (January 27, 1896 – July 11, 1970) was a Spanish general, politician, vice-president of Spain and minister with Francisco Franco multiple times. But what makes him special to us is that he was the commander of the Blue Division (between 1941 and 1943).

In 1941, Muñoz Grandes was given the command of the División Azul (Blue Division), Spain's volunteer unit created to fight communism with the Germans in Russia. During his command Muñoz Grandes was decorated with the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross, with Oak Leaves personally added by Hitler. He was recalled to Spain in December 1942, his post on the Eastern Front being taken up by Emilio Esteban Infantes.



[Above: Lt.Gen. Muñoz Grandes receives the Oak Leaves to his Knight's Cross directly from Adolf Hitler in 1942.]



### More pictures of Agustín Muñoz Grandes

[Below: Agustín Muñoz Grandes being awarded the coveted Knight's Cross.]



[Below: German Wehrmacht General and commander of the XXXVIII Army Corps, Friedrich Wilhelm von Shappuis, awards Major General Muñoz Grandes the Iron Cross 1st Class on the Eastern Front.]







[Above: Striking German 'Dance of Death in Spain' postcard from 1937. This postcard shows the 'Bolshevism with the Mask Off' exposition.]



[Above: Campaign Medal for the Spanish Volunteers of the Blue Division who fought in Russia. It was officially known as the '*Commemorative Medal for Spanish Volunteers in the Struggle Against Bolshevism*'. This medal was commissioned January 3, 1944. Note that the shield design above bears the symbol of the Spanish Falange party.]



[Above: Metal donation badge in support of Spanish volunteers on the Eastern Front. '*¡Rusia es culpable!*' = Russia is to blame, i.e. communism.]

**Pictures of Spain's Falange party, the Blue Division and the German Condor Legion**



[Below: Franco and Hitler in France on October 23, 1940 discussing Spain's involvement with the Axis.]

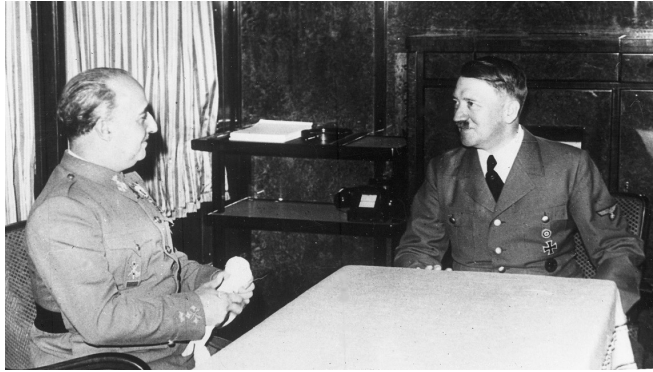


[Below: Franco and Hitler.]





[Below: Franco and Hitler.]



[Below: Franco and Mussolini.]



[Below: Capitán Infantería, Juan José Orozco Massieu. 250 Div. 262 Reg.]





[Below: Miembros de la 15 Span. jg51 de la 2ª Escuadrilla Aérea Azul, con la guirra el Sargento Especialista. Juan Azpéitia Pérez (Members of the 15 Span. jg51 of the 2nd Blue Air Squadron, with Sergeant Specialist with guitar Juan Azpéitia Pérez)]



[Below: José María Ortín Cno, 250 Div. 263 Reg]



[Below: Sargento Infantería (Infantry Sergeant), José de la Iglesia Parras, 250 Div. 269 Regimiento]







[Below: Teniente Infantería (Infantry Lieutenant) , Pedro Caslderón de la Barca y Lillo, 250 Div. 262 Reg]



[Below: Teniente Guardia Civil (Civil Guard Lieutenant), Ángel Juarranz Garrido. 250 Div. 250 Felgendarmerie Trupp]





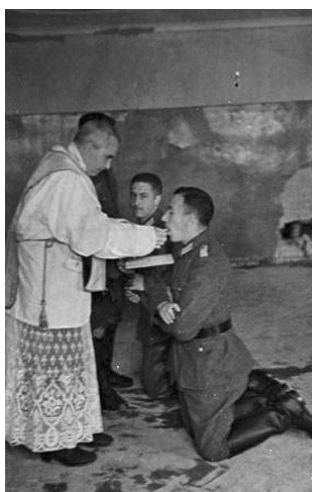
[Below: Francisco Mena Díaz]



[Below: Ricardo Sanz, early 1942]



[Below: Capitán Infantería (Infantry Captain), José Escobedo Ruiz. 250 Div. 262 Reg]





[Below: Spanish volunteer of the Blue Division during the winter of 1941-42 near Moscow.]



[Below: Blas Piñar in a speech on the date of the National Uprising.]



[Below: German troops of the Condor Legion march triumphantly through Leon, Spain at end of the Spanish civil war.]



[Below: German troops after occupying the Atlantic coast all the way to the Spanish border, where they were warmly greeted by the Spaniards. (Photo credit: Hoffmann photo of the daytime photographic report of 1940).]



[Below: Wehrmacht Major-General Hermann Foertsch (1895-1961, far right) talking with Spaniard nurse Mercedes Mila (second from left) of the 250th Infantry Blue Division of the Wehrmacht (250. Einheit spanischer Freiwilliger). In the photo, second from right - Chief Medical Officer Division, Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Blas Hidalgo (Blas Hidalgo Sánchez).]



[Below: German officers and a sergeant of the Civil Guard setting up the security operation for the Hitler-Franco meeting in Hendaye (southwestern France).]



[Below: Falangists celebrate victory. Madrid, Spain. Circa 1939.]



Below: This is from the German publication Signal magazine. The original caption read: *'Spain's "Blue Division on the march" - They are determined to take part in the final struggle against the enemy of the whole world.'*



[Below: This is from the German publication Signal magazine. The original caption read:

*'The old symbol of victory of the Falange is repeated on the ground and at the top of the staff of the standard carried by every battalion of the Spanish volunteers who have arrived in Germany.'*

The man pictured here is Santos Alonso García, 250 Div. 263 Reg]





[Below: This is from the German publication Signal magazine. The original caption read: *'Heavy guns are taken over. The "Blue Division" is an independent army unit of trained soldiers of all arms. It will only take a short time to teach these men how to use their new weapons and to prepare them for active service.'*]



[Below: Believers. A Spanish Falangist among his German comrades at the Nuremberg Party Congress, September 1937]



[Below: This is from the German publication Signal magazine. The original caption read: *'For the second time against the old enemy. As the badges on his left sleeve show, this volunteer was wounded six times in the fighting against the devastators of his native land. But he cannot rest until the world disgrace of Bolshevism has been destroyed for ever.'*]



Below: A mother teaches her children with the symbol of the Falange party in the background.]



[Below: A Falange party march in Madrid.]



[Below: Trumpeters bearing flags of the Falange party on their trumpets.]





[Below: Falange party youth group.]



[Below: Members of the 'Falangist Frente de Juventudes' youth movement bearing party standards.]







[Below: Falangist troops marching through a recently freed town.]



[Below: An Honor platoon of Falangists saluting Himmler during his visit in Spain. Circa Autumn 1940.]



[Below: Himmler is welcomed at el Prat airport by a young falangist girl.]





[Below: Himmler and Franco, October 1940. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Below: Days of celebration!]



[Below: A comrade and friend is buried somewhere in Russia. Note that this Division Azul Spanish soldier is using his bayonet to nail on the units shield patch to the grave marker. Circa 1942.]



[Below: Brave Spaniards who refused to abandon their German friends, even after General Franco told them to come home after pressure from the Allies. Somewhere on the Eastern front.]



[Below: A member of the Blue Division.]



[Below: A machine gunner from the Blue Division.]



[Below: Cazpitán Infantería (Infantry Captain) Urbano Gómez García. 250 Div. 263 Reg. Note the two Tank Destroyer awards on his sleeve!]



[Below: Spanish nurse of the Blue Division speaking with officer.]



[Below: Spanish nurse treating a wounded comrade of the Blue Division. Riga, Spring 1943.]



[Below: A Spanish female in the Falange party talks with Wehrmacht and female BDM comrades. Note the Falange symbol on her pocket.]



[Below: A nationalist crowd in Madrid.]



[Below: Spanish troops from the Blue Division on the Leningrad Front, winter 1942/1943.]



[Below: General der Kavallerie Philipp Kleffel, Commander of L. Armeekorps, congratulates Spanish officers of the Blue Division.]



[Below: Legion Condor parade.]





[Below: Legion Condor parade.]

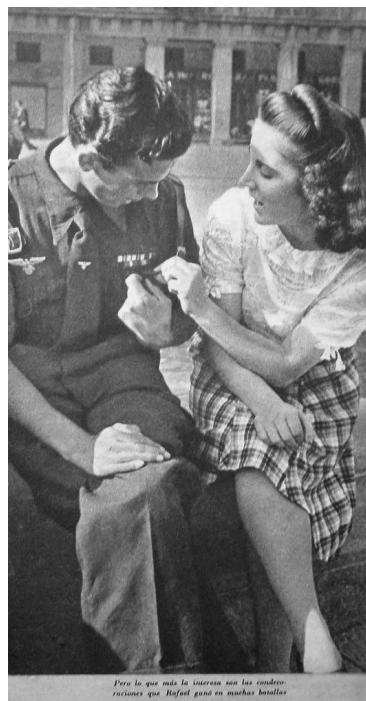


[Below: Legion Condor parade.]

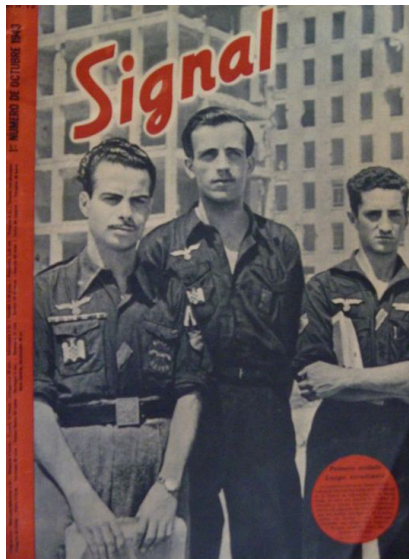


[Below: October 23, 1940, Spain.]





*Por lo que más le interesan son las condecoraciones que Rafael ganó en muchas batallas*



[Below: A German from Legion Condor]



[Below: A little known volunteer force in the Spanish Civil War: Russians! This shows Russian volunteers in Spain during a religious service.]



[Below: Spanish volunteers of the Blue Division on the Eastern Front at Krasny Bor.]



[Below: Condor Legion memorial in Spain.]

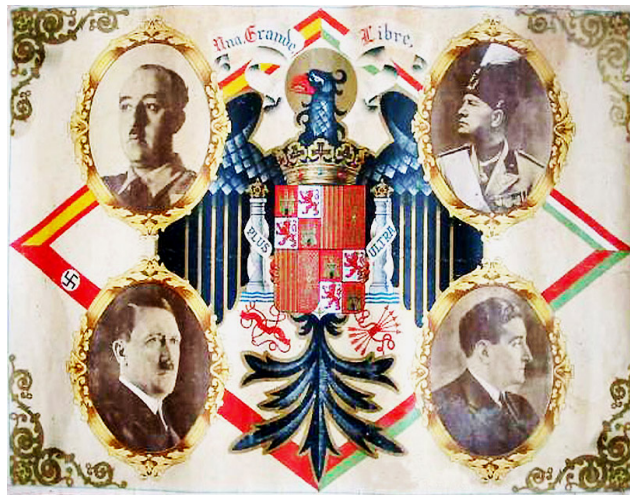




Falange party stamps and postcards from Spain honoring their German and Italian allies



[Above: 'Second Anniversary of the Glorious National Movement']



[Above: Franco and Adolf Hitler]





[Above: This 1939 German postcard is honoring the 'Legion Condor']



[Above: Back of postcard]



[Above: 1939 postcard in memory of the homecoming of the German Condor Legion of volunteers from Spain.]

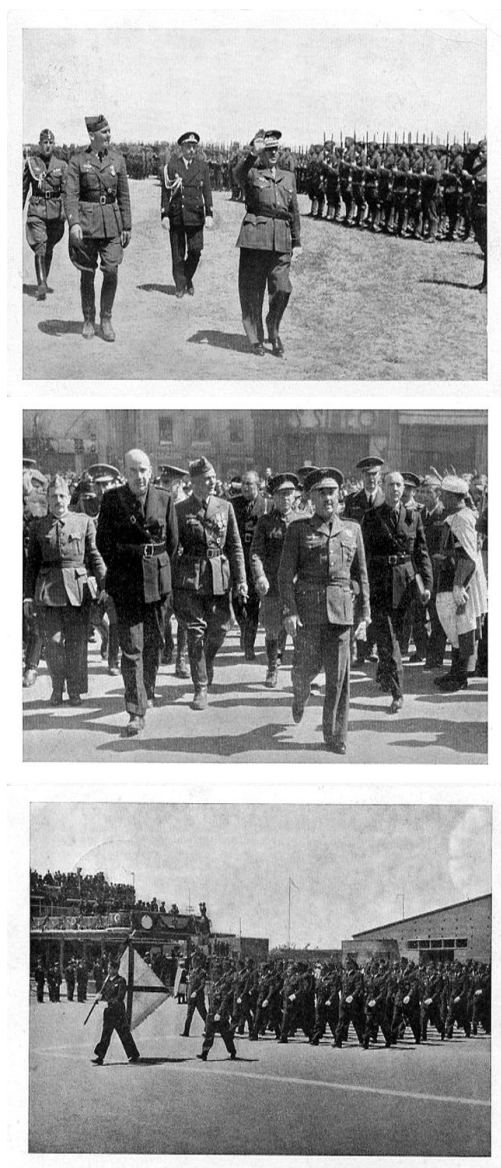


[Above: Back]





[Above: German postcard in memory of the homecoming of the German Condor Legion of volunteers from Spain.]

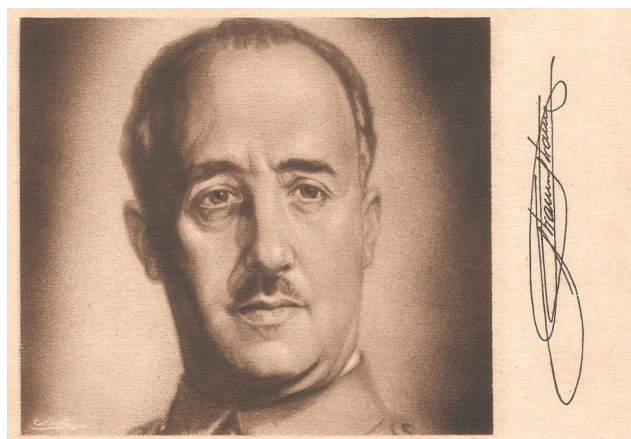


[Above: German postcards in memory of the homecoming of the German Condor Legion of volunteers from Spain.]





[Below: Postcard featuring art depicting General Franco]



To see more... Visit [www.morningtheancient.com](http://www.morningtheancient.com)

### Spanish currency of the era

[Below: Front - coin #1 - 1 peseta - Composition: aluminum-bronze (circa 1944)]



[Below: Back - coin #1 - 1 peseta - (circa 1944)]



[Below: Front - coin #2 - 10 cents - Composition: aluminum (circa 1945)]

Note the 'Falange' symbol (bundle of arrows) on the bottom right of the coin. This was the symbol of the Falange Party, the ruling party of Spain, under General Franco.

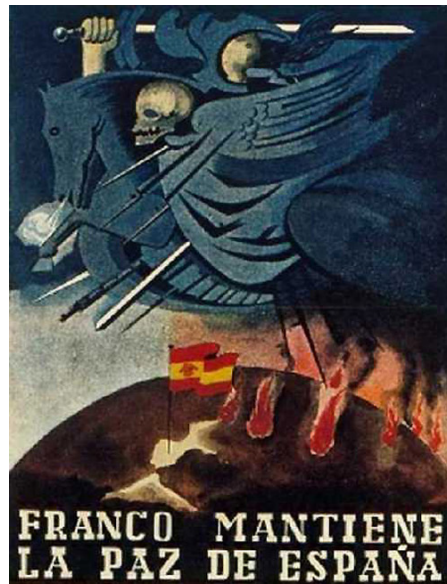


Pictures of Spanish Falanage art and posters





[Below: 'Franco maintains the peace of Spain'.]









[Above right: Alternative version]



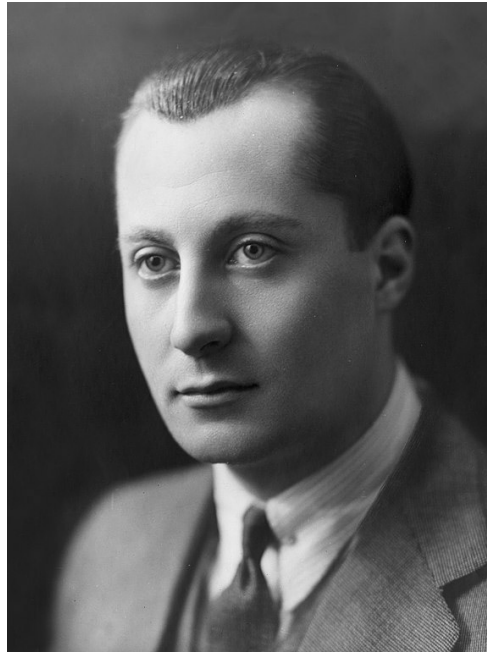


[Above right: 'Free forever from marxist tyranny']



**Pictures of Spanish Falanage founder José Antonio Primo de Rivera**

[Below: José Antonio Primo de Rivera y Sáenz de Heredia]



[Below: José Antonio Primo de Rivera y Sáenz de Heredia]







[Below: Spanish postage stamp]











José Antonio Primo de Rivera April 24, 1903 - November 20, 1936

Forever Loved



**Pictures of Pilar Primo de Rivera**

[Below: Pilar Primo de Rivera, late in her years. Note the picture of her beloved brother on the table before her.]



**lyrics in English of Horst Wessel**

English lyrics (probably a pretty rough translation):

**Camisa Azul (Blue Shirt)**

A blue shirt of the yoke and arrows was I wearing when you still doubted.

Prosecuted by both left and right wings was I falling when you still doubted.

Awake now, you bourgeois and socialist, with the revolution,

Falange brings about the death of both chieftain and bolshevik,

of the lazy and the reaction (opposition).

For honor, Fatherland and justice are we fighting today on this dawn.

And if death comes and strokes us; Let us shout "Long live Spain!" while falling.

Youth is within our ranks and ours is the future, as well.

Spain, we'll make you one, great and free, even if we must then die.

Spain, we'll make you one, great and free, even if we must then die.

*'Let us be under no illusion. The Jewish spirit, which was responsible for the alliance of large-scale capital with Marxism and was the driving force behind so many anti-Spanish revolutionary agreements, will not be got rid of in a day.'*

***Francisco Franco, leader of Spain, during his victory speech in Madrid, on May 19, 1939***

## Chapter Twelve NORTH AFRICA



# NORTH AFRICA



[Above: Free Arabian Legion sleeve shield]

The Free Arabian Legion was a German military unit formed from Arab volunteers from the Middle East and North Africa. They would later fight in Greece and the Caucasus. The Free Arabian Legion was formed with the assistance of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, whom said:

*'The Arabs are Germany's natural friends... They are therefore prepared to cooperate with Germany with all their hearts and stood ready to participate in a war, not only negatively by the commission of acts of sabotage and the instigation of revolutions, but also positively by the formation of an Arab Legion. In this struggle, the Arabs were striving for the independence and the unity of Palestine, Syria and Iraq.'*



[Above: Muslim volunteers in the 'Free Arab Legion.']

Below: Muslim volunteers in the 'Free Arab Legion.']



[Below: A column of Arab volunteers with German personnel. Note the white armband, which is pictured below.]



[Below: Arab commandos armed with the new MP44 assault rifle. It is a little known fact that Adolf Hitler coined the term 'Assault Rifle' and that the MP44 was a major influence on the AK-47.]



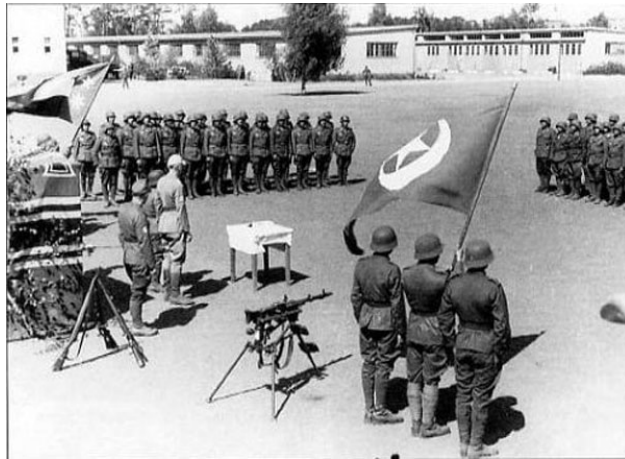
[Below: 'In Service of the German Armed Forces'.]







[Above: A rare picture of the Arab Legion using camouflauge.]



[Above: A funeral with the Arab Legion. Note the Arab Legion flag present on the far left, beside the coffin.]



[Above: On the march with machine guns in hand.]



[Above: (1/2) In a not-so-serious moment, members of the 'Free Arab Legion' mingle with their Luftwaffe comrades in Italy.]



[Above: (2/2) As above.]



[Above: A very stern looking Arabic soldier in the south of France.]



[Above & below: These photos were taken in Algeria. The flag says 'God is with us and victory is ours'.]



[Above: Another flag photo with two flags present.]



[Above: A flag bearer is being awarded a medal.]







[Above: Members of the German-Arab-Legion on camel back in February 1943 in Tunisia. (Photo: Kam. Saurbier, Düsseldorf)]







*“The authority of the State can never be an end in itself; for, if that were so, any kind of tyranny would be inviolable and sacred. If a government uses the instruments of power in its hands for the purpose of leading a people to ruin, then rebellion is not only the right, but also the duty, of every individual citizen.”*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

***Mein Kampf, Chapter 3, Stalag Edition***



## Chapter Thirteen

### MONGOLIA



# MONGOLIA



[Above: This is a very cool photo for a variety of reasons. It shows a Mongolian volunteer of the Wehrmacht. This is a German Press Corps photo with a description of 'while serving in a German tank hunter battalion in France during the D-Day invasion.' Check out the Panzerfaust in his hand.]



[Above: Eastern Front. A very interesting picture showing a wide variety of gear.]



[Above: German P.O.W.s of Mongolian/Georgian descent taken prisoner by the Americans in Normandy, circa July 1944. U.S. Army Photo]

## Chapter Fourteen

### JAPAN



*'I am still the sword  
Of my Emperor  
I will not be sheathed  
Until I die'*  
-Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto



[Above: Two young naval men of Germany and Japan sit down for a game of checkers.]

One of Germany's strongest and most able allies, Japan fought on until the bloody end. On September 27, 1940 the Tripartite Pact, or Three-Power Pact, was signed. The fates of three remarkable peoples, Germany, Japan and Italy, were one, come what may.

Germany sent Japan some of its most sensitive and secret technology, right up until the end of the war. U-boat U-234 was sent to Japan loaded with priceless technology on March 26, 1945. This extremely valuable information and technology included: fighter jet blueprints including various engine designs, infrared proximity fuses and even atomic research--sending Japan a supply of heavy water, mercury and uranium, on the very last U-boat mission of the war. U-234 also included eleven military scientists.

Adolf Hitler bestowed the title '*honorary Aryan*' upon the Japanese following the Anti-Comintern Pact on Communism in 1936. They were granted this status, which granted them numerous privileges in Germany, not simply for economic, military, or political reasons, but more so because of their racial integrity. This distinction was viewed by the Japanese people with pride and as a great compliment.



[Above: This is a pin for German-Japanese Day, 1939.]

Karl Haushofer, a German general, geographer, and geopolitician, saw Japan as the brother nation to Germany. He traveled the Orient extensively and fell in love with Japan during a 1908 military mission to Tokyo to study the Japanese Army and to be an advisor. During his time in the Orient he learned Korean, Japanese, and Mandarin, adding these languages to his repertoire of German, Russian, French, and English. He called the Japanese people *'The Aryans of the East'*.

When all was lost in Europe for the Axis cause Japan invited Hitler and Mussolini to seek refuge in Japan. They declined, both of them would choose death fighting for the countries they loved. Banzai!



[Above: German magazine 'Der Adler' (The Eagle) honoring the Japanese. Circa August 1939.]





[Above: The Tripartite Pact is signed. Adolf Hitler shakes hands with Japan's representative Saburo Kurusu.]



[Above: Celebration and libation. German and Japanese officers share a taste of sake.]



[Above: Japanese women honoring the Axis, September 5, 1938.]



[Above: Japanese women honoring the Axis, September 5, 1938.]



[Above: Japanese girls in traditional costumes. They are holding popular Japanese dolls in glass cases.]



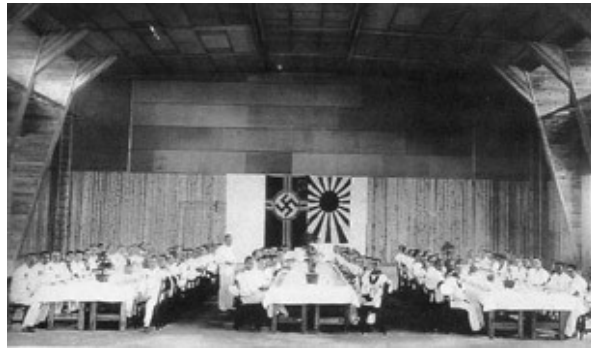
[Above: 'Good friends in three countries' - Japanese poster from 1938 celebrating the cooperation between Japan, Germany, and Italy.]



[Above: Birds flying in the formation of the swastika. Some very neat Japanese imagery.]



[Above: This charming postcard shows the various races within the Japanese empire being protected by the faceless soldier.]



[Above: German and Japanese comrades at a submarine base in the Pacific.]



[Above: Germany and Japan fostered the exchange of their youth in one another's country. There the youth would learn about various cultural and societal customs.]



[Above: Here is a German-Japanese youth exchange badge.]



[Above: Japanese magazine: 'Willkommen Hitler-Jugend' = Welcome Hitler Youth.]



[Above: In this Italian postcard a striking image of a samurai rises from the Pacific Ocean and destroys American and British warships.]



[Above: A masterful propaganda photograph showing a wide variety of weaponry, from basic 'Arisaka' rifles with bayonets, 'type 11' machine gun, samurai and a 'knee mortar'.]



[Above: Japanese nurses are trained in archery, 1937.]



[Above: Japanese soldiers were masters of jungle warfare and camouflage techniques. This photo is taken from a period Japanese magazine.]





[Above: Magazine cover]



[Above: Japanese propaganda leaflet dropped on British/American troops in the Pacific]

### More pictures of Japanese soldiers and civilians



The kamikaze was born from bleak desperation, the result of a people's powerlessness against an unstoppable enemy. They were the epitome of courage, sacrifice and love. It was not a negative thing to die as a kamikaze, but a supreme honor, especially if their sacrifice could strike a wound to the enemy.

It is hard for many Westerners to understand the kamikaze, but the heroism of sacrificing one's life in battle is common amongst all peoples. The only difference is the kamikaze knew for certain he would die from his actions. The kamikaze would often spend his last days on earth in quiet contemplation. One such unit found themselves sent to dilapidated surroundings while awaiting their orders. They spent their final days improving their surroundings until the moment they had to leave for their final mission. The last words of one such man named 'Sonada' show his calm determination to his cause and loyalty to his nation. Written on a pilot's plexiglass writing board which they strapped to their thighs, were his defiant words

*'Defeated but not conquered, men of the 65th Fighter Squadron were born separately but die together'.*

He was shot down over Okinawa, dying in the crash. He wrote these final words as five of the pilot's planes he commanded began their dive as kamikazes.



[Above : Japan kamikaze pilot, Yukio Araki, holding a puppy on May 26, 1945. He martyred himself the following day in a kamikaze attack on ships near Okinawa. He was part of the 72nd Shinbu Squadron.]



[Above: Close-up.]

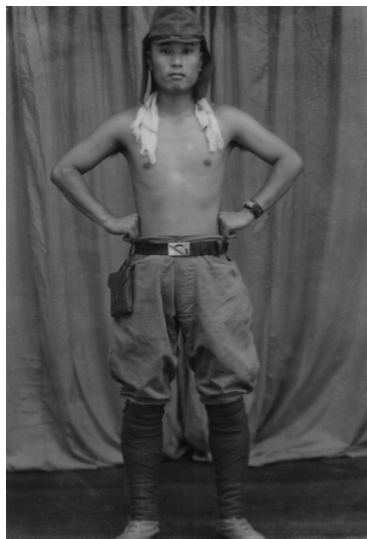




[Above: Chinese orphan adopted by Japanese soldiers, circa 1938]

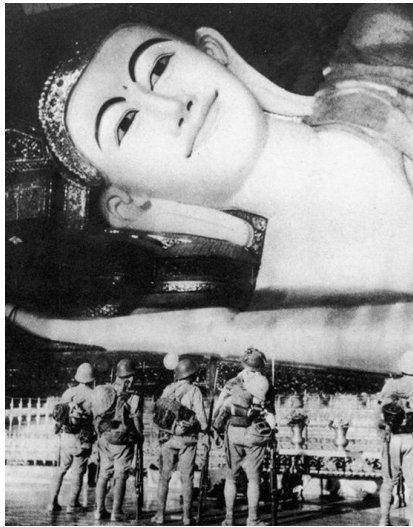


[Above: Navy officer studio photo.]



[Above: Somewhere in Burma.]

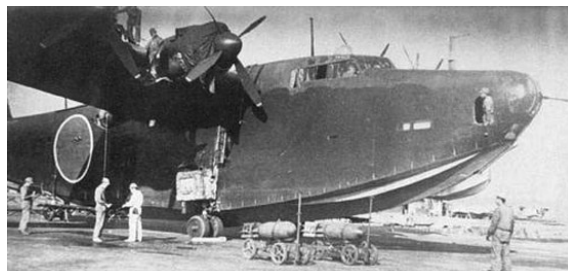




[Above: Japanese soldiers in Burma, circa 1942.]



[Above: Japanese Navy MP-34 gunner.]



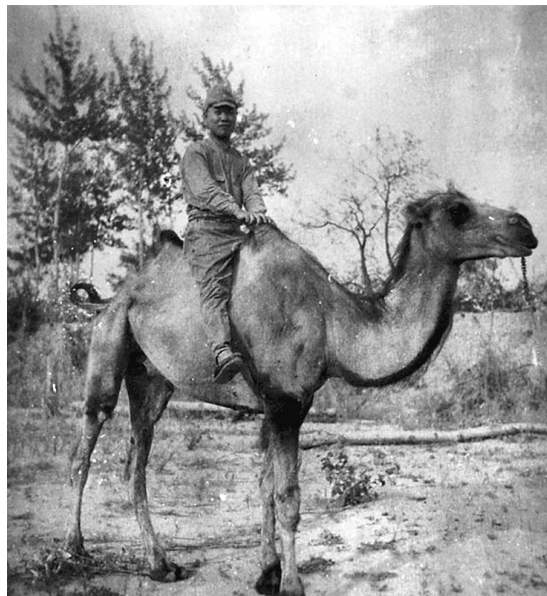
[Above: The mighty Kawanishi Flying boat.



[Above: A soldier fishing in the Aleutians (1942).]



[Above: A Japanese officer with a tropical helmet, Indochina.]



[Above: A Japanese soldier on a camel.]



[Above: A soldier setting Punji sticks.]



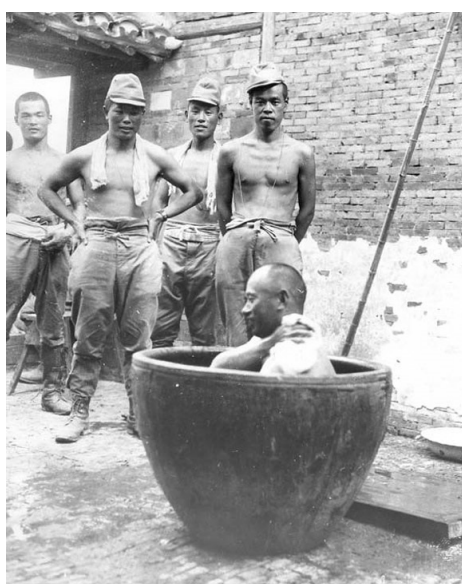
[Above: A Japanese officer pours pilots Sake.]



[Above: A Japanese pilot fastens a headband.]



[Above: Bath time!]



[Above: Soldiers wait in line for a bath.]





[Above: Pilot Tembico Kobayashi.]



[Above: A very lighthearted shot.]



[Above: Two officers in a studio portrait.]



[Above: Japanese soldiers on Iwo Jima island (February 1, 1945).]



[Above: Japanese soldiers marching with captured machine guns.]



[Above: A group of Japanese pilots. Second on the left - Sachio Endo, officially credited for shooting down or damaging 8 American bombers. He was killed in action on January 14, 1945 .]



[Above: A Japanese army cook with a treat for the soldiers.]





[Above: A horseback supply column.]



[Above: Burma, 1944.]



[Above: Tank crew man of the 3rd Tank Division speaking with Chinese civilians after the battle of Central Henan, May 1944.]





[Above: Japanese heavy tank, 1945.]



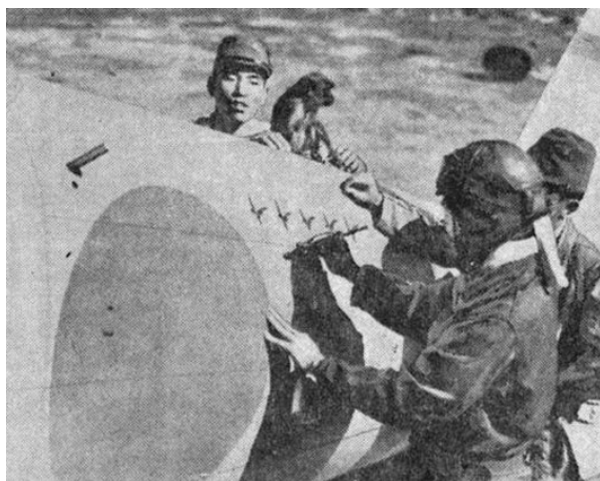
[Above: Horses equipped with sunhats in the tropical weather of South China, 1939.]



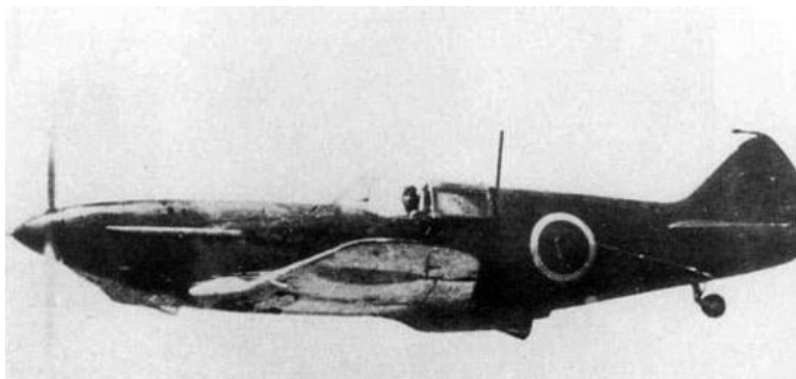
[Above: Somewhere in the South Pacific, 1941.]



[Above: Fighter pilot Tetsuo Iwamoto with his Zero fighter in 1945.]



[Above: Fighter pilot ace sits back in the cockpit (with pet monkey) while a comrade draws in another kill.]



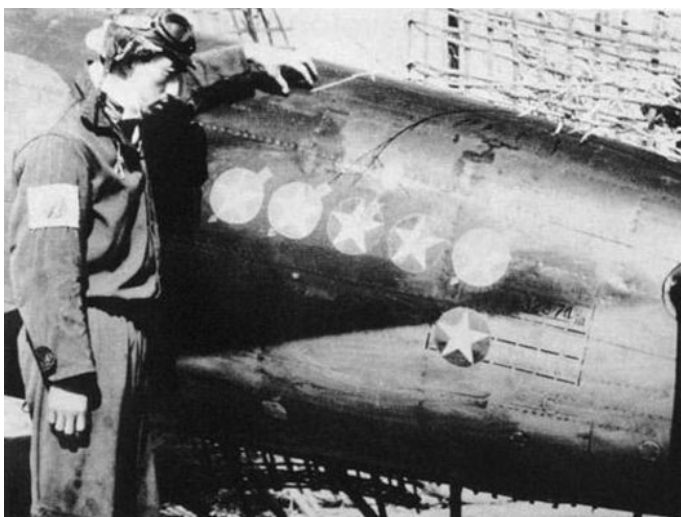
[Above: This photo shows a captured Lavochkin-Gorbunov-Goudkov LaGG-3. The Japanese only utilised these for evaluation and testing.]



[Above: Two Japanese soldiers and their dinner.]



[Above: Soldiers from the 16th Infantry Brigade carrying ammunition during the Battle of Jehol, near the Great Wall, 1933.]



[Above: Fighter pilot Takeo Tanimizu (32 kills) looking at his kill markings painted on his Zero fighter, Kyushu islands, 1945. Tanimizu once flew in low and threw his life preserver to U.S. Marine Captain Harvey Carter of Glendale, California, who had just been shot down and was swimming in the ocean.]



[Above: South China, 1943.]



[Above: Soldiers of the special naval landing force in Buna-Gona, New Guinea, November, 1942.]



[Above: Soldiers from the 18th Division, otherwise known as the Chrysanthemum Division, preparing for the front.]





[Above: Soldiers share a meal.]



[Above: A couple of soldiers monkeying around.]





[Above: Type 1 Ho-Ha half track during the Ichi-go offensive, 1944.]



[Above: Wounded Japanese soldiers with nurses, 1941.]



[Above: A goat loans a soldier some milk.]



[Above: Tankettes of 7th Independent Tankette Company under Captain Yamada attacking Chinese troops during the battle of Nanchang, 1939.]





[Above: Special Naval Landing Forces on a Shanghai street in heavy rain during the August 1937 fighting.]



[Above: New Guinea, 1942.]



[Above: A soldier reporting the battle situation, Nanchang, 1939.]



[Above: 'A soldier marches on his belly alone'.]



[Above: Two brothers in the same division, 1940.]



[Above: Soldiers are briefed before an operation.]



[Above: New Guinea.]



[Above: Soldiers off to the front.]



[Above: Winter, 1939.]



[Above: A member of the Special Naval Landing Forces (SNLF or Rikusentai).]



[Above: Females of the Volunteer Fighting Corps armed with Arisaka rifles. This force was established in June 1945 as a last desperate measure.]



[Above: Men of the Special Naval Landing Forces (SNLF or Rikusentai) in south China, 1938.]





[Above: Ace Sadamu Komach (April 18, 1920 - July 15, 2012) and his Zero fighter.]



[Above: A soldier of the Special Naval Landing Force seen here with a Type II light machine gun, Shanghai, 1937.]



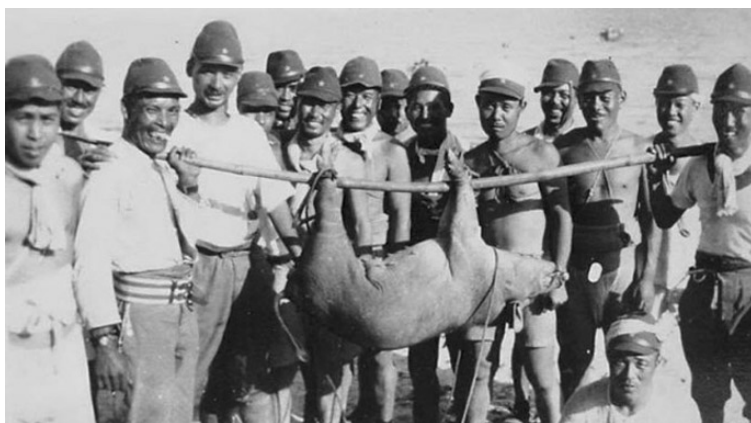
[Above: A group of pilots take some time out to eat.]



[Above: A little libation makes the food go down all the better.]



[Above: Japanese soldiers with sun hats.]



[Above: A group of soldiers about to enjoy some roasted wild boar.]



[Above: 'Smile for the camera', 1940.]



[Above: A drink amongst comrades.]



[Above: A group of soldiers in sun hats enjoy some melons.]



[Above: Aces Saburo Sakai and Hirooyoshi Nishizawa on Rabaul Island, these two men destroyed more than 150 Allied planes between the two of them.]



[Above: A soldier using a grenade launcher during the battle of Manado, Indonesia, January, 1942.]



[Above: Kempeitai officers (Japan's Military Police) traveling by train, 1935.]





[Above: Soldiers making food, China.]



[Above: A victory celebration.]



[Above: Ace Saburo Sakai after destroying a Russian bomber, China, 1939.]



[Above: Soldiers gather around the fire for warmth.]



[Above: A member of the Special Naval Landing Forces (SNLF or Rikusentai).]



[Above: Men of the Special Naval Landing Forces (SNLF or Rikusentai).]



[Above: A member of the Special Naval Landing Forces (SNLF or Rikusentai).]



[Above: A member of the Special Naval Landing Forces (SNLF or Rikusentai).]



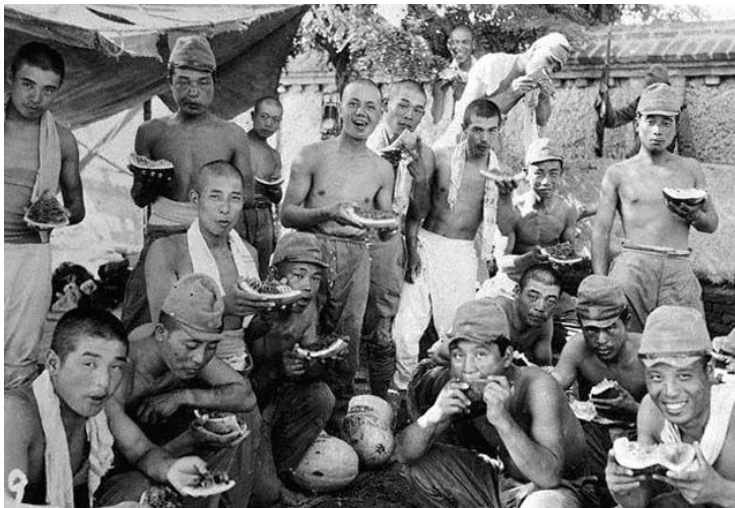
[Above: Men from the the 42nd Infantry Regiment led by Major Hajime Shimada. They are the crew of a type 97 medium tank. This picture was taken before the Battle of Slim River, Malaysia, 1942.]



[Above: A Zero fighter pilot looking cool.]



[Above: A soldier in the midst of throwing a grenade and the American marines at Guadalcanal.]



[Above: Melons for everyone! Japanese soldiers very often had to find provisions, including food from their surroundings.]

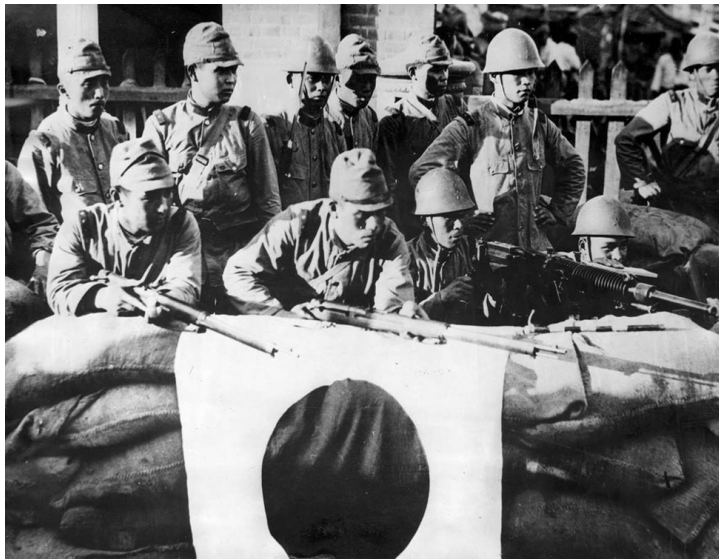


[Above: A soldier and his pet goat showing patriotism.]



[Above: A soldier pulls the pin on a Type 97 grenade in the Philippines.]





[Above: A great shot of soldiers staring into the beyond.]



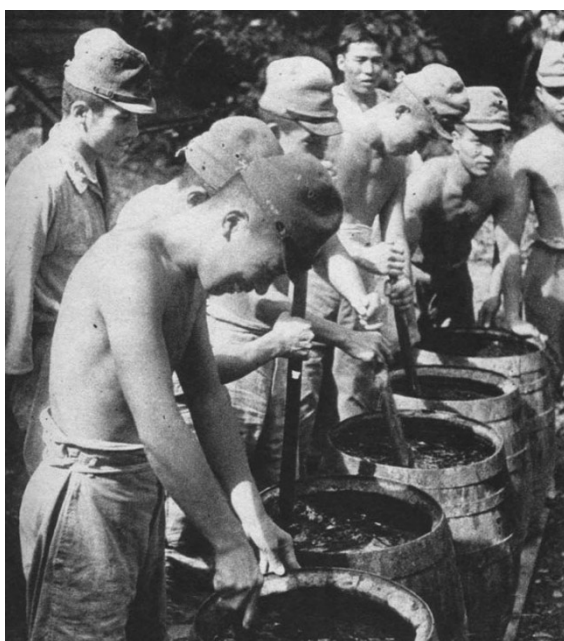
[Above: A pilot looking determined and cool.]



[Above: The best time for a soldier - mail from home!]



[Above: Japanese Naval officers feed their pet bird.]



[Above: Hmmm...?]

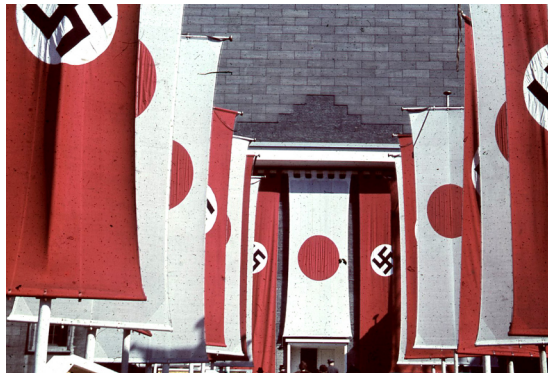


[Above: A German-made Focke-Wulf Fw 190A-5 used by the Japanese.]

**More pictures of Japanese and their German comrades**



[Above: A Japanese soldier holds up the baby of a German family from Batavia, Dutch East Indies, from the front cover of a Japanese magazine from 1942.]







[Above: Adolf Hitler meeting Japanese diplomats. Joachim von Ribbentrop and others can be seen in the background.]







[Above: Japanese navy soldier guarding the German embassy in Shanghai, circa 1937.]





[Above: Italian, Japanese and German officers reading a magazine.]



[Above: Japanese General Hiroshi Oshima and the Emperor Showa's brother Prince Chichibu with Luftwaffe officers conversing with German soldiers. Circa 1938.]



[Above: German Hitler Youth and Japanese officers.]



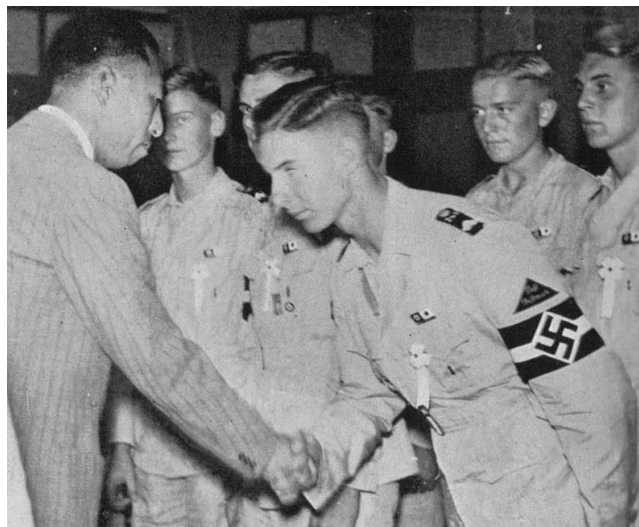
[Above: German Hitler Youth and Japanese colleague.]



[Above: German Hitler Youth and BDM girl at the German embassy in Japan. They are dining on traditional Japanese dishes while being served by a Japanese girl in traditional dress. August 16, 1938.]



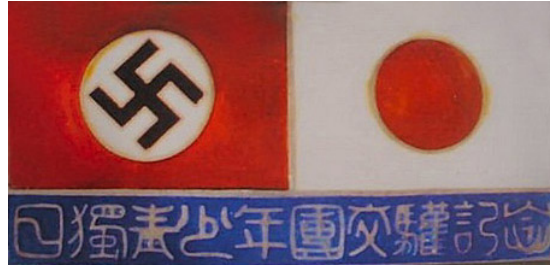
[Above: A delegation of Hitler Youth visit the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo during a several-month-long friendship tour in 1938.]



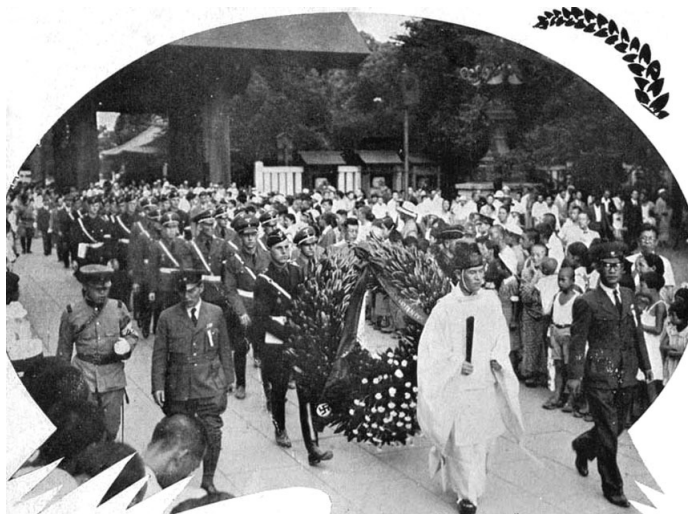
[Above: German Hitler Youth in Japan]



. Note the German-Japanese youth exchange badges on their jackets (see below).]



[Above: German Hitler Youth in Japan carry a wreath in a ceremony with their Japanese comrades. Circa October 1938.]



[Above: German Hitler Youth in Japan carry a wreath in a ceremony with their Japanese comrades. Circa October 1938.]





[Above: German Hitler Youth with their Japanese comrades and children in a very odd and interesting picture!]



[Above: Japanese and German officers laughing with a German civilian Germany, 1940.]



[Above: An interesting private photo of what I presume is a Japanese woman being led by a Waffen-SS officer. The girls are BDM -League of German Girls.]



[Above: German-Japanese officers and dignitaries toast to their friendship.]



[Above: On December 17, 1940, children of Japan, Germany, and Italy meet in Tokyo to celebrate the signing of the Tripartite Alliance between the three nations. Japanese education minister Kunihiko Hashida, center, holding crossed flags of Japan and Italy, and Mayor Tomejiro Okubo of Tokyo were among the sponsors.]



[Above: Color version of the above photo.]



[Above: Germans and Japanese officers with geisha girls!]



[Above: This picture is said to be from 1942 and is of two Japanese officers wearing Wehrmacht uniforms. The meaning of their arm patches is unknown to me. It is also said that this photo was taken in Russia, so they are most likely on a training exercise of some kind.]



[Above: Another shot.]





[Above: Note the same sleeve patch as that above.]



[Above: A cigar-smoking Japanese officer enjoys a little European vice! ]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 1011-720-0002-01  
Foto: Meister | 1943/1944

[Above: Circa 1943/44, courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]





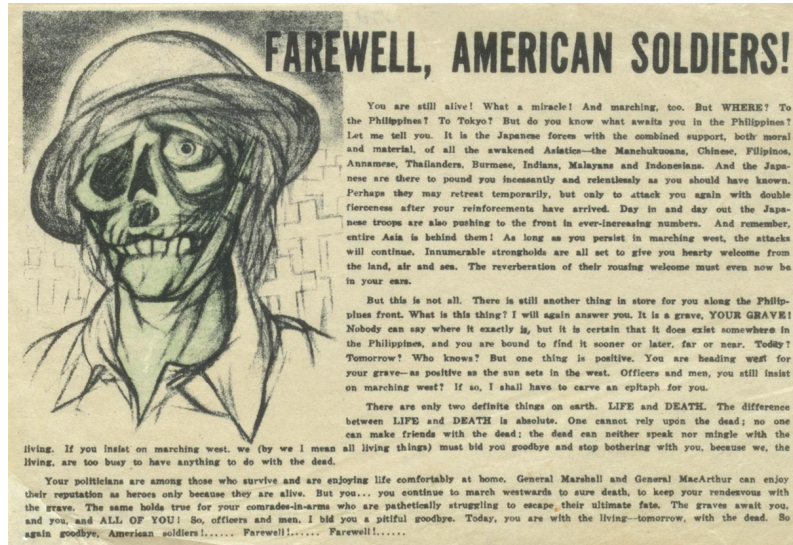
[Above: A German restaurant in downtown Tokyo.]



[Above: A crowd goes wild to see Adolf Hitler and Yosuke Matsuoka (Japanese diplomat and Minister of Foreign Affairs), Wilhelm Plaza.]

## Pictures of magazines, posters and other paper material

To see more like these... Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

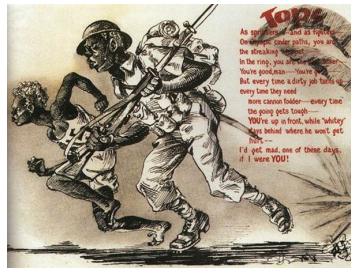


[Above: Very cool propaganda leaflet dropped on American troops in the Pacific.]



[Above: Magazine cover.]





[Above: Propaganda leaflet geared toward Allied black soldiers.]



[Above: 'Roosevelt, the World Enemy'. They hit the nail right on the head with this one.]



[Above: Propaganda leaflet for Australian troops.]



[Above: Propaganda leaflet for Australian troops.]



[Above: Propaganda leaflet for Australian troops.]

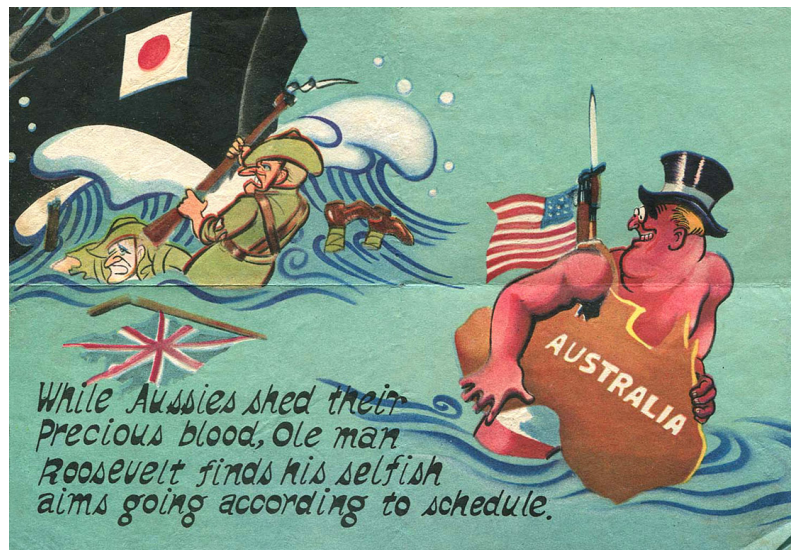




[Above: Propaganda leaflet for Australian troops.]



[Above: Propaganda leaflet.]



[Above: Propaganda leaflet for Australian troops.]



[Above: Japanese soldiers handing out candy to Chinese children. Circa 1939.]

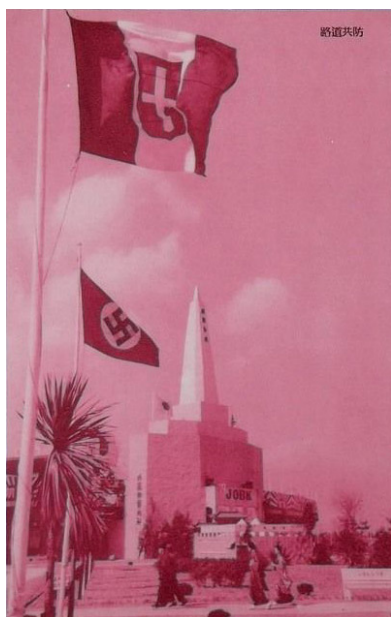




[Above: A spectacular dog! Circa 1937.]



[Above: Yasukuni Bronze Dog, donated in 1992, depicts a German Shepherd and honors the soldiers' canine comrades.]



[Above: 1930s Japanese postcard commemorating the Anti-Comintern Pact and the Sino Japanese Holy War Expo.]



[Above: 1930s Japanese Jintan Medicine ad with Anti-communism message.]



[Above: Beautiful Japanese postcard featuring the likeness of Adolf Hitler.]



[Above: Japanese postcard honoring the leaders of Japan, Germany and Italy.]



## Chapter Fifteen GREECE



**GREECE**



*'Sometimes a nation has to fight to stay great, even if it is hopeless.'*  
-Ioannis Metaxas

[Below: Figure in traditional Greek dress found on a postcard from 1941.]



# *Ioannis Metaxas*



[Above: General Ioannis Metaxas, the prime minister of fascist Greece from 1936-1941. His party was called 'The 4th of August Regime'. He died under mysterious circumstances. Many believe that the British assassinated him.]



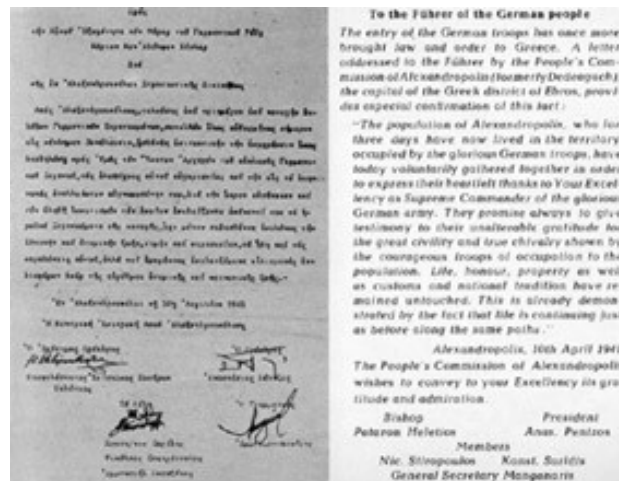
[Above: General Ioannis Metaxas and Joseph Goebbels, Athens, 1936.]



[Above: An assembly of members of the Greek National Organization of Youth (EON) salute the presence of Ioannis Metaxas.]



[Above: A Greek orthodox priest greets the Germans as liberators.]



[Above: Letter of thanks from the Greek people.]

*'Heroes never die; instead they fall, and the soil, by drinking their blood, gives birth to them again.'*  
-Ioannis Metaxas



[Above: A new Greece...]



[Above: Poster: 'The English are the bearers of communism'.]



[Above: Note the double bladed axe, which was the symbol of the Metaxas regime. The text says 'HAIL VICTORY' - and the shield symbol says '4th of August']



[Above: Another view of the double bladed axe. The French Vichy regime also used the symbol of the double blade axe. The text says '*DISCIPLINE: AN ETERNAL HELLENIC VIRTUE*']



[Above: An issue of Adler von Hellas from February 1942. This was a magazine for the Luftwaffe in Greece that was released from 1941-1944. This issue illustrates the camaraderie between the Japanese and German airmen.]



[Above: A postwar booklet showing Greek postage stamps used during WWII. This is only an example, not a complete showing of the stamps used.]

\*Also of note are the unit of 300 Greek Wehrmacht volunteers who served under the German general Ulrich Kleemann in Rhodes. These men and 6,000-8,000 Germans formed the Sturm-Division Rhodos, formed in 1943.



### More pictures of Greek fascists

\*Special thanks to Dimitris from Greece for the translations seen here and on the main page. You rule!



[Above: Members of the Greek National Organisation of Youth (EON) with Ioannis Metaxas]



[Below: The text says 'TRUMPETER'S MANUAL' and 'E.O.N.' (National Youth Organization).]

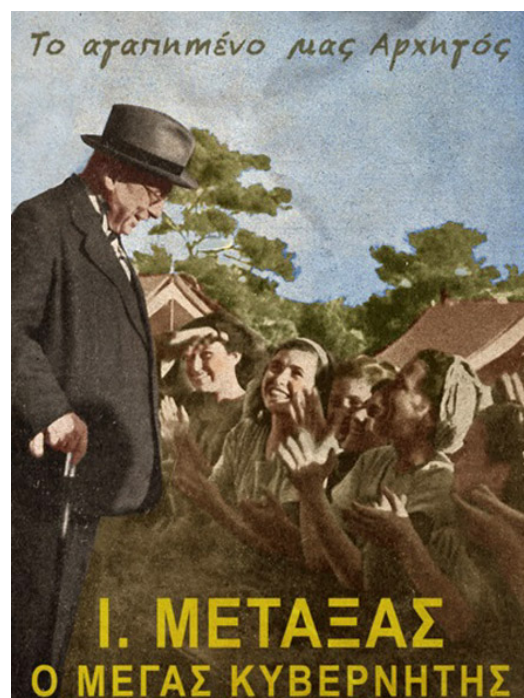








*[Below: The text says 'Our Beloved Leader - I. METAXAS - THE GREAT COMMANDER']*





[Below: The text says 'THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE - THE GREAT RACE' and the shield symbol says '4th of August']



[Below: The text says 'THE SUN GUIDES US HAIL THE 4th OF AUGUST']



[Below: The top text says 'WE SHALL WRITE HISTORY', the book cover says 'TOME 3' and the book spine says 'BYZANTINE EMPIRE']



## Pictures of Greek volunteers for the Waffen-SS

[Below: Greek security unit volunteers with the Waffen-SS. Most of their work was for security and anti-partisan/anti-communist duties.]



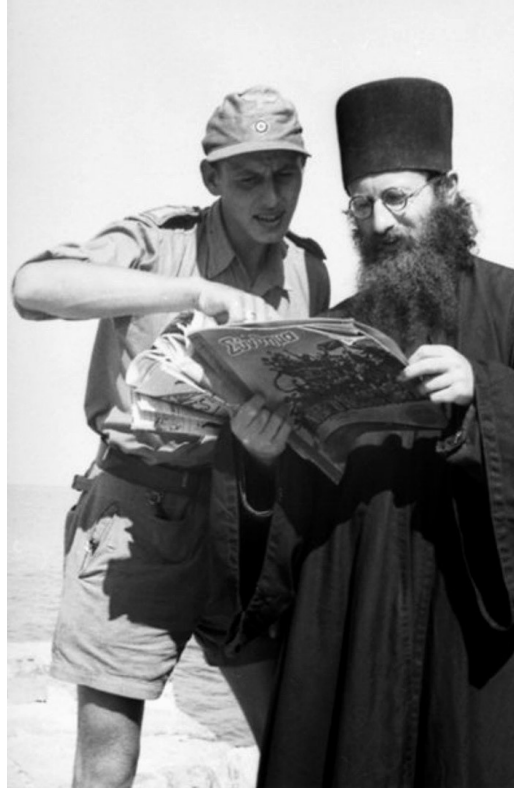
[Below: Greek security unit volunteers with the Waffen-SS until 1944.]

Table 1. Auxiliary forces: order of battle, 15 August 1944.

Evzone units:
1 <sup>st</sup> Evzone Regiment (Athens, LXVIII Army Corps area)
I, II, and III Battalions
2 <sup>nd</sup> Evzone Regiment (Tripolis, Peloponnese, LXVIII Army Corps area)
I, II, and III Battalions
3 <sup>rd</sup> Evzone Regiment (Yannina, Epirus, XXII Mountain Corps area)
I, II, and III Battalions
Gendarmerie units:
I Gendarmerie Battalion (Athens, LXVIII Army Corps area)
II Gendarmerie Battalion (Athens, LXVIII Army Corps area)
III Gendarmerie Battalion (Athens, LXVIII Army Corps area)
IV Gendarmerie Battalion (Argos, LXVIII Army Corps area)
V Gendarmerie Battalion (forming) (Athens, LXVIII Army Corps area)
Volunteer battalions:
I Volunteer Battalion (Katerini, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
II Volunteer Battalion (Verria, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
III Volunteer Battalion (Kozani, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
IV Volunteer Battalion (Yannitsa, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
V Volunteer Battalion (Kozani, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
VI Volunteer Battalion (Kozani, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
VII Volunteer Battalion (Kilkis, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
VIII Volunteer Battalion (Lachanas, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
IX Volunteer Battalion (Krya Vrisi, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
I (Macedonian) Volunteer Battalions [IMRO] (Kastoria, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
II (Macedonian) Volunteer Battalions [IMRO] (Florina, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
III (Macedonian) Volunteer Battalions [IMRO] (Edessa, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
Poulos-Verband (Verria, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
Police Volunteer Battalion 'Karditsa' (Karditsa, Thessaly, XXII Mountain Corps area)
Volunteer (Half) Battalion 'Larissa' (Larissa, Thessaly, XXII Mountain Corps area)
Police Volunteer Battalion 'Lamia' (forming) (Lamia, Central Greece, LXVIII Army Corps area)
Police Volunteer Battalion 'Amfissa' (forming) (Amfissa, Central Greece, LXVIII Army Corps area)
Police Volunteer Battalion 'Salonika' (Thessaloniki, Macedonia, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
I Police Volunteer Battalion (Athens, LXVIII Army Corps area)
II Police Volunteer Battalion (Volos, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
III Police Volunteer Battalion (Verria, LXXXXI Army Corps area)
Police Volunteer Battalion 'Euboea I' (Chalkis, Evia, LXVIII Army Corps area)
Police Volunteer Battalion 'Euboea II' (Chalkis, Evia, LXVIII Army Corps area)
Volunteer Battalion 'Leonidas' (Sparta, Peloponnese, LXVIII Army Corps area)
Volunteer Battalion 'Agrinio' (Agrinio, Central Greece, XXII Mountain Corps area)
Volunteer Battalion 'Megalopolis' (Megalopolis, Peloponnese, LXVIII Army Corps area)

Source: NARS Microfilm T-78, Roll 410, Frames 6378310-72; Befehlsgliederung OB Sudost (Heeresgruppe F), Stand: 15.8.44.

[Below: A German Wehrmacht soldier shows a Greek Eastern Orthodox monk a Greek-language copy of the Wehrmacht published Signal magazine.]





## Pictures of period Greek newspapers with translations

To see more like these...and a Greek edition of Signal Magazine, April 1943, Visit... [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

Below  
March 1, 1941.

Center:  
"THE AMAZING VICTORY IN THE AIR"

Left:  
"IT RULES THE SKIES!"



Below:  
March 15, 1943.

"A 3000-YEAR-OLD CIVILIZATION IS IN DANGER"





Below:  
April 25, 1941.

## "ANTI-ITALIAN SCENES IN CORSICA"

"THE MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN ARMISTICE COMMITTEE DID NOT DARE TO DISEMBARK"

"THE PREFECT WAS RECALLED"



Below:  
January 30, 1941.

[Metaxas succumbs to death. Pictures of the beloved old warrior. I hope you guys enjoyed a rarely seen glimpse of the Greek side of WWII. It is VERY difficult for an English speaker to translate Greek writing - try it some time, you probably won't get far. Luckily you and I have a Greek comrade who has turned these headlines into English! I like taking something from the dusty basement of history and bringing light to it. A million thanks to our Greek comrade! Thank you!]



*“Yes, Germany was back then a democracy, before us and we’ve been plundered and squeezed dry. No more. What does democracy or authoritarian state mean for those international hyenas? They don’t care at all! They are only interested in one thing. Are you willing to be plundered? Yes or no? Are you stupid enough to keep quiet in the process? Yes or no? And, when a democracy is stupid enough not to stand up, then it is good! But when an authoritarian state declares “You do not plunder our people any longer”, neither from the inside or outside, then that is bad. In reality, money rules in these countries. They talk about press freedom when in fact these newspapers have one owner and the owner is, in any case, the sponsor.*

*This press then shapes public opinion, these political parties don’t have any differences at all, like before with us. You already know the old political parties. They were all the same. Then people must think that especially in these countries of freedom and wealth, there should exist a very comfortable life for its people, but the opposite is the case.*

*In these countries, in the so-called “Democracies”, the people are by no means the main focus of attention. What really matters is the existence of this group of “Democracy makers”. That is, the existence of a few hundred of giant capitalists who own all the factories and shares and who, ultimately, lead the people. They are not interested at all in the great mass of people, they are the only ones who can be addressed as international elements because they conduct their business everywhere. It is a small, rootless, international clique that is turning the people against each other, that does not want them to have peace. They can suppress us! They can kill us, if you like! But we will not capitulate!”*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

## Chapter Sixteen RUSSIA

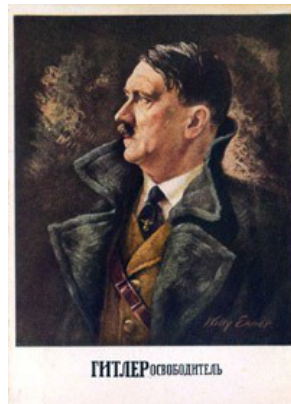


# RUSSIA



Despite the mountains of Judeo-Allied propaganda stating otherwise, the Germans did not view the Russians as '*sub-humans*' or the pathetically popularized term '*untermenschen*'. Millions of Russians fought communism side-by-side with the Germans. To understand what the Germans and their allies were up against, and why, you must first grasp the deadly threat communism posed to Europe.

## ГИТЛЕР ОСВОБОДИТЕЛЬ



[Above: '*Hitler the Liberator*', an Adolf Hitler postcard featuring art by Willy Exner with Cyrillic text (publisher Heinrich Hoffman Nr. 442 L-0602).]



[Above: 1941 German aerial leaflet '*Hitler the Liberator*' urging Russian soldiers to '*come over to the German side*'.]

The front basically says:

*'HITLER-*

*THE LIBERATOR*

*from the Stalinist kolkhoze (collective farming) yoke!*

*THAT MEANS*

*- Hitler is a friend of Peasants!*

*What are you waiting for?*

*I'LL GO TO HITLER!"*



The larger text basically says:

*'NEW WAY*

*No 17 (38) 4th of March 1942 Wednesday No 17 (38)*

*Germany destroys the the collective farm slavery system forever*

*PEASANTS!*

*NEW LAND USE*

*A. The abolition of the collective farming system.*

*1. You can go to the side of the German troops without a pass:  
It is enough to shout "Bayonets in the ground" '*

On the side it says in German:

*'German leaflet for officers and enlisted personnel of the Soviet Army'*





Special thanks to 'Deutscher Offizier' for help with the translation! You rule Kamerad!



*'You must understand, the leading Bolsheviks who took over Russia were not Russians. They hated Russians. They hated Christians. Driven by ethnic hatred they tortured and slaughtered millions of Russians without a shred of human remorse. It cannot be overstated. Bolshevism committed the greatest human slaughter of all time. The fact that most of the world is ignorant and uncaring about this enormous crime is proof that the global media is in the hands of the perpetrators.'*

-Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (December 11, 1918 – August 3, 2008)



[Above: Otto-Ernst Remer. ]

Otto-Ernst Remer (August 18, 1912 – October 4, 1997) was a highly respected German Wehrmacht officer who played a decisive role in stopping the July 20, 1944 plot against Adolf Hitler. During the war he was wounded nine times in combat and ultimately promoted to Generalmajor (brigadier general). After the war he co-founded the Sozialistische Reichspartei (SRP). He remained a fervent National Socialist until the end of his days and is seen as a 'Godfather' in the postwar underground. The enemies of mankind sought to imprison him for denying the Jewish 'holocaust'. Here is an interesting quote from a 1990 interview with General Otto Ernst Remer by Stephanie Schomen:

**Schomen:** *Is it true that the Germans referred to the Russians as "subhuman"?*

**Remer:** *'Nonsense! The Russians are human beings just like everyone else. Your question, whether we called the Russians "subhuman," is nonsense. We had a first-class relationship with the Russian people. The only exception, which was a problem we dealt with, was with the Soviet Commissars, who were all Jews. These people stood behind the lines with machine guns, pushing the Russian soldiers into battle. And anyway, we made quick work of them. That was according to order. This was during a war for basic existence, an ideological war, when such a policy is simply taken for granted.'*

It is also important to understand that Stalin was poised to invade Europe in 1941. It was for this reason that Germany was forced to invade the Soviet Union first. Many of the frontline soldiers and especially the Luftwaffe pilots were amazed at the amount of troops, equipment, weapons and supplies that were captured in the opening days. Germany's greatest pilot and the most highly decorated serviceman of the war, Hans Rudel, was shocked at what he saw when flying above Soviet territory in the opening stages of the invasion. In his 1951 book 'Stuka Pilot' he describes his amazement at masses of new military construction everywhere. A massive Soviet army was poised to strike.

More pictures Otto-Ernst Remer



[Below: Photo courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]









[Above: Hans-Ulrich Rudel (July 2, 1916 – December 18, 1982).]

Let's read what Remer has to say once more:

**Schomen:** *Did you agree with Hitler's policies, particularly his policy toward Russia?*

**Remer:** *'Regarding the military campaign against the Soviet Union: First of all, it should be clearly understood that at the time of the Balkans campaign in Yugoslavia and Greece in early 1941, when we had ten divisions on the entire length of the Soviet border, the Russians had stationed 247 major military formations on our border. After the conclusion of the Balkans campaign, we then quickly placed at most 170 major military units on the border with the Soviet Union. The Russians had readied themselves for an attack.*

*The initial successes of our forces against the Soviets were due to the fact that the Russians were not stationed in defense positions, but were instead positioned right at the front for attack, which made it possible for us to quickly encircle large Soviet forces. Thus, in the first weeks of the war, we were able to capture more than three million prisoners of war as well as enormous quantities of war equipment, all of which was on the frontier, positioned for attack.*

*That's the truth of the matter, which can be proven. I recently spoke with a Mr. Pemsel, who was a long-range aerial reconnaissance pilot. In the period before the beginning of the Soviet campaign, he flew as far as the Don River and observed and reported on this enormous concentration of Soviet forces on the border.*

*I also know from my own experience in the Russian campaign, and with the Russian prisoners, about the preparations by the Soviets for an imminent attack against Europe. The Russians were hoping that we would move against Britain so that they could then take advantage of the situation to overrun Europe.'*



[Above: Léon Degrelle (June 15, 1906 – March 31, 1994).]

Léon Degrelle experienced the Eastern Front firsthand and emerged one of the greatest and most beloved soldiers of WWII. In interviews and books he described the Waffen-SS meeting with Russian civilians. He personally passed through countless newly liberated Russian villages during the war. Here is one of many interesting passages from his fantastic works:

*'The natives received us with obvious joy. Often we were the first troops to enter their hamlet. The good people immediately went to the outbuildings, removed their icons from their former hiding places, and hung them once more on their dried mud walls, tears streaming down their faces. The greatest gift that one could confer on them was to give them a portrait of Hitler. Often they would hang it next to their icons... They loved Hitler very much for having liberated their village.'*

-Léon Degrelle (The Eastern Front, page 98, (c)Institute for Historical Review)



[Above: Three examples of POA patches - embroidered (left and right) and the other silkscreened.]

The Russian Liberation Army, abbreviated in Cyrillic as 'POA' and in Latin as 'ROA', was also known as the Vlasov Army. In 1944 it was officially renamed the 'Armed Forces of the Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia (VS-KONR)'. In 1943 there were nearly a half a million Russian volunteers serving on the front lines, and another one hundred thousand or more serving in other 'non-combat' positions. This is a massive role played by ex-prisoners of war and showed that the Germans had nothing against the Russians as a people, but instead against communism.

A Russian soldier who fought for the Germans after being captured explains the motivation behind many of the Russians: *'You think, Captain, that we sold ourselves to the Germans for a piece of bread? Tell me, why did the Soviet Government forsake us? Why did it forsake millions of prisoners? We saw prisoners of all nationalities, and they were taken care of. Through the Red Cross they received parcels and letters from home; only the Russians received nothing. In Kassel I saw American Negro prisoners, and they shared their cakes and chocolates with us. Then why didn't the Soviet Government, which we considered our own, send us at least some plain hard tack? ...Hadn't we fought? Hadn't we defended the Government? Hadn't we fought for our country? If Stalin refused to have anything to do with us, we didn't want to have anything to do with Stalin!'*

-Summer, 1945, Thomas Goodrich, page 140, (c)2018

*Andrey Vlasov*



[Above: General Andrey Vlasov.]

*'Fellow citizens, brother and sisters living in Europe A return to the homeland is only possible following a victory over Bolshevism You number in the millions and the success of our mutual struggle depends on you Don't forget that from now on you are working for a common cause for the heroic Liberation Army Officers and soldiers of the Soviet army, put an end the criminal war whose purpose is the oppression of the peoples of Europe Turn you weapons on the Bolshevik usurpers who have enslaved Russia and brought hunger, misery and lawlessness to the country'*

-Andrey Vlasov, speaking to his men of the POA/ROA

Andrey Andreyevich Vlasov (September 14, 1901 – August 2, 1946) was a Russian Soviet general who joined Germany and the Axis in their holy war against communism. He was one of the most important Russians of WW2. He saw the truth that the Germans were not invaders, rather liberators. They planned on destroying communism before it destroyed them and all of Europe and the world. Vlasov was a respected general under the communists when he began to see that they were the enemies of Russia.

Under the communists he played an important role in the defense of Moscow. His picture was printed in the Soviet newspaper Pravda with the headline *'the defender of Moscow'*.

Later Vlasov's army was surrounded by the Germans after being abandoned by the communists. His army was cut off and deep in German territory. He was offered an escape by airplane, but he refused to leave his men behind. His army was decimated and for ten days he hid in German occupied territory before being captured. Fate had handed him to his 'enemies' -- the Germans, when he was captured and became a P.O.W. But the Germans respected him, and it wasn't long before they were working together against the communist occupiers of Russia. Vlasov saw Stalin as *'the greatest enemy of the Russian people'*.

Boris Vasiljev, an author of several history books and patriotic novels, who was a Soviet officer and veteran of WWII, had this to say about Vlasov:

*'Vlasov was magnificent, a proper Russian national military Commander! He decided to revenge himself upon Stalin, who committed terrible crimes against all peoples of Russia. Vlasov had high ideals of a Free Russia, as well as a real sense of responsibility towards his soldiers.'*

Vasiljev goes on to condemn the Red Army generals en masse:

*'There were killed 1,300,000 Russian soldiers near Rzhev — through Soviet commanders' faults only, and nobody speaks about the terrible tragedy so far in my country!'*



[Above: General Andrey Vlasov, a fierce anti-Communist, persuaded many of his Russian countrymen to fight for the Axis.]

## "Vlasov swears vengeance"



[Above: General Andrey Vlasov highlights in a 1944 V1 rocket dropped leaflet.]

In the summer of 1944 General Vlasov and Heinrich Himmler met and ironed out details of the formation of a massive new army composed of Russians. They went over what was called the Smolensk Manifesto (written in 1942), which declared in the new Russia *'...every people will obtain national freedom, including the right of self-determination. The realization of this right to national independence and freedom is possible, however, only after destroying Stalin and his clique.'*

**In thirteen points, the Manifesto declared and promised the following:** (1) abolition of compulsory labor, (2) abolition of collective farms, and land grants to the peasants, (3) reintroduction of private commerce and handicraft, (4) termination of terror, (5) personal freedom, (6) freedom of faith, conscience, speech, press, and assembly, (7) free choice of work, (8) guarantee of free development for all nationalities, (9) release of all political prisoners, (10) rebuilding of towns, villages and factories at the expense of the state, and (11) a guarantee of minimum subsistence for all invalids and their next of kin.

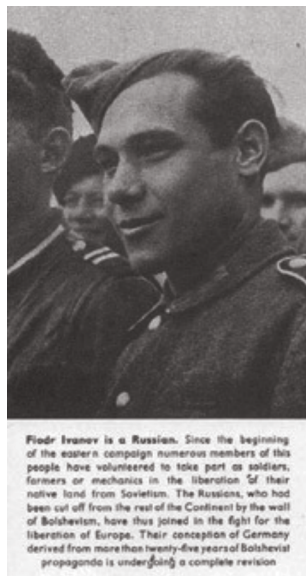
Himmler and Vlasov agreed that there would initially be five divisions organized from Russian POWs and workers from the occupied eastern territories, whose number by then had reached over FIVE MILLION!

The Smolensk Manifesto was eventually expanded into what was known as the Prague Manifesto, which further outlined Russian goals of freeing Russia from communist occupation.

Unfortunately it was too late. The communist-democratic armies were in full swing. The fortunes of war were against Germany and her armies of liberation, and, largely speaking, this dream army of free Russians, never came to be.

Vlasov and his men were later betrayed by the American government and he and his men were handed over to the Russians, even after making a deal that they wouldn't. The Americans knew that handing over Vlasov and the thousands of men with him would be death. But they didn't care, they did this to an untold legion of Russians, Tatars, Tartars, Cossacks, etc. Vlasov hung on August 1, 1946. The great Russian warrior's sword was finally sheathed and the dreamers quest for his people's freedom was over.

Recently the town of Vlasov's birth, Lomakino, garnered controversy by the local Jews, communists and 'anti-fascist' groups. The local administration sought to erect a monument to him and additionally open a museum honoring his memory and preserving the house that he grew up in. Despite the screams and threats of the communists and their ilk the idea had tremendous support from the locals and donations flooded in.



[Above: 'Fiodr Ivanov is a Russian. Since the beginning of the eastern campaign numerous members of this people have volunteered to take part as soldiers, farmers or mechanics in the liberation of their native land from Sovietism. The Russians, who had been cut off from the rest of the Continent by the wall of Bolshevism, have thus joined in the fight for the liberation of Europe. Their conception of Germany derived from more than twenty-five years of Bolshevist propaganda is undergoing a complete revision.'

-Signal magazine, English edition.]



[Above: Waffen-SS Free Russian Legion 'Don' sleeve shield]





[Above: Russian volunteer sporting a combat version (less colorful) of the above 'Don' patch. Circa 1943.]



[Above: Russian volunteers for the Luftwaffe. They are wearing 'ROA' patches. Germany and its Axis allies were at war with communism, not the Russian people, therefore many Russians were eager to join them.]



[Above: Somewhere in the vastness of Russia Adolf Hitler is honored. This popular poster says: *'Hitler the Liberator'*.]

*'Hiwi'* is a word meaning 'helper' that was designated for people of many nationalities who had volunteered to help the German/Axis war effort.

Hiwi is a German abbreviation of the term *'voluntary assistant'* or *Hilfswilliger*, meaning *'willing to help'*

Hiwis served in many vital capacities, from mundane farm work, police functions, drivers, cooks and even front line battlefield service.

A captured Hiwi told the dreaded communist People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs (Narodnyy Komissariat Vnutrennikh Del, or NKVD) interrogators: *'...Hilfswillige [Hiwis] made up of local people or Russian prisoners who volunteer, or those Red Army soldiers who desert to join the Germans. This category wears full German uniform, with their own ranks and badges. They eat like German soldiers and they are attached to German regiments.'*

There you have it, the Hiwis wore the same uniform, ate the same food, were awarded the same medals (they even had special medals made just for the 'Eastern Peoples') and fought and died beside German soldiers.



[Above: Russian female '*Hiwis*' in German service.]



[Above: Russian female auxiliaries. Note the Waffen-SS style camouflage and military boots issued to them.]



[Above: Some rather ragged '*Hiwis*' in German service. The wretched state of poverty found in Russia under communism was astounding.]



[Above: German soldiers pose beside female '*Hiwis*' in German service.]



[Above: A rural Russian school -- on the wall in the background is the famous poster bearing the image of Adolf Hitler with the words *'Hitler the Liberator'* beneath it.]



[Above: This is a postcard of the National Russian Choir.]

*'We pray to the all-powerful that he gives Adolf Hitler further strength and power for the final victory over the Bolsheviks!'*  
*'-For the Homeland!'* newspaper printed in Pskow, Russia, December 1942.



[Above: Cyrillic version of the popular Signal magazine, 1945.]



[Above: This anti-communist magazine made humor and parodies out of the lies and madness of Russia/America/Britain. In Russia, it was called 'Scourge' and was first published in 1944.

**Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com) to see more pictures.**



[Above: 'For the freedom of nations'. Circa 1941. Made in Germany for the liberated Soviet territories.]



[Above: Russian Legion postage stamps. Known as the 'Vlassov postal issues'. Printed in July 1943 for Russian territories. These were most likely never used, but instead were made for collectors. The word which resembles 'NOYTA' is Russian Cyrillic for mail' and is pronounced as 'Pochta'.]



The Russians proved to be extremely courageous allies to the Germans, even when worse came to worst. In one instance, in one of the bloodiest and hopeless battles of WWII, during the Axis defense of Budapest, Russian Waffen-SS volunteers lived and died with their German brothers.

*'One of the most daring exploits of the siege took place at that time. A 40-ton motor barge manned by Russian SS volunteers and carrying ammunition began a 140-kilometer journey from Győr, slipping through the mine barrier on the Danube and running aground 17 kilometers from Budapest near the village Leányfalu. It was only thanks to the gaps in the Soviet occupation of the villages along the Danube Bend that the enterprise did not end in disaster. With the help of a Hungarian assault-boat platoon, the crew transported part of its cargo into the city, probably under cover of the trees in the flood plain.'*

-The Siege of Budapest by Krisztián Ungváry, Pg. 128



[Above: The various ethnic groups united against the communist monster.]



### More photographs of POA/ROA Russian volunteers



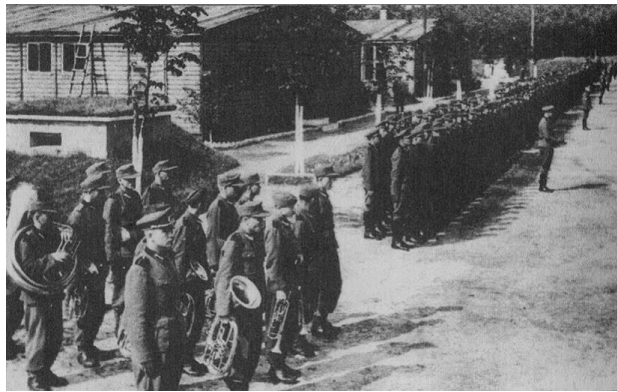
[Above: These volunteer formations were amongst the first volunteers to join with the Axis after Operation Barbarossa. Here an instructor shows recruits how to work a Soviet DT light machine gun.]



[Above: Russian volunteer cavalymen on patrol watched by local peasants.]



[Above: Russian volunteers serving with the Wehrmacht. Note the huge eagle and swastika patches on the front of their winter caps!]



[Above: This is at Dabendorf, the school of the POA/ROA, 1943.]











[Above: Recruits learn compass reading and navigation.]



[Above: POA/ROA officers pose for a group shot outside an officers school.]



[Above: General Feodor Trukhin.]



[Above: POA/ROA volunteers in Prague, May 1945.]



[Above: POA/ROA translator school. Note the translator band on their right arms beneath their bicept.]



[Above: A highly decorated Russian volunteer .]









[Above: These young Russian volunteers are all holding panzerfaust rocket launchers! 'Panzerfaust' means 'Ironfist'.]



[Above: Circa 1944.]



[Above: Russian Guard Corps pose with Greek Orthodox Catholic priest.]



[Above: A female in POA/ROA service chatting with civilians.]



[Above: POA/ROA volunteers during an exercise.]



[Above: A young POA/ROA volunteer talks with a military police officer.]



[Above: A young POA/ROA volunteer with two Eastern Peoples Bravery and Merit Awards. One in Silver and one in Bronze.]



[Above: POA/ROA volunteers.]





[Above: POA/ROA volunteer.]



[Above: Russian volunteers in camp take a moment out for festivities and song.]



[Above: European brotherhood. German, Finnish and Russian soldiers waiting for action. September 17, 1941.]





[Above: Notice the Russian boys in the background probably employed as guides or in a variety of other tasks. The Germans employed massive amounts of Russian labor, in many areas in the East the economies bustled for literally the first times ever.]



[Above: Volunteers from the Eastern Battalion being given awards, Winter 1943.]



[Above: A Russian volunteer with his family. Note that he is wearing a German issued General Assault Badge (seen below).]



[Above: General Assault Badge.]

**Photographs of General Andrey Vlasov**



[Above: October 1944.]





[Above: Vlasov with National Socialist youth leader Balder von Shirach.]



[Above: General Vlasov with Russian volunteers of the POA/ROA, 1943.]



[Above: General Vlasov at Dabendorf with POA/ROA officers. In the background is Oberst Meandrow.]





[Above: General Vlasov with Russian volunteers.]



[Above: General Vlasov with Russian volunteers.]



[Above: General Vlasov (left) and General Shilenkov (center) of the Russian Liberation Army meeting with Joseph Goebbels. Circa February 1945.]



[Above: General Trochin and General Vlasov at the POA/ROA school of Dabendorf, 1944.]



[Above: General Vlasov (third from left), Generalleutnant Georgii Nikolaevich Zhilenkov (August 2, 1910 - 1946, second from left) and Generalmajor Fedor Ivanovich Trukhina (February 19, 1896 - August 2, 1946, left) addressing officers of the POA/ROA.]



[Above: Wide shot of the picture above.]



[Above: As above, General Vlasov, now standing, addressing officers of the POA/ROA.]



[Above: From left to right, unidentified officer, General Vlasov, Generalmajor Hans-Ludwig Speth (Kommandeur 28. Jager-Division), Herbert Loch (General der Artillerie) and other unidentified officers.]



[Above: General Vlasov.]





[Above : Münsingen , February 10, 1945 . Parade of an artillery regiment . From the left: SS-Obergruppenführer Hofmann General A. A. Vlasov , General Köstring , General Bunyachenko ,Lieutenant -Colonel Zhukovski (the regiment commander), Colonel Herre. (Archives of N. V. Kozlov).]



[Above: Münsingen, February 10, 1945. Parade of the 1st division. 1) General A. A. Vlasov, 2) Colonel H. D. Herre, 3) General H. Aschenbrenner, 4) SS-Oberführer Dr E. Kröger, 5) General Wenninger (army camp chief). (Archives of N. V. Kozlov).]





[Above: Münsingen training facility, February 10, 1945, parade of the 1st division. To the left there are division officers, their names are unstated; in the center of the photo there is the commander of the 1st infantry regiment with his staff officers. (Archives of Hoover Institution).]



[Above: General Vlasov and Heinrich Himmler pictured in the Swedish edition of the popular Signal Magazine, 1943.]



[Above: A page from a French edition of Signal Magazine featuring an article on General Vlasov (top).]



[Above: A Russian magazine featuring General Vlasov.]



[Above: The blessing of the church to General Vlasov and his army of liberators, in Prague on November 1942.]

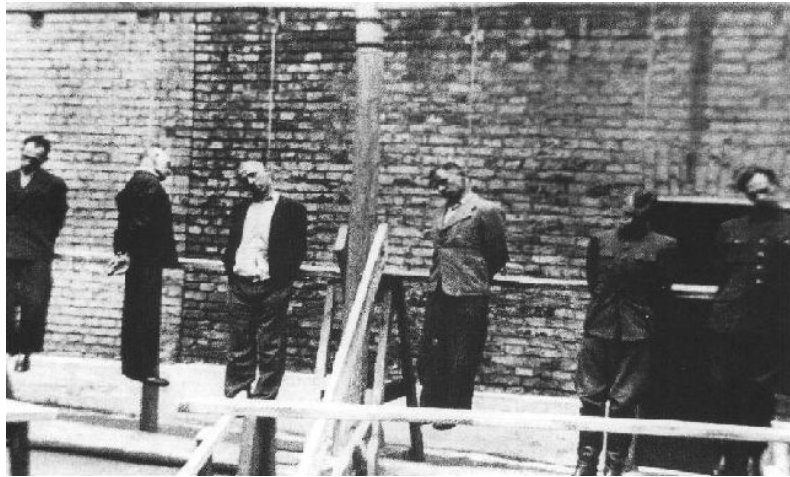


[Above: The blessing of the church to General Vlasov and his army of liberators, in Prague on November 1942.]



[Above: General Vlasov and his comrades being tried in a communist 'kangaroo court'.]





[Above: General Vlasov executed by the communists. Murdered for loving his mother Russia. On January 8, 1946 Vlasov and eleven other senior officers, martyrs all, were murdered and thrown into a mass grave on the grounds of Lublyana prison. Before his murder he told Wilfried Karl Strik-Strikfeldt (a Baltic German who worked closely with Vlasov and the Russian Liberation Army during WWII): ...one day you will tell the others that Vlasov and his friends loved their country and were not traitors. Promise me.]



[Above: Martydom.]

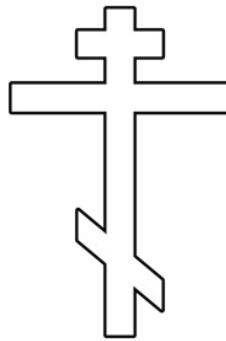


[Above: A shrine to General Vlassov in Nanuet, New York! It is located in the cemetery of Novo-Diveyevo. The monument is approximately twelve feet tall and enclosed by a low fence. It is surrounded by several hundred wooden and stone crosses, each with the Russian Orthodox cross bearing three arms. Twice annually, on the anniversary of Vlasov's execution and on the Sunday following Orthodox Easter, a memorial service is held for Vlasov and the soldiers of the Russian Liberation Army.]





[Above: Close-up. A portrait of General Vlasov, above him the symbol of the POA (Russian Liberation Army).]



[Above : The Orthodox , Byzantine or Russian (Orthodox ) Cross , also known as the Suppedaneumcross .A variation of the Christian cross, commonly found in Eastern Orthodox Churches, as well as the Eastern Catholic Churches of Byzantine rite and the Society for Eastern Rite Anglicanism.]



[Above: Russian patriots that understand the truth honor Vlasov today .]

## Russian civilians greeting German liberators



[Above: A panzer unit welcomed in Russia. Note the sign in the upper right hand corner with an eagle and swastika above it, it basically says '*cordial welcome - Heil Hitler*'.]



[Above: Circa 1941/1942. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]







[Above: German soldiers distribute christmas presents to Russian children.]







Bundesarchiv, Bild 1011-784-0470-31A  
Foto: Schwarz | 1940/1941 Dezember - Januar



Bundesarchiv, Bild 1011-110-0413-38  
Foto: Rymas (n) | 1943 Herbst



Bundesarchiv, Bild 103-826518  
Foto: Müller-Pischke | Juni 1942



Bundesarchiv, Bild 101-119-0412-20  
Fot. Rymas (V) 1945, Weisk



[Above: Friendly conversation between crew members of a Sd.Kfz. 222 and a Soviet peasant in 1941]



[Above: Children get to sit on a German motorcycle.]



[Above: An old Russian women hitches a ride aboard a German motorcycle sidecar.]







[Above: I found the poster they are looking at in the above picture! This poster, in Cyrillic, describes the life of soldiers in the Wehrmacht, Kriegsmarine and Luftwaffe. Click to enlarge.]



[Above: Wow, that is a horse's leg the Russian peasant is holding...]

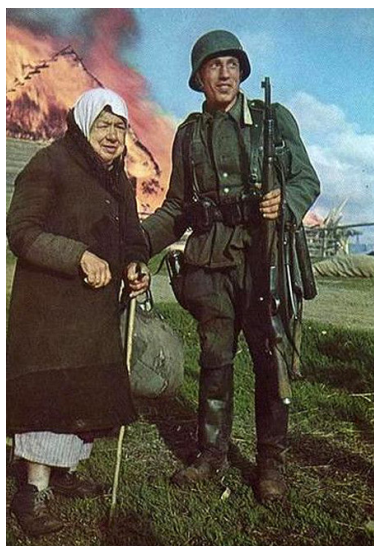


[Above: Another shot... it still even has the horseshoe on it.]





[Above: The crew of a Volkswagen Schwimmwagen from the Totenkopf Division got lost and had to ask a local woman for directions. Belgorod region, summer 1943.]





[Above: A German soldier sharing bread with a Russian orphan boy. Volkhov area, 1942.]

Posters of the Russian territories

To see more Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

Credit: Extra special thanks to Dietrich L. for the time and devotion to history in translating these forgotten gems. You rule!



[Above: 'Germany's power grows every day... this is why Germany will be victorious!']



[Above: 'The torturers are gone [in fear and trembling], and they will never be able to return.' Made for the liberated Soviet territories. Circa 1942.]



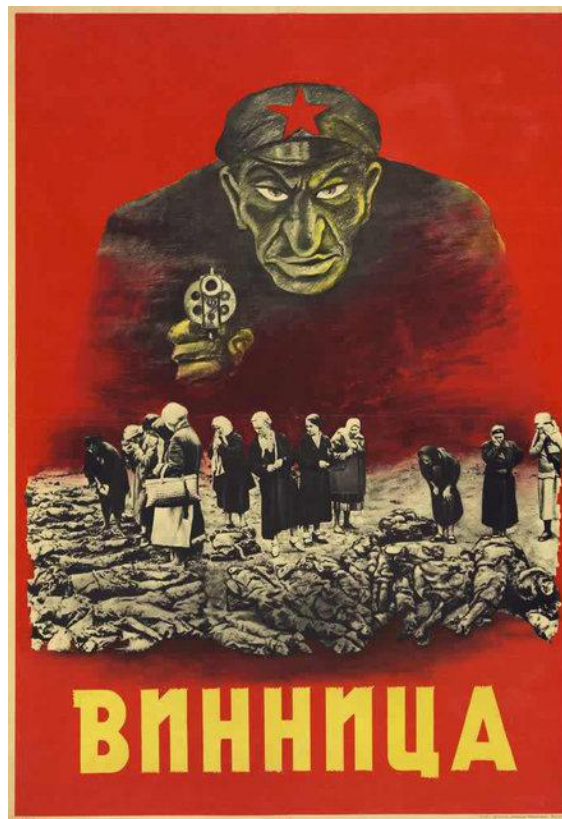


[Above: This poster says: 'Hitler the Liberator:']



[Above: This poster, in Russian, says: 'Adolf Hitler the Uniter'.']





[Above: <'Vinnitsa'.< Made in Germany for the liberated Soviet territories. Circa 1941.

The people shown on this poster are the relatives of the victims who are trying to find their loved ones amongst the unearthed corpses. This poster represents a mass murder of innocent people by the communists in the town of Vinnitsa, Ukraine.

This horrid murder spree was known as one of Stalin's 'purges' of human beings. It took place in 1937-1938. Mass graves were discovered by the Germans in 1943 after the Ukraine was liberated. Most of the victims were murdered in the local NKVD prison after being considered enemies of the communist regime. The majority were killed by a .22 caliber pistol fired into the back of the neck. Many had to be shot two or three times due to the small caliber of the bullet. 395 of the victims had their skulls broken in addition to the .22 caliber bullet (they had also been beaten to death). Nearly all of the male corpses excavated had their hands still tied. Old women were dressed, while younger female victims were naked, logic telling you that they were also raped before being murdered.

All in all, 91 mass graves were unearthed in three locations. 9,432 bodies were ultimately found. Stalin and his murderous regime, whom the Germans and their allies fought to stop until the very last man, killed upwards of 60 million human beings. That's 40,000 every week, even during peace time!!!]



[Above: Leaflet dropped on Russian troops:

Left: 'Jews, like rats, devour the wealth of your nation! Throw the Jews out of the country, the only way you'll end this senseless war!'

Right: 'Red Army Man! Jews are the most dangerous and sneakiest of vermin, undermining the foundations of our world. You fight for them, sacrificing your well being, health, and life, so they can continue to dine in style and fill their pockets. Only when the last Jew is expelled from your homeland will there be peace. Beat the Jewish brats! Destroy this scourge of humanity and you will end this war! This is the only way you can achieve a better future for your country and happiness in your life. This leaflet is considered a safe-conduct pass'.]



[Above: 'The Jew – Your Eternal Enemy

*Who brought you famine, tears, and mass murder? The Jew!*  
*Who supported Stalin the executioner? The Jew!*  
*Who seized and raped your wives and daughters? The Jew!*  
*Who drained your last drop of sweat? The Jew!*  
*Who denounced capitalists the most but has an insatiable lust for money himself? The Jew!*  
*Who wrecked your homesteads on Stalin's order? The Jew!*  
*Who tortured millions of people in NKVD cellars? The Jew!*  
*Who started the war? The Jew!*  
*Who imprisoned millions in labor camps? The Jew!*  
*Who destroyed your food supplies on Stalin's order? The Jew!*  
*Who developed the parasitic system to drain you? The Jew!*  
*Who promised you paradise but gave you hell? The Jew!*  
*Who always chose the easy task for himself, leaving the hard work for others? The Jew!*  
*Who, on Stalin's order, destroyed the workshops and factories where you earned your bread? The Jew!*  
*Who had all the best apartments? The Jew!*  
*Who destroyed your fields and made you destitute? The Jew!*  
*Who egged the nation on to war, hiding his own role? The Jew!*  
*Who profited from Bolshevik terrorism? The Jew!*  
*Who worked least and ate best? The Jew!*  
*Who, on Stalin's order, destroyed your tractors and tools? The Jew!*  
*Who, on Stalin's order, destroyed your harvest and livestock? The Jew!*  
*Who, on Stalin's order, wrecked your road networks, cutting off your food supplies? The Jew!*  
*Who devised the worst NKVD torture methods and sadistically tortured your brothers? The Jew!*

Stalin and the Jews – One Evil Gang! ]



**Wehrmacht soldier's scrapbook in the East. To see more Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)**

Nothing too exciting here, but it is what it is. It would help if we knew what and who we were looking at, but unfortunately the soldier didn't label many of the photos. Many of the people in the photos, to me at least, don't look very 'German'. What do you think?

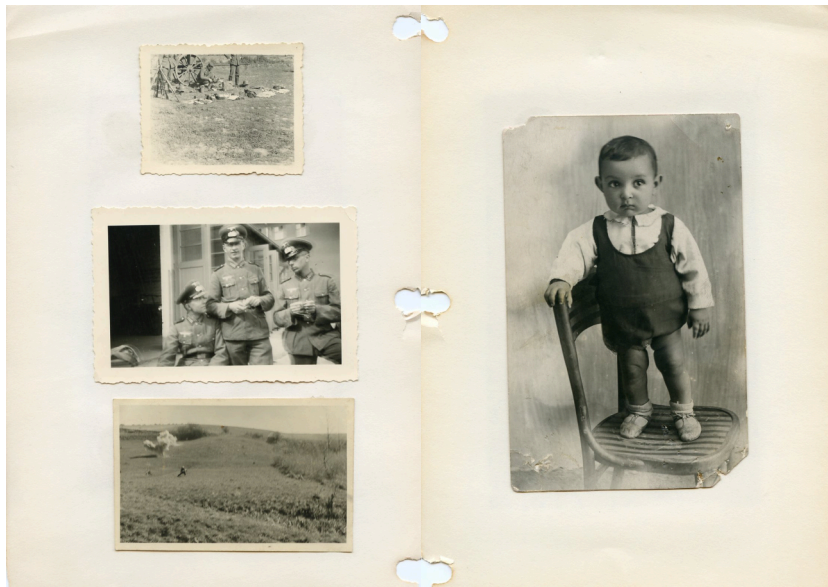


[Above: Wooden cover, unfortunately it is missing a plaque which one can still see the outline of. Perhaps it contained the soldier's name?]



[Above left: A Red Cross nurse and a woman dressed in ethnic clothing. .]





[Above right: Wow, the soldier in the above photo, to the far left, is VERY tall!]

*“I have no warlike intentions against either England or France. Nor has the German nation any such intentions. Since I have been in office I have endeavored to re-establish gradually closer relations based on mutual confidence, especially with our opponents in the Great War. I endeavored to remove all the tension once existing between Italy and Germany, and I can now state that my efforts met with complete success, and that the relations established between the two countries are steadily becoming closer and more cordial, based as they are on the close personal and friendly relations between the Duce and myself.*

*We are simply fighting for our existence. We do not believe the lies of those foolish propagandists who would make us believe that the war is aimed at a regime. Just imagine anyone saying: A country is ruled by someone who does not suit us; well then, let us go to war and fight for three years! Of course we should never think of fighting ourselves, and we hunt round the world until we find someone who will fight for us. We supply guns and ammunition, and the others supply grenadiers and soldiers, the man-power. What an utter lack of conscience! I wonder what they would say if we had ever declared:—The actual regime in France or England does not suit us and therefore we shall start a war!—What an appalling lack of conscience! And for that reason millions of men are driven to their death!”*

*Adolf Hitler, September 19, 1939...*

## Chapter Seventeen

### INDIA



[Above: Waffen-SS Free India Legion sleeve shield]

The Indian Legion was initially raised as part of the German Wehrmacht, but it was later transferred to the Waffen-SS in August 1944. Indian freedom fighter Subhas Chandra Bose founded the legion in 1941, after appealing to Adolf Hitler personally for aid. The Legion's aim was simple: India's independence. With German assistance Bose planned to take the war to the oppressor of his country -- Britain. Bose made his courageous dream a reality until his untimely death in August of 1945. He lived to be 48 years old.



[Above: A young Subhas Chandra Bose (January 23, 1897 – August 18, 1945). Founder and spiritual leader of the Wehrmacht/Waffen-SS Indian Legion and the Indian National Army (INA). He lived for some time in Berlin during the Third Reich. While it is believed that he died on August 18, 1945 in a plane crash above Taiwan, some say he never died and faked his death. His statue, in military uniform, stands in the Indian parliament with those of India's two most revered leaders: Mohandas K. Gandhi, and the country's first prime minister Jawaharlal Nehru. What are said to be his ashes are kept at Renkoji Temple near Tokyo.]



[Above: Chandra Bose and Captain Werner Musenberg on the deck of submarine U-180. In February 1943 Chandra Bose (on the right) traveled to Japan to continue his fight for India's independence. Once there he would meet Japan's Premier Hideki Tojo and the Emperor Hirohito himself. The cargo of U-boat 180 was also very significant. It contained samples of various German weapons and machine parts, a sample of quinine for future shipments to Japan (quinine is a drug used to treat malaria and was badly needed for Japan's tropical war in the Pacific), **blueprints for jet engines and V-1 and V-2 rockets**, as well as other items for Japanese technical evaluation. It is a little known fact that the Germans and Japanese were very close allies and friends. The fact that they shared their most top secret weapons and technologies is a testament to this. Below is an example of such shared technology. The German Me 163B Komet interceptor's blueprints were shared with the Japanese and used to build a Japanese version.]



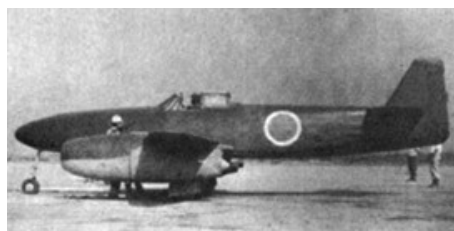
[Above: The German Me 163B Komet]



[Above: The Japanese Mitsubishi J8M Shusui. Japan manufactured this jet fighter from German blueprints even though one of the submarines carrying half of the data was sunk on its way to Japan. Top secret information was often given in multiple parts in case it was to fall into enemy hands.]

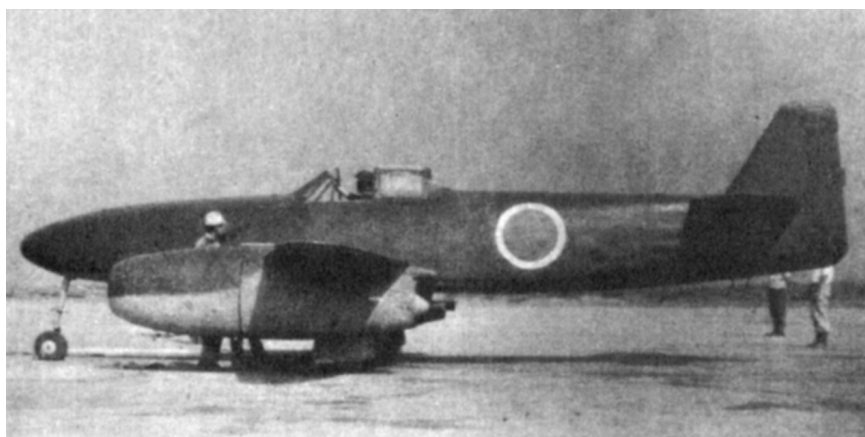


[Above: German jet Me-262, another outstanding piece of German technology freely shared with Japan.]



[Above: The 'Nakajima Kikka', a naval attack fighter. This was Japan's first jet. It was flown for the first time on July 7, 1945. It was based on the above German Me-262 jet.]

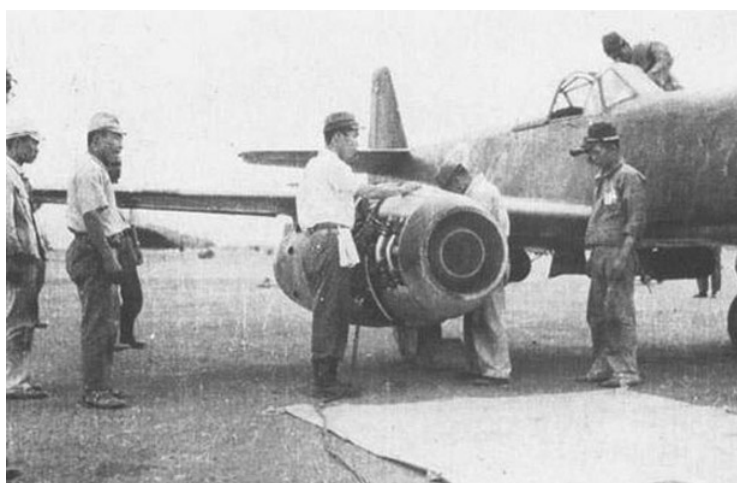




[Below: Nakajima Kikka jet fighter leaving the Nakajima factory on June 30, 1945.]

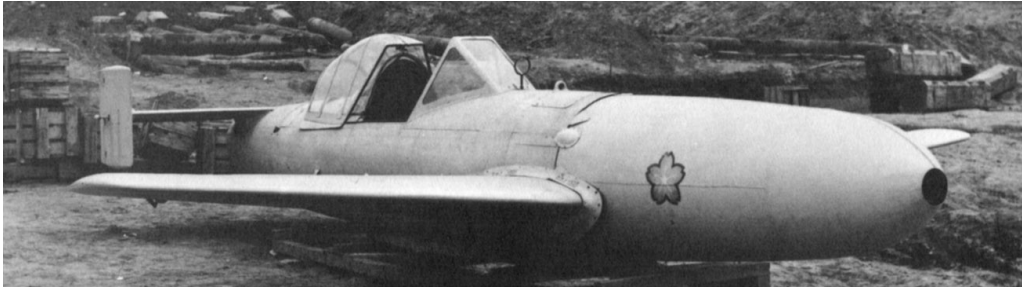


[Below: Nakajima Kikka jet fighter leaving the Nakajima factory on June 30, 1945.]



[Above: This is a piloted Japanese version of the German V-1 rocket, called the 'YokoSuka MXY7', also known as 'Cherry Blossom'. It is said to have been a kamikaze plane. Note the 'sights' in front of the windshield for aiming the plane!

[ Other images.]



[Below: This plane was captured on Okinawa]



[Below: A captured Yokosuka MXY7 'Ohka' being inspected by American soldiers.]



[Below: A captured Yokosuka MXY7 'Ohka' being inspected by American soldiers.]



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[Below: A captured Yokosuka MXY7 'Ohka' being inspected by American soldiers.]

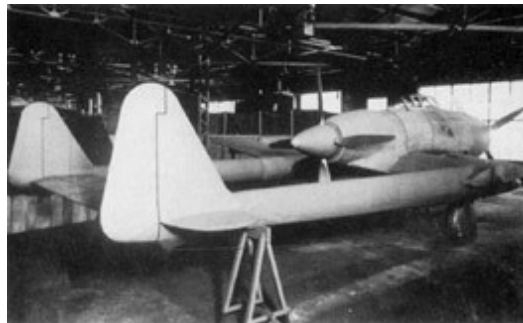
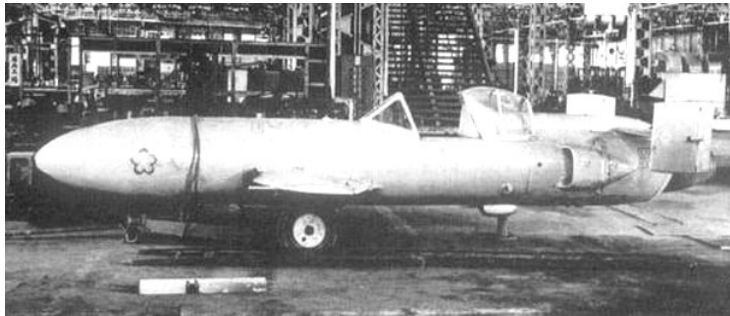




[Below: A captured Yokosuka MXY7 'Ohka' on Okinawa.]



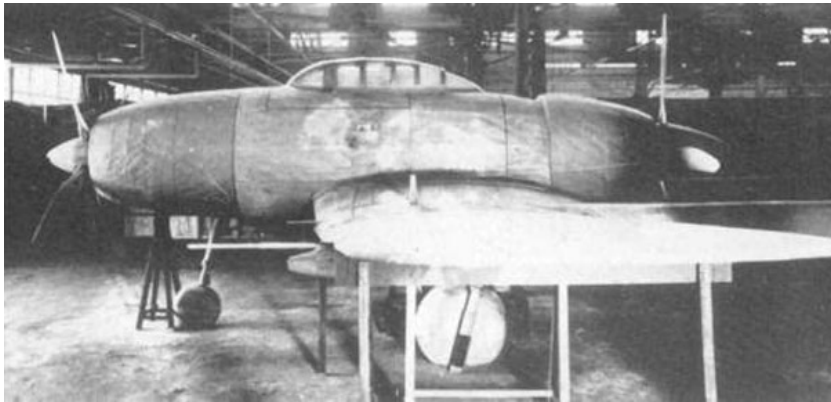
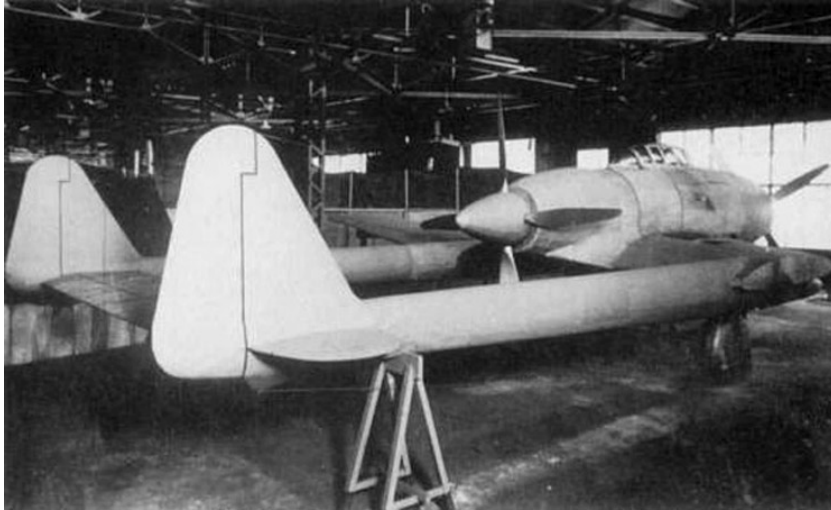
[Below: A captured Yokosuka MXY7 'Ohka'.]



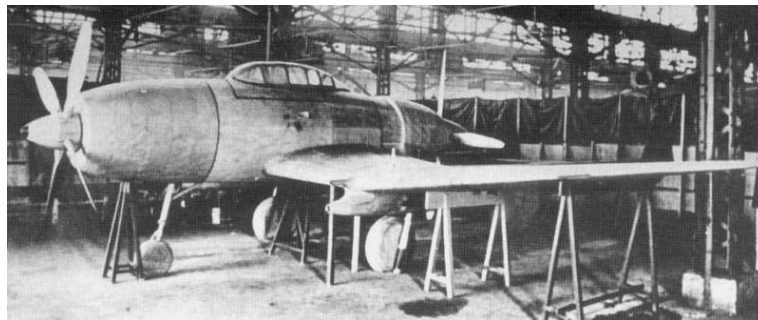
[Above: Ki-94-1 was designed by Tachikawa to intercept B 29s. It was the first twin-boom monoplane with two 1,641 kW (2,201 hp) Mitsubishi Ha211 18-cylinder engines, driving two 4-blade propellers in a push-pull configuration. It was to be equipped with two deadly 37 mm/1.46 in and two 30 mm/1.18 in cannons. It never made its maiden flight due to the end of the war.



More images]...

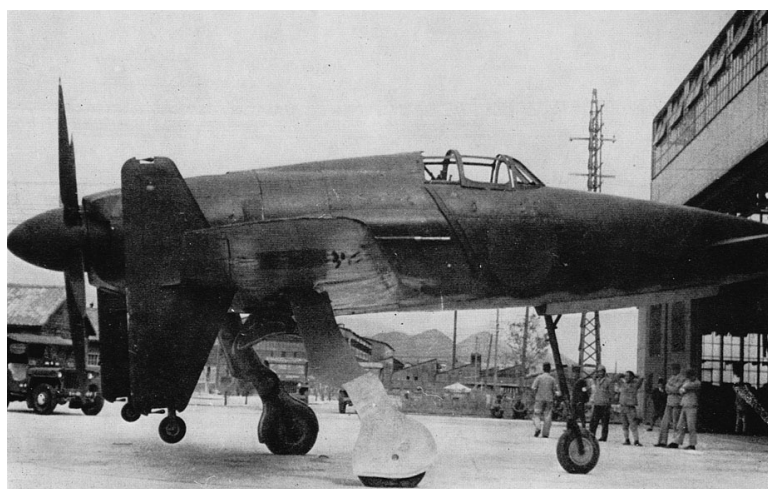


[Above & below: A full-scale wooden mock-up of the Ki-94-I.]



[Above: The Kyushu J7W1 Shinden '*Magnificent Lightning*' fighter was a propeller-driven aircraft that was built in a canard design. The wings were attached to the tail section and stabilizers were on the front. The propeller was also in the rear, in a pusher configuration. The *Magnificent Lightning* was developed by the Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) as a short-range, land-based interceptor, the J7W was a response to B-29 Superfortress raids on the Japanese home islands. For interception missions, the J7W was to be armed with four forward-firing 30 mm cannons in the nose. On August 3, 1945, the first prototype flew, two more subsequent flights were made, for a total of 45 minutes airborne. The only surviving example is a prototype dismantled by the US Navy and is currently in storage at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington DC.

Other images.]





[Below: Japanese and American engineers with the Shinden fighter, August 1945.]





[Below: Japanese and American engineers with the Shinden fighter, August 1945.]



## Nips Get Nazi Plane Plans

### But Ability to Produce Jet Doubted

By C. L. Sulzberger

Paris (NYT) — Detailed blueprints of the German Air Forces' latest and most powerful jet-propelled fighter plane, the Messerschmitt 262, are in Japan, presumably being studied by Japanese scientific and engineering experts.

These plans were sent to Japan by Hitler's personal order in a U-boat early this year. It is believed that similar blueprints of Germany's revenge weapons, V-1 and V-2, also were given the Japanese.

It is considered unlikely that the Japanese will be able to do much with these blueprints. No German construction experts accompanied them, and it is claimed by the Nazis that no Japanese ever flew an M-262.

This plane, which is amazingly fast and heavily armed, was used only on a very small scale because its original production schedule was delayed by Hitler's insistence that it be redesigned into what the Fuehrer dreamily referred to as a "blitzbomber."

German scientists feverishly were experimenting on new secret weapons when the war ended. Among the most dangerous were atomic energy tests conducted under the supervision of a certain Professor Esau.

## 'German Jets Far Superior'

### Ace Says They'll Fly Rings Around Ours

(P)—Lieut. Col. Francis Gabreski, of Oil City, Pa., the fighter ace of the United States Air Force in Europe, says German jet planes are far ahead of American types.

On that testimony, we'll have to keep our eyes peeled in the Pacific, because former Nazi Air Chief Goering claims that blueprints of German jet-craft were turned over to the Japs, and the Tokyo Radio has been boasting about performance of a Messerschmidt 262 jet-propelled fighter.

Colonel Gabreski, with 28 Jerries in the air and three more on the ground to his credit, tried a German jet and he says it will fly rings around ours.

[Above: American newspaper article.]



The Japanese met the raiders  
with jet-propelled fighters, which  
B-29 crewmen said flashed across  
the sky like great balls of fire.

[Above: American newspaper article from the 'Evening World Herald', from Omaha Nebraska, circa April 14, 1945.

**Next page see Full article.**

## 'B-29's Leave Jap Imperial Palace Afire'

### Bombing Blasts Toss Superfortresses Mile in Air, Fliers Report

(AP)—The greatest B-29 raiding force yet struck the arsenal area of Tokyo early Saturday with fire bombs, causing explosions which pilots said were heard more than one hundred miles away.

Explosive blasts bounced the 60-ton Superfortresses as much as one mile upwards through the air, pilots said. They and crewmen unanimously agreed it was "a very successful raid."

Enemy headquarters asserted the Meiji Shrine, one of Japan's major Shinto shrines, was destroyed, and fires started in the Imperial Palace and the detached Akasaka Palace.

Radio Tokyo said their Imperial Majesties were not harmed by the palace fires. The broadcast reported Premier Baron Admiral Kantaro Suzuki called at the Imperial Palace and Omiya Palace, residence of the Empress Dowager, and paid his respects to their majesties. Later "he worshipped at the site of the Meiji Shrine, expressing an apology."

The Japanese met the raiders with jet-propelled fighters, which B-29 crewmen said flashed across the sky like great balls of fire.

At Washington, the Twentieth Air Force reported that six aircraft were missing in the Tokyo attack. The communique did not specify whether they were bombers or escorting fighters.

Beginning at 12:30 a. m., Japan time (10:30 a. m. Friday, central war time), the sky giants from Marianas bases poured thousands of tons of incendiaries on the choicest targets thus far attacked in the enemy capital—a five-mile-square area containing arsenals, chemical plants and explosives factories.

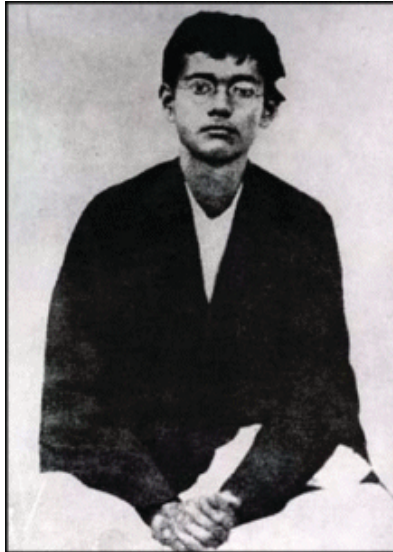
The raiding force was officially described as of "very great strength," which probably means as many as four hundred planes.

Brig. Gen. Thomas S. Power of Fort Worth, Tex., who cruised over the city nearly two hours after the raid, said it looked as if "the boys did a good job, but I wouldn't want to estimate the damage until we see the photographs."

Radio Tokyo reported fires continued to rage several hours after the assault, but said the first of the conflagrations was brought under control by dawn.

The target area, six miles north of the Imperial Palace, has a population of 30 thousand or more persons to the square mile and includes the famous Itabashi Arsenal. On its fringes are countless home industries doing piece-work for war.

### Read Chandra Bose's farewell message to U-boat 180



*'For a civilian, life in general within a U-boat is not very comfortable. However, I cannot claim this myself. The commander, the officers and the entire crew not only spoiled me throughout the voyage, but turned it into a happy experience.*

*From the first time I came aboard, I wondered, how I would endure this long time within such cramped circumstances.*

*Now the time of parting comes, and it is no exaggeration to confess that I have the feeling that I am leaving a comfortable home with a heavy heart. Also nature was merciful to us and we could absorb and admire some unforgettable beauties of the sea and sky during the trip.*

*We give our wholehearted thanks to the officers and men, in particular the Commandant, for always showing us friendship and being helpful during the whole trip. We wish the boat U 180 a happy and proud homecoming into her base, decorated with victory pennants and garlands. The sun and the stars may bear witness to the strikes that this boat will deliver to our common enemy. When we have succeeded in striking England in the distant Far Eastern Front, then we will always think back with joy to this trip on U 180, that leads us to victory and to freedom.'*

*[Signed]*

*Subhas Chandra Bose*

*(April 26, 1943)*

Located on the island of Penang (Malaysia) was a major base for the Indian National Army. It is believed to have been occupied by up to 10,000 men (in 1942), which had joined the Axis cause. One feature at this base was a training school, the 'Swaraj Institute', which sent agents into India for espionage and propaganda work.



[Above: This envelope, sent on December 15, 1968, bears two commemorative Azad Hind (Free India) stamps for the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the 'Azad Hind Government,' bearing Subhas Chandra Bose's image. Strange to see a post World War Two image honoring ANYTHING Axis related huh? But it's common in India. Over the years they've built hundreds of statues of Bose and showered his image on products galore. An Indian person told me about how even cafes and other businesses were commonly named 'Azad Hind' so and so.]



[Above: Here's one example of the widespread use of 'Azad Hind', as talked about above. This lock is from sometime shortly after WWII.]



[Above: Even more strange than the Azad Hind lock, this one sports an engraving of Chandra Bose and Gandhi! Believe it or not many copies of this lock were sold, each one hand engraved, some better than others, some you can barely tell what it is.]



[Above: Can you see Bose? He's on the left -- look at his round glasses! Gandhi is on the right with his arm raised...]



[Above: Here's another one with just Chandra Bose on it. Note on the top of the lock it says '*Subhas Babu*'. Babu was an honorific title and a term of endearment for a loved one.]



[Above: Close-up. It shows Chandra Bose waving a flag.]



## Chapter Eighteen PALESTINE



# PALESTINE



[Above: 1942 coin from Palestine]



[Above: A German Third Reich postcard of the Balkans and the Middle East (Palestine is near the bottom right written under its German name 'Palestina'). Publisher Kyffhäuser-Verlag, Berlin W 30.]

# Grand Mufti Amin al-Husayni

*'...all Arab nations will join the Axis and they will fight against our common enemy: the Anglo-Jewish coalition.'*

-The Grand Mufti el-Husseini, from a January 22, 1941 letter to Adolf Hitler.



[Above: The Grand Mufti Haj Mohammed Effendi Amin el-Husseini of Jerusalem (1897 - July 4, 1974).

El-Husseini was an honored and highly respected Palestinian Arab nationalist and Muslim leader. An ally of Germany and the Axis, he used his extremely influential position to help Germany recruit Muslims into the Waffen-SS. He personally met with Adolf Hitler several times during the war. As a historical note, he is also the uncle of Yasser Arafat. Commando extraordinaire Otto Skorzeny met with al-Husayni several times and considered him *'One of the most amazing men I ever met'*. He described him as a visually *'striking man'*, with blue eyes and a long white beard.

('Otto Skorzeny - My Commando Operations - The Memoirs of Hitler's Most Daring Commando'. First published in 1975.)]



[Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop (April 30, 1893 – October 16, 1946), April 1, 1938]

Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop was honored to have the Mufti visit Germany:

*'...Ribbentrop expressed his pleasure at seeing the Mufti here. Even as a child his imagination had often been captivated by the idea and personality of the Mufti and in later years he had followed his activities more closely still, for he had become to some extent a mystical personality. As a nationalist he felt much sympathy for such a dauntless champion of his people, who had never given up the struggle.'*

-Adolf Hitler: Anti-Racist!

The Myth of Aryan Evil Exploded and the Real Roots of Racial Hatred Exposed, pg. 9, Anglo-Hebrew Publishing, England (cited from: FO 371/52585, pages 53-54)

Ribbentrop, like Adolf Hitler, was sympathetic to the Arab struggle:

*'Finally the Foreign Minister asked the Mufti to expound this train of thought again in detail during the coming conversation with Hitler and he assured the Mufti, who asked him to speak to Hitler on the matter of the statement, of his warmest sympathies for the Arab people.'*

-Adolf Hitler: Anti-Racist!

The Myth of Aryan Evil Exploded and the Real Roots of Racial Hatred Exposed, pg. 9, Anglo-Hebrew Publishing, England (cited from: FO 371/52585, pg. 58)



[Above: Here el-Husseini is meeting with Adolf Hitler.]



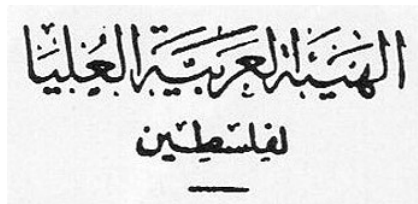
[Above: Here a soldier from the Waffen-SS division 'Handshar' pins up a picture of the Grand Mufti.]

*'Woe to the wavering, the feeble in faith!  
 Woe to him who is as a feather in the breeze!  
 Woe to him who is unstable, irresolute!  
 Arabs and Moslems, fortify yourselves with your faith!  
 Faith is a fundamental element of victory.  
 Sacrifice for your God and country.'*

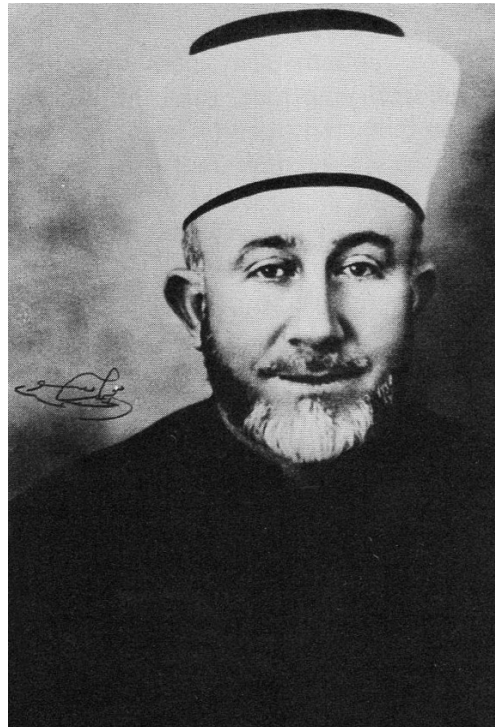
-The Grand Mufti el-Husseini, in a Berlin broadcast in Arabic to North Africa, October 1943

Pictures of The Grand Mufti and Muslim volunteers of the Waffen SS,

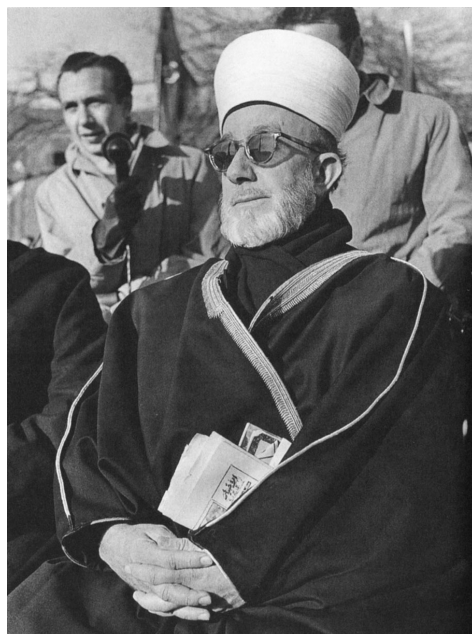
To see more Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)



[Above: Arabic letterhead of the Grand Mufti: "Arab Higher Committee for Palestine".]



[Above: Extremely rare signed photograph of the Grand Mufti.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti.]





[Above: Here is a rare color photo of the Grand Mufti.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti and Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig, the German Waffen-SS officer who commanded the 13th SS Division Handschar]



[Above: The Mufti and Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig (far left), Neuhammer, Saxony, 1943.]

SS-Brigadeführer and Generalmajor of the Waffen-SS Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig, commander of the Handschar Division, had this to say to his men before the division entered into Bosnia in mid-February 1944:

*'We have now reached the Bosnian frontier and will [soon] begin the march into the homeland.*

*I was recently able to travel throughout almost all of Bosnia. What I saw shocked me. The fields lay uncultivated, the villages burned out and destroyed. The few remaining inhabitants live in cellars or underground shelters. Misery reigns in the refugee camps as I've never before seen in my life. This must be changed through swift and energetic action.*

*The necessity of our task has only become greater through what I have witnessed. The task demands that each and every one of you perform your duty - only then can we carry it out. The Führer has provided you with his best weapons. Not only do you [have these] in your hands, but above all you have an idea in your hearts - to liberate the homeland.*

*I also saw some of your fathers. Their eyes, when I told them that I was your division commander, shined as brightly as yours...*

*Before long, each of you shall be standing in the place that you call home, as a soldier and a gentleman; standing firm as a defender of the idea of saving the culture of Europe - the idea of Adolf Hitler.*

*I wish every one of you "soldier's luck" and know... that you will be loyal until the end.'*



Bundesarchiv, Bild 146-1970-041-00  
Foto: Meike / November 1943

[Above: This picture shows the Grand Mufti and SS Brigadefuehrer Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig (the commander of the Bosnian Muslim Nazi Waffen-SS Division Handschar). The photo was taken in Yugoslavia in 1943. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]





[Above: The Grand Mufti and SS Brigadefuehrer Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti and SS Brigadefuehrer Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti.]





[Above: The Grand Mufti and SS Brigadefuehrer Karl-Gustav Sauberzweig.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti poses with officers and soldiers of the Waffen-SS Handschar Division. November, 1943. The Grand Mufti visited the division during its time at Neuhammer Training Grounds.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti with the leader of the SS Heinrich Himmler.]





[Above: The Grand Mufti with the leader of the SS Heinrich Himmler. Circa 1943.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti and Himmler. Poor quality picture, but interesting nonetheless.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers in November 1943]



[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers in November 1943]



[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers in November 1943]



[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers in November 1943]



Bundesarchiv, Bild 146-1974-059-40  
Foto: Gosling | November 1943

[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers at the firing range in November 1943. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers operating an anti-aircraft gun. To the left of the Grand Mufti is Sturmabannführer Hussein Džozo (wearing the fez).]



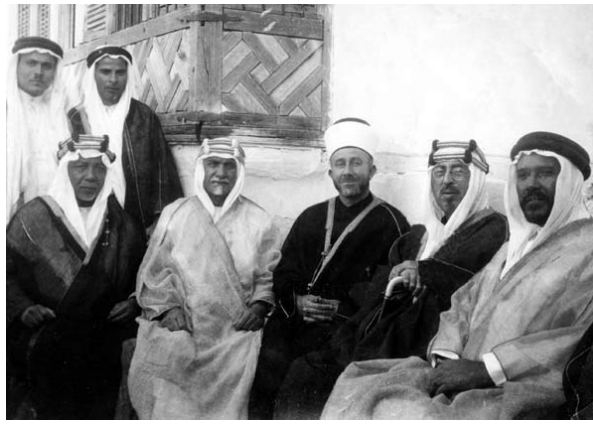
[Above: The Grand Mufti inspecting Bosnian Waffen-SS volunteers at the firing range in November 1943.]



[Above: There wasn't much to smile about in the Arab/Aryan/Asian/African struggle for independence, but the Mufti found a moment to smile here. I imagine you sitting down in front of him, at his beckons. You shake his hand and sit before a man who was called '*One of the most amazing men I ever met*', by one of the greatest soldiers of any war, Otto Skorzeny. His wise blue eyes look into yours. He senses your weariness. All of the hells from 2019 and beyond weigh heavy on your shoulders. He puts his firm hand on your shoulder and assures you, with a confident warm smile,

*'Lay your burderns unto me, comrade, and I shall share with you the burdens of my war. For our great war never ended, and is yours now. They are the same age old battle. For freedom.'*





[Above: This picture is entitled 'Atassi, Husayni and Arslan in Saudi Arabia.']



[Above: The Mufti reviewing soldiers of the Waffen-SS 13th Division during training exercises.]



[Above: Haj Amin al-Husseini and Croatian politician and writer Mile Budak, in Sarajevo, 1943.]



[Above: The Mufti meeting with Adolf Hitler.]



[Above: The Mufti meeting with Adolf Hitler.]



[Above: The Mufti with unknown others in front of the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, mid-1920s.]

## Read the words and writings of The Grand Mufti

### Summons to an Intifada Against Britain

A "Fatwa" Issued by Haj Amin al-Husseini, May 10, 1941

(Translated from: "Oriente Modemo," 1941, pp. 552-553; broadcast over the Iraqi and Axis radios.)

*In the name of Merciful and Almighty God.*

*I invite all my Moslem brothers throughout the whole world to join in the Holy War for God, for the defense of Islam and her lands against her enemy. O Faithful, obey and respond to my call.*

*O Moslems!*

*Proud Iraq has placed herself in the vanguard of this Holy Struggle, and has thrown herself against the strongest enemy of Islam certain that God will grant her victory.*

*The English have tried to seize this Arab-Moslem land, but she has risen, full of dignity and pride to defend her safety, to fight for her honor and to safeguard her integrity. Iraq fights the tyranny which has always had as its aim the destruction of Islam in every land. It is the duty of all Moslems to aid Iraq in her struggle and to seek every means to fight the enemy, the traditional traitor in every age and every situation.*

*Whoever knows the history of the East has everywhere seen the hand of the English working to destroy the Ottoman Empire and to divide the Arab countries. British politics toward the Arab people is masked under a veil of hypocrisy. The minute she sees her chance, England squeezes the prostrate country in her Imperialist grasp, adding futile justifications. She creates discord and division within a country and while feeding it in secret openly she assumes the role of advisor and trusted friend.*

*The time when England could deceive the peoples of the East is passed. The Arab Nation and the Moslem people have awakened to fight British domination. The English have overthrown the Ottoman Empire, have destroyed Moslem rule in India, inciting one community against another; they stifled the Egyptian awakening, the dream of Mohammed Ali, colonizing Egypt for half a century. They took advantage of the weakening of the Ottoman Empire to stretch out their hands and use every sort of trick to take possession of many Arab countries as happened to Aden, the 9 Districts, the Hadramut, Oman, Masqat and the Emirates of the Persian Gulf and Transjordan. The vivid proof of the imperialistic designs of the British is to be found in Moslem Palestine which, although promised by England to Sheriff Hussein has had to submit to the outrageous infiltration of Jews, shameful politics designed to divide Arab-Moslem countries of Asia from those of Africa.*

*In Palestine the English have committed unheard of barbarisms; among others, they have profaned the el-Aqsa Mosque and have declared the most unyielding war against Islam, both in deed and in word. The Prime Minister at that time told Parliament that the world would never see peace as long as the Koran existed. What hatred against Islam is stronger than that which publicly declares the Sacred Koran an enemy of human kind? Should such sacrilege go unpunished? After the dissolution of the Moslem Empire in India and of the Ottoman Caliphate, England, adhering to the policy of Gladstone, pursued her work of destruction to Islam depriving many Islamic States both in the East and in the West of their freedom and independence. The number of Moslems who today live under the rule of England and invoke liberation from their terrible yoke exceeds 220,000,000.*

*Therefore I invite you, O Brothers, to join in the War for God to preserve Islam, your independence and your lands from English aggression. I invite you to bring all your weight to bear in helping Iraq that she may throw off the shame that torments her. O Heroic Iraq, God is with Thee, the Arab Nation and the Moslem World are solidly with Thee in Thy Holy Struggle!*

*After meeting with Adolf Hitler in Berlin on November 21, 1941, Haj Amin al Husseini recorded in his own handwriting his meeting with Hitler in his diary:*

*The words of the Führer on the 6th of Zul Qaada 1360 of the Hejira (which falls on the 21st of November 1941) Berlin, Friday, from 4:30 P.M. till a few minutes after 6. The objectives of my fight are clear. Primarily, I am fighting the Jews without respite, and this fight includes the fight against the so-called Jewish National Home in Palestine because the Jews want to establish there a central government for their own pernicious purposes, and to undertake a devastating and ruinous expansion at the expense of the governments of the world and of other peoples. It is clear that the Jews have accomplished nothing in Palestine and their claims are lies. All the accomplishments in Palestine are due to the Arabs and not to the Jews. I am resolved to find a solution for the Jewish problem, progressing step by step without cessation. With regard to this I am making the necessary and right appeal, first to all the European countries and then to countries outside of Europe.*

*It is true that our common enemies are Great Britain and the Soviets whose principles are opposed to ours. But behind them stands hidden Jewry which drives them both. Jewry has but one aim in both these countries. We are now in the midst of a life and death struggle against both these nations. This fight will not only determine the outcome of the struggle between National Socialism and Jewry, but the whole conduct of this successful war will be of great and positive help to the Arabs who are engaged in the same struggle.*

*This is not only an abstract assurance.\* A mere promise would be of no value whatsoever. But assurance which rests upon a conquering force is the only one which has real value. In the Iraqi campaign, for instance, the sympathy of the whole German people was for Iraq. It was our aim to help Iraq, but circumstances prevented us from furnishing actual help. The German people saw in them (in the Iraqis-Ed.) comrades in suffering because the German people too have suffered as they have. All the help we gave Iraq was not sufficient to save Iraq from the British forces. For this reason it is necessary to underscore one thing: in this struggle which will decide the fate of the Arabs I can now speak as a man dedicated to an ideal and as a military leader and a soldier. Everyone united in this great struggle who helps to bring about its successful outcome, serves the common cause and thus serves the Arab cause. Any other view means weakening the military situation and thus offers no help to the Arab cause. Therefore it is necessary for us to decide the steps which can help us against world Jewry, against Communist Russia and England, and which among them can be most useful. Only if we win the war will the hour of deliverance also be the hour of fulfillment of Arab aspirations.*

*The situation is as follows: We are conducting the great struggle to open the way to the North of the Caucasus. The difficulties involved are more than transportation because of the demolished railways and roads and because of winter weather. And if I venture in these circumstances to issue a declaration with regard to Syria, then the pro-de Gaulle elements in France will be strengthened and this might cause a revolt in France. These men (the French) will be convinced then that joining Britain is more advantageous and the detachment of Syria is a pattern to be followed in the remainder of the French Empire. This will strengthen de Gaulle's stand in the colonies. If the declaration is issued now, difficulties will arise in Western Europe which will cause the diversion of some (German-Ed.) forces for defensive purposes, thus preventing us from sending all our forces to the East. Now I am going to tell you something I would like you to keep secret. First, I will keep up my fight until the complete destruction of the Judeo-Bolshevik rule has been accomplished.*

*Second, during the struggle (and we don't know when victory will come, but probably not in the far future) we will reach the Southern Caucasus.*

*Third, then I would like to issue a declaration; for then the hour of the liberation of the Arabs will have arrived. Germany has no ambitions in this area but cares only to annihilate the power which produces the Jews.*

*Fourth, I am happy that you have escaped and that you are now with the Axis powers. The hour will strike when you will be the lord of the supreme word and not only the conveyer of our declarations. You will be the man to direct the Arab force and at that moment I cannot imagine what would happen to the Western peoples.*

*Fifth, I think that with this Arab advance begins the dismemberment of the British world. The road from Rostov to Iran and Iraq is shorter than the distance from Berlin to Rostov. We hope next year to smash this barrier. It is better then and not now that a declaration should be issued as (now) we cannot help in anything.*



*I understand the Arab desire for this (declaration-Ed.), but His Excellency the Mufti must understand that only five years after I became President of the German government and Führer of the German people, was I able to get such a declaration (the Austrian Union-Ed.), and this because military forces prevented me from issuing such a declaration. But when the German Panzer tanks and the German air squadrons reach the Southern Caucasus, then will be the time to issue the declaration.*

*He said (in reply to a request that a secret declaration or a treaty be made) that a declaration known to a number of persons cannot remain secret but will become public. I (Hitler) have made very few declarations in my life, unlike the British who have made many declarations. If I issue a declaration, I will uphold it. Once I promised the Finnish Marshal that I would help his country if the enemy attacks again. This word of mine made a stronger impression than any written declaration.*

*Recapitulating, I want to state the following to you: When we shall have arrived in the Southern Caucasus, then the time of the liberation of the Arabs will have arrived. And you can rely on my word.*

*We were troubled about you. I know your life history. I followed with interest your long and dangerous journey. I was very concerned about you. I am happy that you are with us now and that you are now in a position to add your strength to the common cause.*

*Source: The Arab Higher Committee: The Documentary Record.*

*Ministry of Foreign Affairs*

*Berlin, April 28, 1942*

*Your Eminence:*

*In response to your letter and to the accompanying communication of His Excellency, Prime Minister Raschid Ali El Gailani, and confirming the terms of our conversation, I have the honor to inform you:*

*The German Government appreciates fully the confidence of the Arab peoples in the Axis Powers in their aims and in their determination to conduct the fight against the common enemy until victory is achieved. The German Government has the greatest understanding for the national aspirations of the Arab countries as have been expressed by you both and the greatest sympathy for the sufferings of your peoples under British oppression.*

*I have therefore the honor to assure you, in complete agreement with the Italian Government, that the independence and freedom of the suffering Arab countries presently subjected to British oppression, is also one of the aims of the German Government.*

*Germany is consequently ready to give all her support to the oppressed Arab countries in their fight against British domination, for the fulfillment of their national aim to independence and sovereignty and for the destruction of the Jewish National Home in Palestine.*

*As previously agreed, the content of this letter should be maintained absolutely secret until we decide otherwise. I beg your Eminence to be assured of my highest esteem and consideration.*

*To His Eminence (Signed) Ribbentrop the Grossmufti of Palestine Amin El Hussein.*

*Source: The Arab Higher Committee: The Documentary Record. Original German, p. 439.*

*The Mufti Asks Arab Americans Not to Support FDR*  
*ADDRESS TO AMERICAN ARABS*

*Excerpts from a Radio Speech by Haj Amin al-Husseini*  
*March 19, 1943, in Rome*

*The Arabs and Moslems will not be deceived by Britain once again because not only have they known its true intentions but they have also known those of Britain's allies-America-and I want to draw the attention of the Arab emigrants in America to this fact, reminding them of their glorious past when they supported the National movement. I would also like to remind them that their efforts will be wasted if, God forbid, America and her Allies may be victorious in this War because at such a time the Arabs will never rise again. I therefore know that those Arab emigrants in America will refrain from helping Roosevelt or taking part in a war which he brought on to his country.*

*If those Allies win this war the Jewish influence will be the arbiter in the world resources and one can thus imagine the future of the Arabs and Moslems, and the dangers which they are exposed to in their fatherlands and beliefs if the Jews and their Allies dominate them and spread the latent hatred on to them. Then the world will become Hell--God forbid: But Allah is too just and merciful to grant such murderous violators any victory. We are sure that victory will be ours and that of our friends. We have not the slightest doubt about that, we shall not slacken our struggle nor will we be deterred or silenced. Do not be deceived by the allegations of your enemies, because you know full well about their intrigues, and be sure that the nation which fights, sacrifices and awaits will be the victorious one in the end.*

*Source: The Arab War Effort, A Documented Account*

*November 2, 1943, message from Heinrich Himmler to an anti-Balfour Declaration meeting:*

*To the Grand Mufti:*

*The National Socialist Movement of Greater Germany has, since its beginning, inscribed upon its flag the fight against world Jewry. It has, therefore, followed with particular sympathy the struggle of the freedom-loving Arabians, especially in Palestine, against the Jewish interlopers. It is in the recognition of this enemy and of the common struggle against him that lies the firm foundation of the natural alliance that exists between National-Socialist-Greater Germany and the freedom-loving Moslems of the whole world. In this spirit I am sending you on the anniversary of the infamous Balfour Declaration my hearty greetings and wishes for the successful pursuit of your struggle until the certain final victory.*

*Signed: Reichsführer-S.S. Heinrich Himmler*

*Source: The Arab Higher Committee The Documentary Record.*

# Muslims and Islam

Islam is not the enemy of the West. Nor are Muslims the enemy of the white race, despite the brainless propaganda touting such. During WWII thousands of Muslims and Arabs fought beside their German friends. The great undying cause of truth and freedom is shared between all peoples.

The Arab world, much like India and all over the world, was extremely supportive of Adolf Hitler:  
*'In 1939 the Moslem University of Aligarh was said to be displaying 'pro-Nazi propaganda'.  
 One Indian university professor published a pamphlet extolling Hitler as a great friend of Islam!'*  
 -Adolf Hitler: Anti-Racist!

The Myth of Aryan Evil Exploded and the Real Roots of Racial Hatred Exposed, pg. 9, Anglo-Hebrew Publishing, England (cited from: Jewish Chronicle, July 21, 1939, pg. 26)

Germany and the Arab world shared a longtime friendship. One of cooperation, understanding and respect. In January 1944 Heinrich Himmler met with a group of Bosnian Muslim military commanders in Silesia. What he said to them is very telling:

*'What is there to separate the Muslims in Europe and around the world from us Germans? We have common aims. There is no more solid basis for cooperation than common aims and common ideals. For 200 years, Germany has not had the slightest conflict with Islam.*

*Germany had been friends with Islam, not just for pragmatic reasons but out of conviction. God — "you say Allah, it is the same" — had sent the Führer, who would first free Europe and then the entire world of the Jews.'*

(The Swastika and the Crescent, by David Motadel)

But actions speak much louder than words. During Germany's crusade to free Russia from monstrous communism, and its entry into the Caucasus and the Crimea, the Wehrmacht was tasked with reviving Islamic culture and religion, which had been stamped out by communism.

Upon arriving in the North Caucasus, for example, Wehrmacht officers set about reopening and rebuilding mosques and reestablishing religious holidays and celebrations.

The German liberators lifted the bans on public displays of Arabic and Koranic script in public, which had been banned by the Soviet occupiers. Muslim leaders welcomed the German armies as friends and liberators. Freedom of religion was restored by the sons of the swastika.



[Above: This Arabic poster reads 'Long Live Hitler'.]

In Africa the Germans and the Arab people were both allies and friends. The German government, in accordance with Arab and Muslim leaders, printed leaflets which they spread throughout the Arabic population, telling the people that they must help fight for their liberation. One such leaflet, from 1943 in Arabic, was printed in one million copies and said:

*'O Arabs, do you see that the time of the Dajjal [comparable to the Antichrist, an end times figure -ed.] has come? Do you recognize him, the fat, curly-haired Jew who deceives and rules the whole world and who steals the land of the Arabs? O Arabs, do you know the servant of God? He [Hitler] has already appeared in the world and already turned his lance against the Dajjal and his allies... He will kill the Dajjal, as it is written, destroy his places and cast his allies into hell.'*

The Grand Mufti Haj Mohammed el-Husseini of Jerusalem, was an iron ally of Germany and the Axis. Like many other Muslims, he lived in Germany in exile during the war. Adolf Hitler personally promised him that he would liberate the Arab peoples.

The Mufti admired Germany and had great respect for the German people. He said that Germans were *'a people with boldness, perseverance, toughness, and a love of order'* and declared that *'Every Muslim throughout the world is a friend of the Germans.'*

Even after the war, the Arab people did not forget the Germans' sacrifice and commitment to them. They opened up their hearts and their doors to thousands of Germans fleeing the murderous, bloodthirsty Allies. They helped these Germans obtain new identities, gave them jobs and new lives. One such person was the German Johann von Leers.

# Johann von Leers



[Above: Dr. Johann von Leers.]

Dr. Johann von Leers (January 25, 1902 – March 5, 1965) was a devoted National Socialist and Old Fighter for the cause. He was a professor and propaganda ministry official and was also an honorary Sturmbannführer in the Waffen-SS.

After the war he converted to Islam and changed his name to Omar Amin von Leers. He served in the Egyptian Information Department and was even an advisor to the president of Egypt, Gamal Abdel Nasser.

In the May 29, 1953 issue of the Deutschland-Brief, von Leers praised the natural affinities between the German and Arab peoples. He wrote:

*"[...] This is no doubt due to the moving humanitarian reception which hundreds, perhaps thousands of German refugees, found after the war among the Muslims of the Middle East. Islam's simple all-God doctrine which is not tied to Judaism, and its enmity against the Jews, won the allegiance of many of these refugees. The repercussions are gradually being felt in Germany."*

There were a number of notable German Muslims during the Third Reich and many other Germans who converted to Islam after the war.

## **German NSDAP members who converted to Islam after the war:**

Altern, Erich. Post-war name: Ali Bella. Was a Regional Chief of the SD and worked within the Jewish Affairs office in Galicia. In the 1950s he worked in Egypt as an instructor in Palestinian camps.

Appler, Hans. Post-war name: Sakah Chaffar. Worked with Goebbels in the Information Services. In Egypt in 1956 he was the Minister of Information.

Bartel, Franz. Post-war name: El Hussein. He was the Assistant Chief of the Kattowitz Gestapo (Poland). After the war, starting in 1959, he was in charge of Jewish Affairs of the Ministry of Information in Cairo.

Baurnann, ?. SS Standartenführer. Helped crush the communist/Jewish Warsaw uprising. After the war held the post of Minister of War in Cairo and was an instructor for the FLP (Liberation Front of Palestine).

Becher, Hans. Gestapo Jewish affairs, Vienna. After the war he lived in Alexandria, Egypt and became a police instructor.

Beissner, Dr Wilhelm. Section Chief VI C 13 RSHA. After the war he lived in Egypt.

Bender, Bernhardt. Post-war name: Bechir Ben Salah. Gestapo, Warsaw. After the war he was a police consultant in Cairo.

Birgel, Werner. Post-war name: El Gamin. SS Officer. Relocated to Cairo, Egypt after the war and worked in the Ministry of Information.



Boeckler, Wilhelm. SS Untersturmführer. In 1949 he relocated to Egypt and was employed with the Department of Information Bureau in Egypt.

Boerner, Wilhelm. Post-war name: Ali Ben Keshir. SS Untersturmführer and guard at Mauthausen camp. After the war he worked at the Egyptian Interior Ministry and was an instructor of the FLP (Liberation Front of Palestine).

Brunner, Alois. Post-war name: Georg Fisher and Ali Mohammed. SS officer and Chief of Drancy camp in France. He lived in Damascus, Syria after the war and was a Consultant for Special Services. He was protected against extradition by the Syrian government.

Buble, Friedrich. Post-war name: Ben Amman. SS Obergruppenführer and Gestapo. After the war he was the Director of Egyptian Public Relations Department in 1952 and was also a consultant for the Egyptian police force.

Bunsch, Franz. SA officer. Obersturmführer who worked with Joseph Goebbels. After the war he worked for the Information Ministry in Cairo, Egypt.

Daemling, Joachim. Post-war name: Jochen Dressel or Ibrahim Mustapha. Chief of Gestapo in Dusseldorf. Postwar he was a consultant for the Egyptian penitentiary system and was an active member of Radio-Cairo (Radio-Le Caire).

Eisele, Dr Hans. Chief doctor of Buchenwald camp. Died in Cairo in 1965.

Farmbacher, Wilhelm. SS Lieutenant-General in the Wehrmacht and served on the Eastern Front. He was also a Supervisor in Vlassov's army in 1944. After the war he became a military consultant for Egyptian President Nasser.

Gleim, Leopold. Post-war name: Lt-Col Al Nashar. Unit Chief in Warsaw, Poland. After the war he became a high ranking officer in the Egyptian national security department and was in charge of political prisoners.

Heiden, Ludwig. Post-war name: El Hadj. Journalist for the news agency Weltdienst. After the war he translated Mein Kampf into Arabic and lived in Egypt.

Heim, Aribert. SS Hauptsturmführer/doctor at Mauthausen camp. After the war he worked as a doctor for the Egyptian police.

Hitholfer, Franz. High ranking officer of the Gestapo in Vienna. He lived in Egypt in 1950s.

Luder, Karl. Chief in the Hitler Youth. Postwar he was a War Minister in Egypt.

Mildner, Rudolf. SS Standartenführer and Gestapo Chief in Kattowitz and was also the Chief of police in Denmark. In 1963 he moved to Egypt and was a member of the Deutscher Rat organization.

Moser, Alois. Gruppenführer. Postwar he became an instructor of paramilitary youth groups in Cairo.

Munzel, Oskar. SS General. During the 1950s he was a military consultant in Cairo.

Nimzel, Gerd von. Post-war name: Ben Ali Egypt.

Oltramare, Georges. Post-war name: Charles Dieudonne. Director of Pileri in France during the German occupation. After the war he was responsible for the television show 'La Voix des Arabes' (The Voice of the Arabs) in Cairo. Died in 1960.

Peschnik, Aehim. Dieter Post-war name: El-Said. Lived in Egypt after the war.

Rademacher, Granz. Post-war name: Thome Rossel. Led a section of the Foreign Affairs Ministry. Was later a journalist in Damascus.

Rauff, Walter. Chief of SD in Tunisia. Lived in Syria until 1961. Was arrested and released in Chile in 1962.

Seipel, ?. SS Sturmbannführer. Post-war name: Emmd Zuher Gestapo in Paris. Converted to Islam. Security Services with Interior Ministry in Cairo.

Sellman, Heinrich. Post-war name: Hassan Suleiman, Chief of Gestapo in Ulm. Later worked for the Ministry of Information in Cairo and the Egyptian Special Services.

Thiemann, Albert. Post-war name: Amman Kader, SS officer in Information Ministry in Cairo.

Weinmann, Eric. SS Standartenführer Chief of SD in Prague. Reportedly faked his death in 1949, and is said to have become a consultant to Alexandria's police force in Egypt.

### **Muslim German SS-Officers during the Third Reich:**

Ludwig Zind (1907-1973)

Ulrik Klaus

Heinrich Willerrman: SS Doctor

Joachim Däumling: Chief of the Gestapo in Düsseldorf.

Leopold Gleim - SS Standartenführer in Warsaw and head of the Gestapo department for Jewish affairs in Poland.

Bernhard Bender

Walter Baumann: SS Sturmbannführer

Erich Altern

Wilhelm Böckler: SS Untersturmführer

Alois Brunner: SS officer

Hans Appler: Associate of Joseph Goebbels

Werner Birgel: SS officer from Leipzig

Friedrich Buble: SS Obergruppenführer

Wilhelm Börner: SS Sturmbannführer

Albert Thielemann: SS chief in Bohemia

Heinrich Sellmann: Gestapo chief at Ulm

Ludwig Heiden: SS official who worked at the German news-agency.

Johan Von Leers: Professor and propaganda ministry official and was also an honorary Sturmbannführer in the Waffen-SS.

Ludwig Ferdinand Clauß: Anthropologist and influential race theorist.

Aribert Ferdinand Heim: Served in the Waffen-SS and was a doctor at the Buchenwald, Sachsenhausen and Mauthausen camps.

Also of interest is a December 1942 essay von Leers published in the journal *Die Judenfrage* entitled 'Judaism and Islam as Opposites':

*'Mohammed's hostility to the Jews had one result: Oriental Jewry was completely paralyzed. Its backbone was broken. Oriental Jewry effectively did not participate in [European] Jewry's tremendous rise to power in the last two centuries. Despised in the filthy lanes of the mellah [the walled Jewish quarter of a Moroccan city, analogous to the European ghetto] the Jews vegetated there. They lived under a special law (that of a protected minority), which in contrast to Europe did not permit usury or even traffic in stolen goods, but kept them in a state of oppression and anxiety. If the rest of the world had adopted a similar policy, we would not have a Jewish Question (Judenfrage)... As a religion, Islam indeed performed an eternal service to the world: it prevented the threatened conquest of Arabia by the Jews and vanquished the horrible teaching of Jehovah by a pure religion, which at that time opened the way to a higher culture for numerous peoples...*

For his writings, Omar Amin von Leers was pursued by his Jewish enemies and the countries they controlled until his death in Cairo in 1965.



[Above: von Leers published a handful of books in his lifetime, including this one 'Juden sehen Dich an' (Looking at you Jews). This book explains Jewish crimes and plots in depth.]

*'Christianity destroyed for us the whole harvest of ancient civilization, and later it also destroyed for us the whole harvest of Mohammedan civilization. The wonderful culture of the Moors in Spain, which was fundamentally nearer to us and appealed more to our senses and tastes than that of Rome and Greece, was trampled down (I do not say by what sort of feet) Why? Because it had to thank noble and manly instincts for its origin because it said yes to life, even to the rare and refined luxuriousness of Moorish life! The crusaders later made war on something before which it would have been more fitting for them to have grovelled in the dust a civilization beside which even that of our nineteenth century seems very poor and very "senile." What they wanted, of course, was booty: the orient was rich. Let us put aside our prejudices! The crusades were a higher form of piracy, nothing more! [...] Intrinsically there should be no more choice between Islam and Christianity than there is between an Arab and a Jew. The decision is already reached; nobody remains at liberty to choose here. Either a man is a Chandala [lower caste -ed.] or he is not.*

*"War to the knife with Rome! Peace and friendship with Islam!" :this was the feeling, this was the act, of that great free spirit, that genius among German emperors, Frederick II.'*

-Friedrich Nietzsche, The AntiChrist, 1888/1895

*“The meaning of our political fighting and struggling is... not the winning or even conquest of foreign folks, rather the preservation and security of our own folk.”*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

*Speech of October 2, 1933 in Hameln*



## Chapter Nineteen

### AFRICA



# AFRICA



During WWII there were many diverse peoples and fighting forces from Africa on the side of the Axis. Here are but a few...



[Above: Ethiopians saluting the 'Great White Father' Mussolini.]



[Above: Ethiopian soldiers parade past lines of civilians.]



[Above: Mussolini and an unknown African leader, 1938.]

## *Meharisti*



[Above: This picture is from Tripoli, March 1937. Mussolini is seen here with the air marshal and governor of Libya, Balbo (extreme left). They are inspecting a unit called Meharisti. The Meharisti were colonial troops that were tailor-made to fight in the Saharan desert environment.]

## *Zaptié*



[Above: Italian Zaptié camel cavalry in 1940. The Zaptié was the designation given to locally raised gendarmerie units in the Italian colonies of Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, Eritrea and Italian Somaliland between 1889 and 1942.]



[Above: Zaptié camel cavalry, Tripoli.]



[Above: Colonial Libyan soldiers serving under Italian command, belonging to the 9th Battalion Agadabia. Also pictured here are their German allies, perched on Panzer III (PzKpfw III) medium tanks of the 8th Panzer Regiment, Company 1.]

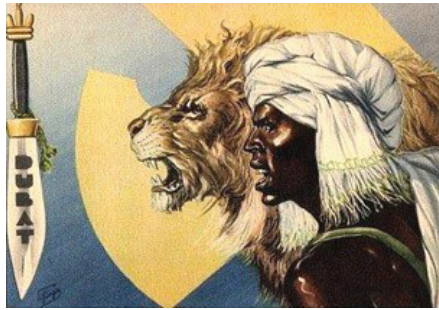


[Above: Italian General Giuseppe Tellera reviews Italian Zaptie troops.]



[Above: German leader of the Sturmabteilung (SA) Viktor Lutze (left) visits new Italian settlements in Libya. In this picture, Lutze and His Excellency Russo inspect ranks of Askaris (a generic word for 'native soldiers') in Nalut, Libya, February 1939. Previously, in February 1939, Lutze reviewed a parade of 20,000 Blackshirts in Rome before setting off on a tour of Italy's Libyan frontier with Tunisia.]

# Dubat



[Above: This poster depicts a Dubat warrior, who fought for the Italians in Africa. The Dubat people originated from Italian Somaliland, the word 'dubat' itself was derived from a Somali phrase meaning 'white turbans'. The poster compares the Dubat warriors to lions, and it would seem to be correct, as their record in combat was very good. They proved to be loyal, effective and well-disciplined troops. Note the yellow partial Fascist symbol in the background.]



[Above: Dubat warriors assemble before the Italian flag in their camp.]



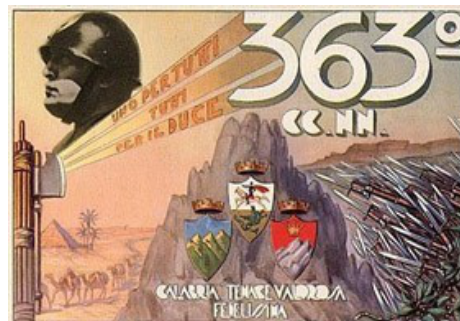
[Above: Dubat warriors atop the 'horse of the desert' -- the camel.]

It has been respectfully said about the Dubat:

*'With the courage of their race - fueled by love for the flag and the belief in the higher destinies of Italy in Africa, [they] gave during the war, many proofs of the most brilliant heroism. With great generosity, and similar faithfulness, [they] gave their blood for the consecration of the Italian Empire.'*



[Above: 'VII Battaglione C.C. N.N. A.O.']



[Above: 'One for all - all for the Duce']



## Chapter Twenty FINLAND



# FINLAND



Finland's war against Communist Russia began on November 30, 1939, when Russia invaded Finland. The Soviets possessed three times as many soldiers, thirty times as many aircraft and one hundred times as many tanks! However, the Finns fought like wolverines. In one battle alone the communist invaders suffered 7,000-9,000 casualties, compared to a mere 400 Finnish casualties! The arms and material the Finns captured in this battle ('Battle of Raate Road') was enormous, and much needed. They captured dozens of tanks, hundreds of vehicles, thousands of horses, artillery pieces, anti-tank guns, medical supplies, rifles and ammunition.

Unfortunately, the Soviet juggernaut proved to be too much in the end. The god of battle favors numbers, and the communists had nearly endless human drones. What was known as 'The Winter War' ended in a peace treaty in March 1940. Finland lost eleven percent of its land and thirty percent of its economy.

When Germany and its Axis allies preemptively invaded Russia in 1941 Finland finally had its chance to bring the war to its communist enemies.



[Above: Finland and Germany united against communism!]

Shamefully when the fortunes of war turned against Germany and the Axis Finland obtained a separate peace with Russia. They signed an armistice with Russia on September 19, 1944. Russia demanded all German troops be kicked out of Finland immediately. What followed was known as the 'Lapland War' (September 1944-April 1945). It was a moment of dishonor for Finland and especially its brave soldiers. They were forced to fight their previous ally, Germany. However, numerous Finns refused to turn their guns on their German comrades. These honorable Finns fought beside Germany and the Axis until the bitter end. Instead of returning to their homeland they chose to stick it out with their brothers and die if they must. A true example of selfless bravery and camaraderie.





[Above: Finland and Germany alliance medal - 1941-1943.]

## Simo Hayha



[Above: Simo Hayha (December 17, 1905 - April 1, 2002), AKA 'White Death'.

Simo fought in the Winter War (1939-1940) between Finland and the Soviet Union, where as a sniper he obtained the highest recorded number of confirmed sniper kills ever.

505 kills.

Five Hundred and Five men!

Incredible.

And to add to his legend he only used the iron sights of his Mosin-Nagant rifle to avoid an enemy seeing a glare from his scope. He would also keep snow in his mouth so that he wouldn't have frosty breath!]



[Above: Finnish soldiers during its conflict with the USSR. Note the strange and interesting skull and crossbones unit markings on their helmets!

**other helmets of similar design.**





[Above: Finnish Waffen-SS volunteer sleeve shield.]



[Above: Finnish Waffen-SS volunteer sleeve shield (third type -embroidered).]



[Above: A Finnish 'Waffenbruder' meaning 'brother in arms' of the Waffen-SS.]



[Above: Finnish soldiers of the '1.Kp.Finnisches Frw.Bn.d.W-SS' at Gross Born Truppenlager, 1941.]

Adolf Hitler decreed in November 1942 that '*from now on Finland and the Finnish people be treated and designated as a Nordic state and a Nordic people*'.

This was considered one of the highest compliments that the National Socialist government could bestow upon another country.





[Above: Finnish Stug III tanks. Note the swastikas painted on the front of their tanks.]



[Above: Many Finns fought with the Axis even after their country called them home from fighting on the Eastern Front. When the war was over many Finns were still serving in Waffen-SS Division Nordland.]



[Above: A Finnish postage stamp from 1943 bearing a 'Stahlhelm' and swastika.]



[Above: A Finnish postage stamp from the same set, also from 1943.]



[Above: Finnish nurse in the Waffen-SS. She served with the 3rd SS Division Totenkopf in Russia. Circa 1942.]



[Above: Cover of a matchbox, circa June 1941. It says: 'Way to Freedom'.]



[Above: Bitter sign the Germans left in Lapland 1944 after the Finnish government betrayed them. It translates into something like: 'In gratitude of brotherhood-in-arms NOT demonstrated.']

# Arvi Kalsta



[Above: Captain Arvi Kalsta.]

Arvi Kalsta (born Arvid Daniel Grönberg, October 14, 1890 - 1982) was the leader of the '*Suomen Kansan Järjestö*' (SKJ), the Finnish Peoples Organization. In WWI he fought on the German side on the Eastern Front and later returned to Finland to take part in the Finnish Civil War.



[Above: Captain Arvi Kalsta.]

In 1932 he visited Germany and was inspired to return home to Finland and forge his own National Socialist organization -- The Finnish Peoples Organization. Several times he was a guest in Germany thereafter at state sponsored events. In 1936 his organization was terminated, after gathering an estimated 20,000 members.



[Above: A gathering of the Finnish Peoples Organization. Members wore a dark brown shirt.]

In 1940 Kalsta returned to politics and founded the 'National Socialist Organization' (KSJ). The next year he bravely fought in the Winter War and Continuation War.



[Above: This is from the Finnish Peoples Organization. It says:  
*'Citizen!  
 Free yourself from partisan slavery! Finnish working man!  
 Free yourself from the internationalist yoke!  
 The future of Finland demands YOU to fight for the integrity of our nation. Wake up Finland!'.]*



[Above: This Finnish poster from 1938 warns of air raids:  
*'Danger threatens from the sky. Take air raid precautions'.*]



**Photographs of Finnish soldiers... To see more Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)**

[Below: The Kriegsmarine flag of NS Germany and the flag of Finland.]



[Below: Even the owls were rooting for the Axis! These two owls were orphaned in 1942.]



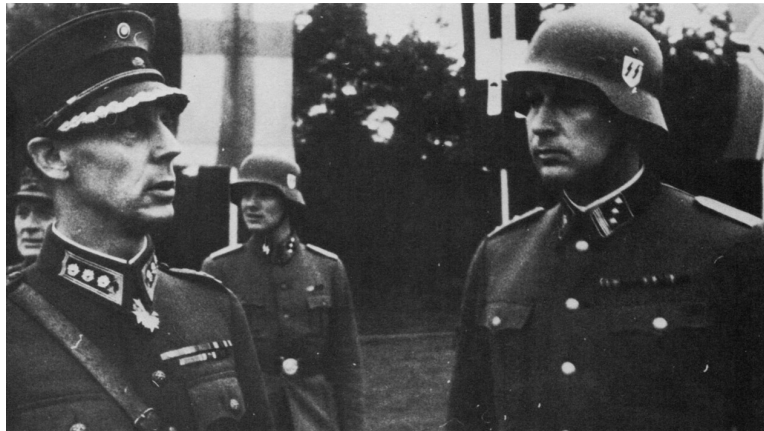
[Below: Finnish Waffen-SS volunteer Ermo Juhani Raappana, son of Major-General Erkki Raappana.]



[Below: The ladies men of the 'Finnisches Freiwilligen Battalion der Waffen SS'!]



[Below: This picture marks the official formation of the 'Finnisches Freiwilligen-Battalion der Waffen-SS'. Seen here is the Finnish Military Attache in Berlin, Colonel Walter Horn. Horn is talking to the Finnish Volunteer Battalion Commander. On this occasion the Finnish volunteers were sworn in and a unique color was presented to them by Horn. This took place at Gross Born on the Baltic coast on October 15, 1941.]



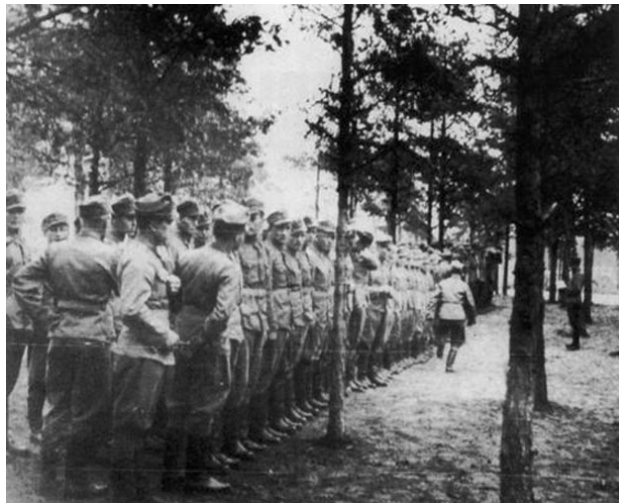
[Below: European brotherhood. German, Finnish and Russian soldiers waiting for action. September 17, 1941.]



[Below: Squad leader Uscha Taisto Kuuri with his men and his new puppy. They are on the Eastern Front at The Kalmyk steppe, January 9, 1943.]



[Below: One hour after these Finnish soldiers were discharged from the Waffen-SS they were already wearing Finnish army uniforms to keep on fighting the Bolsheviks. They are pictured here in Hanko, Finland's most southern town, July 11, 1943.]



[Below: Alf Silverberg, Finnish Waffen-SS volunteer. He wears a tank destruction badge on his arm sleeve for single-handedly destroying Soviet tanks.]



[Below: Finnish General Malmberg welcomes back war-blinded Finnish Waffen-SS- volunteer Uscha Matti Alonen. Tampere-Finland, June 3, 1943.]



[Below: Finnish Waffen-SS in Paris picking up vehicles for their battalion.]





[Below: Finnish officers from the Wiking Division, early 1943. Top row - Mauri Sautio, Heikki Mansala, Kauko Ingerö. Bottom row - Olli Somersalo, Kalervo Kurkiala, Yrjö Tenomaa.]



[Below: A Finnish Waffen-SS battalion returning home from the Eastern Front.]



[Below: Finnish Waffen-SS on the march. This is a good shot of the lion patch on their sleeves.]



[Below: A Luftwaffe Lieutenant and a Lieutenant of the Finnish Air Force.]



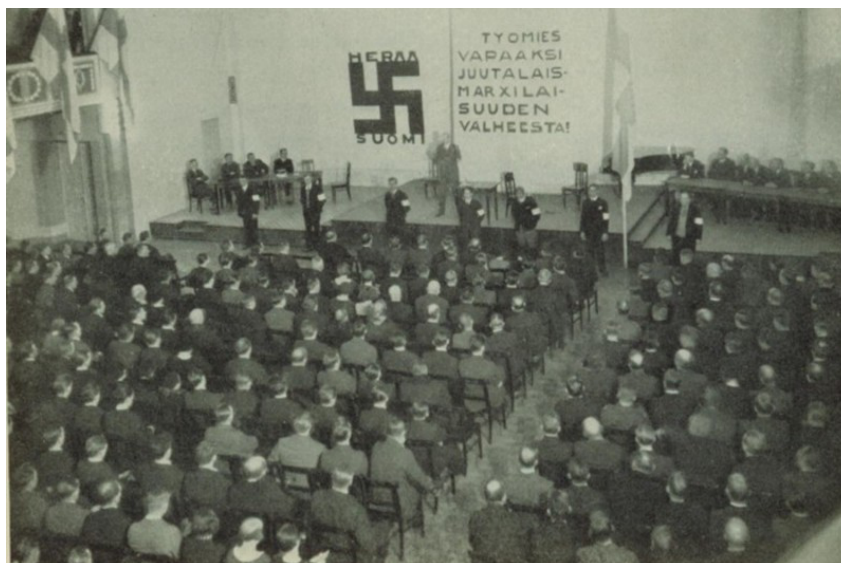
[Below: A Finnish soldier with a crude homemade armband leads a civilian work force. July 1941. Courtesy of the Bundesarchiv.]



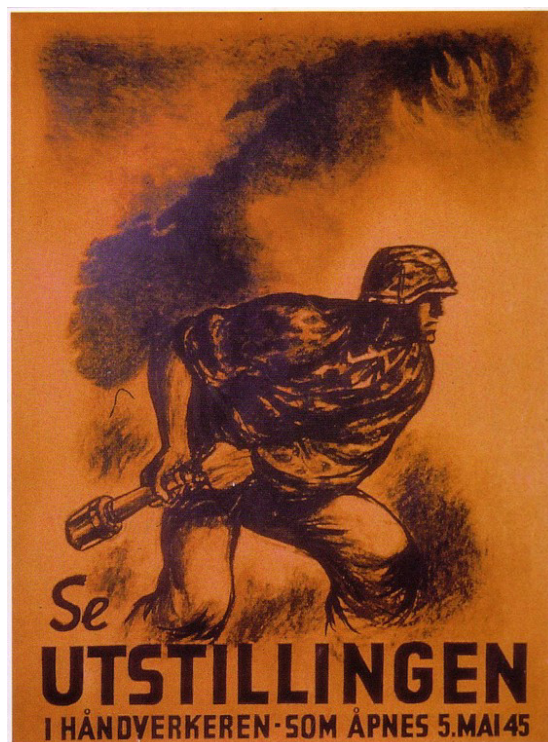
Bundesarchiv, Bild 103-B10160  
Foto: Schmidt-Schamberg | 2. Juli 1941

### Photographs of the Finnish Peoples Organization

[Below: Captain Arvi Kalsta addresses an SKJ meeting]



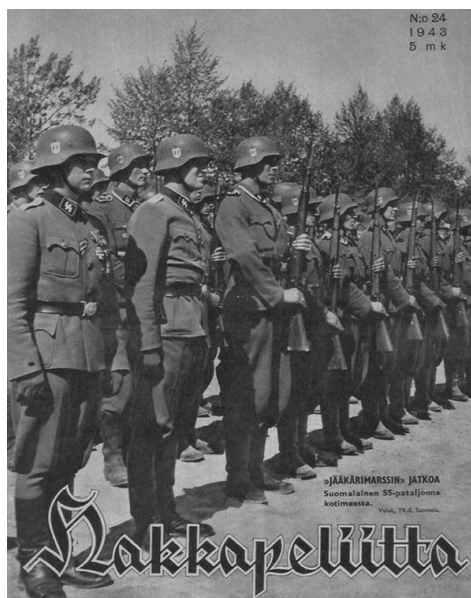
Finnish posters and magazines







[Above Right: Finnish magazine cover from 1940]



[Above: Various magazines featured Finnish SS volunteers including 'Hakkapeliitta' in 1943 when the battallion returned home.]





[Above: Finnish Waffen-SS volunteers at the Hietaniemi cemetery in Finland.]



To see Finnish coins and currency of the era... Visit [www.mourningtheancient.com](http://www.mourningtheancient.com)

*“One does not beg for a right! For a right, one fights!”*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

*Speech of August 1, 1923 in Munich*

## Chapter Twenty one IRELAND



**IRELAND**



Many Irish were eager supporters of Germany in WWII. In June 1940 when Germany occupied the British Channel Islands around 800 Irish laborers were to be found there. Asked to either go home or work for the Germans, nearly all of them chose to work for the Germans. Also of aid to National Socialist Germany were the 140 or so Irish men and women who worked in propaganda and espionage training departments in Ireland.

Several volunteers from Ireland even fought in SS-Jagdverband Mitte (an SS unit formed from foreign volunteers which took part in the Ardennes Offensive). Two of them were SS-UScha James Brady (aka de Lacy) and SS-Mann Frank Stringer (aka Le Page).

Additionally, there was also a Waffen-SS Irish Brigade, which according to historian Robert Best, was said to be composed of around 400 men.

[The British Free Corps: The Story of the British Volunteers of the Waffen-SS, Robert A. Best, (c)2010]

Many more served as agents of the Abwehr and later of the Sicherheitsdienst (SD) alongside other foreign soldiers.



[Above: Blue Shirts/Fine Gael badge. This shield is composed of the red St. Patrick's cross on a blue shield and the words 'Fine Gael' written above.]

# Eoin O'Duffy



[Above: General Eoin O'Duffy. Circa 1933.]

Eoin O'Duffy (October 30, 1892 – November 30, 1944) was a skilled political activist, soldier, political leader and police commissioner. He was the leader of the Monaghan Brigade of the Irish Republican Army (IRA) during the victorious Irish War of Independence, and became their Chief of Staff in 1922. He was also a very early member of the political party Sinn Féin

(*'We ourselves'*).

The next year in 1923 he aligned himself with the political organization Cumann na nGaedheal (*'Society of the Gaels'*) and became their leader of security in an organization known as the Army Comrades Association (Blueshirts). In September 1933 Cumann na nGaedheal, the National Center Party and the Blueshirts merged to form one party.



[Above: A young Eoin O'Duffy. In January 1921 he became the IRA Chief of Staff, thus becoming the youngest general in Europe until Francisco Franco was promoted to general.]

Eoin O'Duffy later became the popular leader of the 'People's National Party' which was closely aligned with Germany and its aims. O'Duffy even sent Adolf Hitler an offer that he would raise a 'Green Legion' of Irishmen to fight on the Russian Front. O'Duffy was no stranger to battle, he had previously led a 700 strong pro-Franco Irish brigade in the Spanish Civil War. In the 1940s O'Duffy spent time in Germany discussing a free Ireland and how he could assist the Axis in its war against Britain.

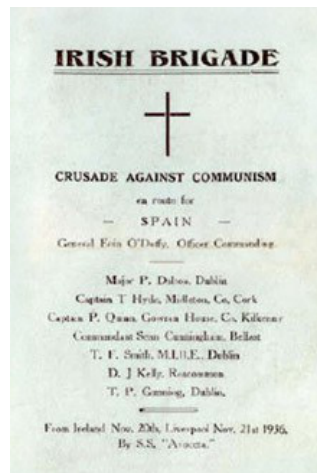




[Above: Memorial banner of the Irish volunteers who traveled to Spain to fight communism.]



[Above: Irish Spanish Civil War veterans who gave their limbs to save Europe from communism.]



[Above: Booklet of the Irish Brigade in Spain. It lists the officers who sailed with O'Duffy from Ireland. These brave souls set sail from Ireland on November 20th and from Liverpool on the 21st in 1936, by S.S. 'Avoceta'. It lists the names of 32 volunteers from Dublin, Carlow/Kilkenny, Cork and West Ireland..]



[Above: The brave men of the Irish Brigade, who crossed an ocean to fight for people they didn't even know.]

Unfortunately, Eoin O'Duffy died in 1944 before he could carry out many of his dreams of Irish independence. He was given a state funeral and buried in Glasnevin Cemetery in Dublin, alongside his comrades and other Irish freedom fighters.]



[Above: The Irish National Socialist 'Blue Shirts'. Ireland has been fighting for its independence from Britain for hundreds of years. With the Axis, they would have finally been free.]



[Above: A women's branch of the Blue Shirts. Circa 1933.]



[Above: Young Blue Shirts show their allegiance at Charleville, County Cork, April 1934.]



[Above: Eoin O'Duffy surrounded by eager supporters.]



[Above: Germany and the Axis cause found many supporters and friends amongst the Irish people, who assisted the Axis war effort whenever possible. This included denying the Allies access to strategic ports and even assisting German U-Boats. British intelligence reported that 'Dingle Bay' and the inlets on the coast of county Kerry and Cork were open for use for the refueling of German U-boats, which in turn attacked Allied convoys and shipping.

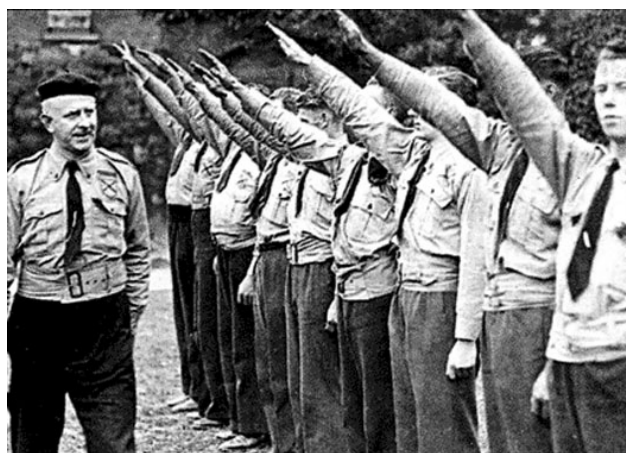


[Above: Eoin O'Duffy.]

### More pictures of the Blue Shirts



[Above: Eoin O'Duffy saluted by his Blue Shirts.]



[Above: Close-up.]



[Above: Blue Shirt women at the funeral of Patrick Lynch in Cork City, August 16, 1934.]





[Above: Women's chapter of the Blue Shirts.]



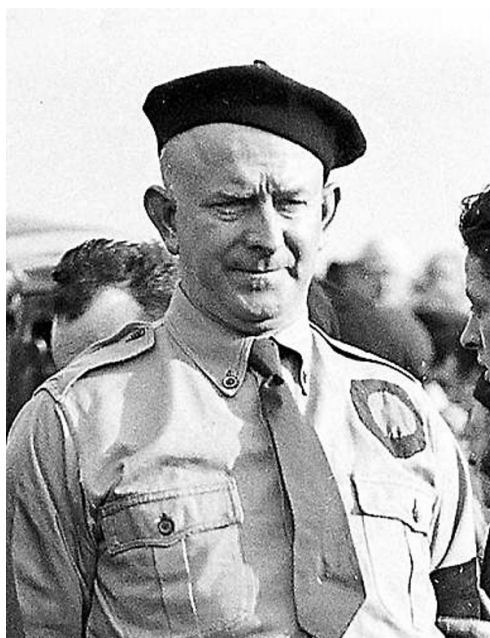
[Above: Women's chapter of the Blue Shirts.]



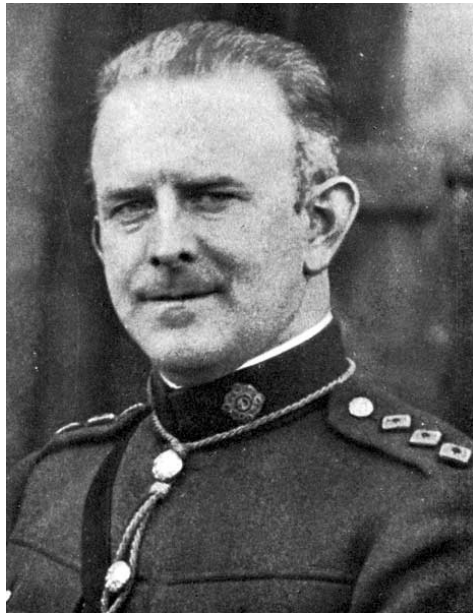
[Above: Women's chapter of the Blue Shirts.]



[Above: Eoin O'Duffy.]



[Above: Eoin O'Duffy.]



[Above: Eoin O'Duffy.]



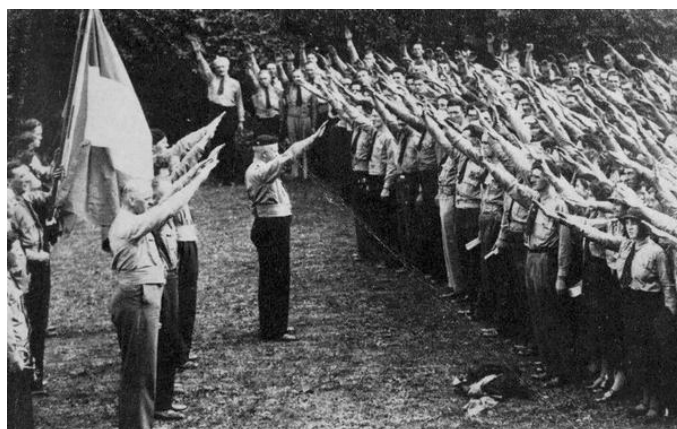
[Above: Eoin O'Duffy.]



[Above: Eoin O'Duffy.]

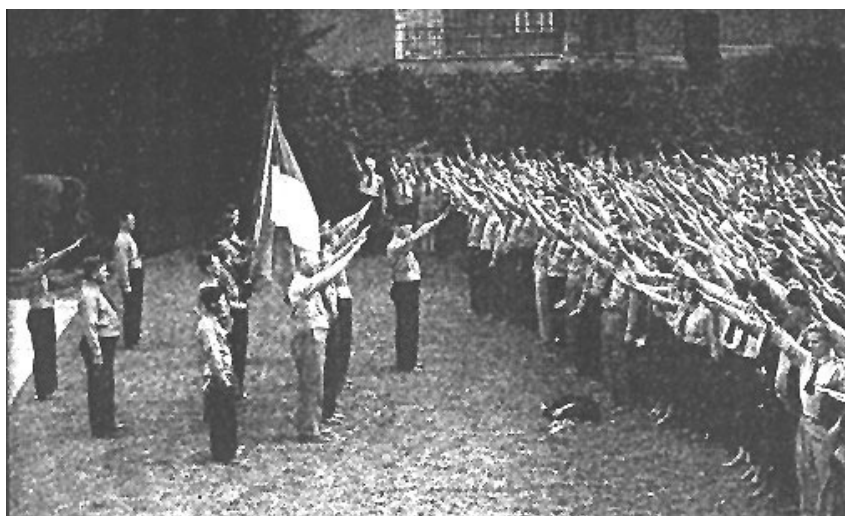


[Above: The Blue Shirts on the march. Some of the marchers hold flags bearing the St. Patrick's cross design.]



[Above & below: Eoin O'Duffy salutes the Blue Shirts.]





[Above: The Blue Shirt Tennis Club!]



[Above: Irish Army Captain of Infantry wearing M27 style officer pattern helmet, from the Emergency Period.]

Mein Leben für Irland (My Life for Ireland) is a National Socialist German movie from 1941 directed by Max W. Kimmich. The film captures the story of Irish resistance and martyrdom under the British occupation of Ireland.



[Above: My Life for Ireland promotional poster.]

*Assembly: We must build new roads*  
*Leader: With what shall we build new roads?*  
*Assembly: With the bones of our enemy!*  
*Leader: And who is our enemy?*  
*Assembly: England!*

-My life for Ireland, opening sequence between Irish revolutionaries



[Above: My Life for Ireland promotional poster.]

## Chapter Twenty two NORTH AFRICA



# NORTH AFRICA

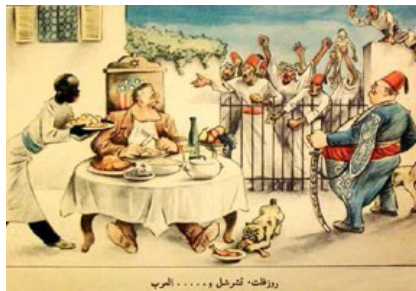
A vast majority of Arab peoples supported the Axis during WW2. They saw in Adolf Hitler the same thing as their European, Asian and African counterparts. He was a savior. Since Germany had no colonial interests, he was to be their liberator. After France's defeat to Germany in 1940, jubilant Arabs chanted against the French and British on the streets of Damascus:

*'No more Monsieur, no more Mister, Allah's in Heaven and Hitler's on earth.'*

Posters in Arabic were common in shop windows and decorated various towns of Syria with the words:  
*'In heaven God is your ruler, on earth Hitler'.*



[Above: A Muslim auxiliary in German service in the Balkans.]



[Above: Arabic postcard showing Churchill and Roosevelt gorging themselves while the people starve. On the bottom it says 'Roosvelt, Churchill and the Arabs']

\*Special thanks to Kaci for the translation!]

*'The Mohammedan World is awaiting Him under the features of "the Mahdi," Whom Allah shall send "at the end of times," to crush all evil through the power of His sword — "after the Jews will once more have become the masters of Jerusalem" and "after the Devil will have taught men to set even the air they breathe, on fire."*

—Savitri Devi

*“As a Christian I do not have the duty to pull the cloak over my eyes, rather I have the obligation to be a fighter for truth and right”.*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

*Speech of April 12, 1922 in Munich*



## Chapter Twenty three JAPAN



**JAPAN**



*Tomoyuki Yamashita*  
The Tiger of Malaya



[Above: Tomoyuki Yamashita]

Tomoyuki Yamashita (November 8, 1885 – February 23, 1946) was a Japanese military genius amply nicknamed

**'The Tiger of Malaya.'**

He is legendary for tricking the British into surrendering Singapore, even though his troops were badly outnumbered, low on ammunition, starving and suffering from malaria. The Japanese, at a cost of 3,000 dead and 30,000 captured, captured 130,000 British, Indian, and Australian troops, the largest surrender of British-led personnel in history and the loss of the 'invincible' fortress of Singapore.

This fortress was considered to be amongst the most invulnerable in the world. A 'Times' article of the period describes it: *'For 20 years we constructed this fortress. Two million tons of earth had to be moved and Great Britain spent 60 million pounds (60,000,000 pounds).*

*Two months ago Singapore was still the mightiest base of Britain and the U.S.A. in the hemisphere of the world.'*

This amazing feat helped Yamashita to be executed by the vengeful Allies after the war. Talk about cowardly sore losers! He was officially charged with war crimes, even though the crimes in question didn't even happen under his jurisdiction, but under the Navy's and beneath his Japanese rival's command. It was apparent to all that he was innocent of these charges, the reporters covering his show trial even voted 12 to 0 to acquit him. In the end he was guilty of embarrassing the British and murdered for his cleverness. In World War Two he was never defeated. He was hung on 2-24-1946.

His last words being: *'I will pray for the Emperor's long life and his prosperity forever.'*]



[Above: Yamashita in Berlin greeted by German comrades. Before his stunning victory against the British in Malaysia, General Yamashita spent the previous Christmas as a guest in Germany, studying Blitzkrieg tactics. Before 1930 he had been Military Attaché in Vienna.]



[Above: Yamashita in Potsdam.]



[Above: General Yamashita giving a ceremonial sword to a German officer.]



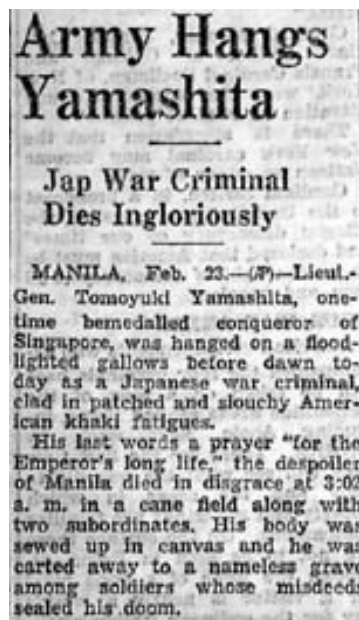
[Above: General Yamashita and German Luftwaffe officers studying the globe.]



[Above: British surrender of Singapore, 2-15-1942. On the right foreground is Lt General A.E. Percival, British commander of Singapore. On the left is Tomoyoki Yamashita.]



[Above: General Yamashita and staff surrender on September 2, 1945.]



[Above: Check out this disrespectful and childish account of the General's death. The Allies murdered the greatest men of their day. They knew no chivalry whatsoever. I wonder where the **BIG MAN** who wrote this seething article was during WWII? Behind a desk in New York perhaps!?!]

[Below: Tomoyuki Yamashita.]



[Below: General Yamashita, his uniform wet with rain, Singapore, 1942.]





## Chapter Twenty four NORTH AFRICA



**NORTH  
AFRICA**



[Above: German military postage stamp from Tunisia, North Africa, circa March/April 1943]



[Above: 'Die Wehrmacht' was a popular magazine for soldiers, it was found in a wide variety of languages. Here a black African poses in Afrika Korp attire. This is issue number 14, circa 1942.]



[Above: This volunteer wears an interesting 'uniform' of patchwork Luftwaffe parts.]



[Above: German Afrika Korps members pose with young African child. It looks like his clothes are about to rot off of him...]

## Chapter Twenty five BRAZIL



# BRAZIL



Brazil was an important trading partner to Germany during the Third Reich. Brazil had vital raw materials, while Germany traded machinery and precision instruments. Yet another example of National Socialist Germany's good will toward other races and nations is their treatment of Roberto de Pessôa (Feb 25, 1910 - Sep 17, 2010).

*Roberto de Pessôa*



[Above: Roberto de Pessôa (middle) with two Wehrmacht friends].

Pessôa was an officer in the Brazilian Army who was sent to Germany to attend the Olympics in 1936. His goal was to study German athletes and learn their physical education methodology. Germany received a total of 89 medals (including 33 gold), a record for a united German team. National Socialist Germany beat every country in the world by a wide margin. 2nd place was the United States, who only earned 56 total medals. Interestingly, fourth place was Fascist Italy. These numbers are phenomenal when you consider the population of Germany versus the United States. A 1940 census of the United States showed 132,164,569 people, compared to a 1938 German census of 68,000,000 people, a difference of 64 million people! The United States almost doubled Germany in population, yet Adolf Hitler's Germany dominated it in Olympic medals. Brazil wanted to see if they could learn the secret behind this almost magical prowess of National Socialist German athletes.

General Pessôa was given special access to the new Olympic stadium, the Berlin Sports Academy and the Olympic camp. The German army even gave him a special press pass. Pessôa wasn't only interested in German athletes, however, he was also interested in the German military. The Germans were open-armed, to say the least. They gave him access to Hitler Youth camps and even a paratrooper training camp.



[Above: Pessôa (third from right) with Luftwaffe officers.]

Pessôa himself was a career soldier who began his service when he was 15 years old in 1925. After five years in military school he was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in 1933. As a soldier, seeing the foremost military in the world must have been like a dream come true to him. Germany's openness and friendship toward Pessôa and Brazil was truly incredible. He was introduced to the Reichssportführer Hans von Tschammer und Osten, who introduced him to Adolf Hitler himself. The two shook hands warmly and Pessôa was even given the opportunity to sit beside the Führer during the games! He later recalled his meeting, saying

*'it was a kind, friendly contact.'*



[Above: Pessôa and Adolf Hitler.]

Pessôa was introduced to the leader of the German air force, Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring, who gave him access to attend a glider training course. This took place on Sylt island in northern Germany, where paratroopers also trained.



[Above: Pessôa and Hans von Tschammer und Osten.]

Pessôa would take what he learned back home to Brazil and try to introduce it to the Brazilian military. He was very impressed with the German military, recalling their incredible *'fidelidade e solidariedade'* (faithfulness and solidarity).

Pessôa went on to train with the American airforce and became Brazil's first paratrooper. After an incredible life, he passed away on Sep 17, 2010 in Rio de Janeiro. He was 100 years old.





[Above: Roberto de Pessôa in his last days.]

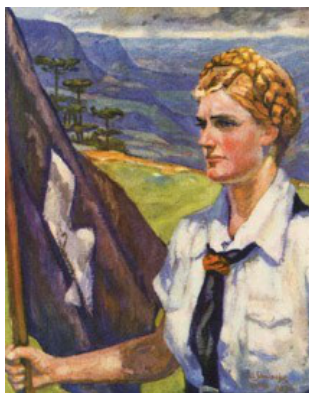
Like many places around the world, Hitler Youth camps were also set up in Brazil:



[Above: A branch of the Hitler Youth in Brazil.]



[Above: This Brazilian Hitler Youth group is from Presidente Bernardes, a state of São Paulo, Brazil. Circa 1930-1935.]



[Above: BDM art dealing with 'Young German Leaders in South America', 1940. The Hitler Youth (HJ) and the League of German Girls (BDM) had chapters in many countries all around the world.]



[Above: The Brazilian German language newspaper 'Deutscher Morgen' (German Morning), 'Wochenblatt der NSDAP für Brasilien' (Weekly Journal of the NSDAP for Brazil), 1932.]



[Above: A National Socialist gathering - note the Brazilian flag next to the German flag behind the podium.]



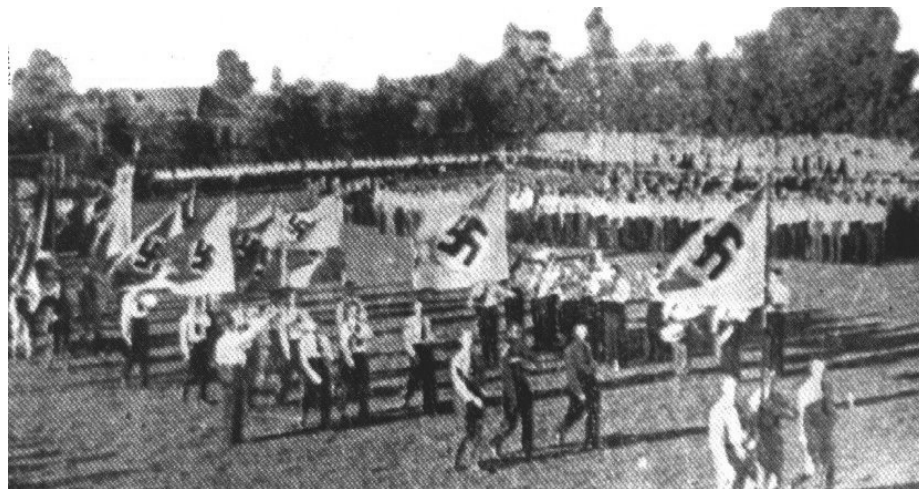
[Above: The Farroupilha Revolution centennial fair. This was held in Porto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil to mark 100 years since the Farroupilha Revolution. The picture shows the pavilion of National Socialist Germany.]

### Pictures of National Socialist in Brazil

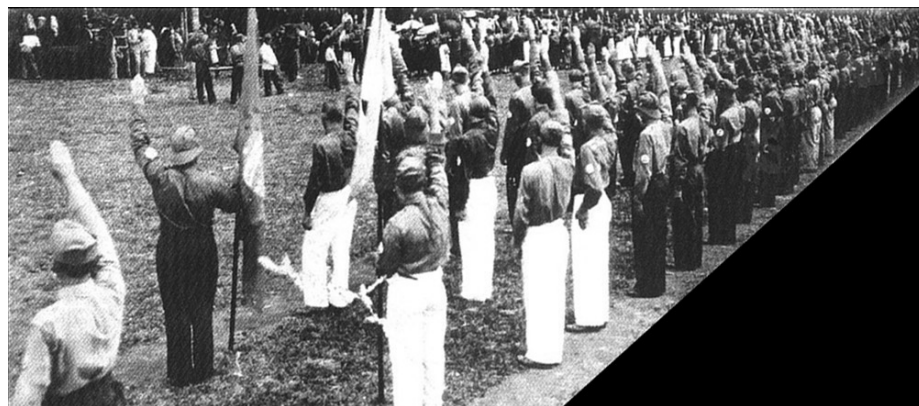
[Below: This is a youth group in Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. The children in the back are carrying Brazilian flags.]



[Below: A National Socialist gathering somewhere in Brazil]



[Below: National Socialist parade in Customs Square on National Flag day, November 19, 1937 in Ijuí, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil.]



[Below: Labor Day parade at the Renner Sports Center, Porto Alegre, May 1, 1937.]

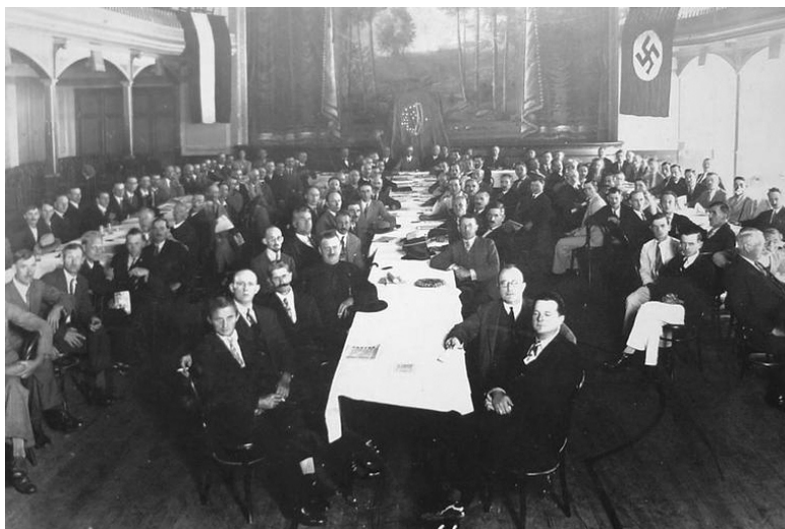


[Below: National Socialist flag flying during a club meeting in 1935.]





[Below: Meeting of NSDAP members in Parana (a state in Brazil).]



[Below: Meeting of NSDAP members in Catharina (a state in Brazil), May 1929.]



*“I am always affirmed the view that there is nothing more beautiful than to be the advocate of those who cannot well defend themselves.”*

*~Adolf Hitler~*

*Speech of May 10, 1933 in Berlin*

Chapter Twenty six  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

**THE  
UNITED  
STATES OF  
AMERICA**



*Herbert John Burgman*

**"Joe Scanlon"**



[Above: Herbert John Burgman arrives at Bolling Field to face treason charges.]

Herbert John Burgman (April 17, 1894 - December 16, 1953) was an American who lived in Germany during WW2. He saw firsthand the truths and benefits of National Socialism and also the lies the Allies spread about it. He became a broadcaster to try to shed some light on the subject to his fellow Americans.

Burgman was born in Minnesota and as a young man he served in the U.S. Army from 1918-1920. He was stationed in Germany in the American zone in the Occupation of the Rhineland.

In 1921 he became a clerk and economic statistician for the State Department in the U.S. embassy in Berlin. He married Johanna Karhl, a German, in 1924 and had a son in 1925. When the Allies forced war upon Germany in 1939 he chose to stay in Germany instead of returning to the U.S. with the rest of the embassy staff.

As the war raged on Burgman broadcast under the name 'Joe Scanlon' for 'Radio Debunk', the 'Voice of All Free America'. He tried to show Americans that it was Roosevelt and *'his Jewish and communistic pals'*, who wanted war. Burgman used his voice to fight a desperate battle to awaken Americans to the truth.

Burgman was at his home in Rumpenheim, Frankfurt when he was arrested in November of 1945. He was temporarily released in 1946 on the condition that he reported in regularly to the U.S. Military Police for whom he then worked as an interpreter. But his semi-freedom didn't last long. By order of the Justice Department Burgman was rearrested on November 22, 1948 and was sent back to the U.S. on February 4, 1949 for trial.



[Above: Herbert John Burgman while facing treason charges, 1949.]

Burgman was originally arraigned on 69 counts of treason but it was reduced down to 20 counts. During the trial he suffered a heart attack and had to go to the trial in a wheelchair. He was convicted of 13 acts of treason on November 15, 1949 and was sentenced to 6-20 years.

Death interrupted Burgman's punishment for trying to keep America out of a senseless war, he died a few years later on December 16, 1953.



[Above: The grave of a warrior for truth.]



## Chapter Twenty seven RUTHENIA



[Above: Flag of Carpathian Ruthenia, Carpatho-Ukraine or Zakarpattia (southwestern Ukraine)]

Carpathian Ruthenia is a historic region in the border between Central and Eastern Europe, mostly located in western Ukraine's Zakarpattia Oblast, with smaller parts in easternmost Slovakia and Poland's Lemkovyna. Rusyns, also known as Ruthenes, are a primarily diasporic ethnic group who speak an East Slavic language known as Rusyn.

The word Ruthenia originated as a Latin rendering of the region and people known originally as Rus'. It is used to refer to regions of ancient Kyivan Ruthenia (modern day Ukraine) that were distinctly not under the influence of Russia, such as Carpathian Ruthenia, Red Ruthenia (Western Ukraine or sometimes southeastern Poland or Right-bank Ukraine), Black Ruthenia (western Belarus), and White Ruthenia (also known as Russia Alba or White Russia, is found in eastern Belarus).

During World War Two, the region was annexed by the Kingdom of Hungary. After Hungary was occupied by Germany on March 19, 1944 a special administration was set up in the region. After the war, it became part of Soviet occupied Ukraine.

Today, Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, Serbia and Croatia officially recognize contemporary Rusyns (or Ruthenes) as an ethnic minority.



Vassili Kigorovitch is a Ruthenian. The Ruthenians, numbering about eight millions, played a special role even in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. Later the intellectuals were absorbed by the Poles and Russians, so that today the nation has more the character of a peasant people. As far back as the First World War, however, the Ruthenians remembered their individuality and, in spite of all the attempts of the Soviets, this national consciousness remained awake. Today, with the doors of freedom open to them, they are proving particularly receptive to European tendencies.

[Above: 'Vassili Kigorovitch is a Ruthenian. The Ruthenians, numbering about eight millions, played a special role even in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. Later the intellectuals were absorbed by the Poles and Russians, so that today the nation has more the character of a peasant people. As far back as the First World War, however, the Ruthenians remembered their individuality and, in spite of all the attempts of the Soviets, this national consciousness remained awake. Today, with the doors of freedom open to them, they are proving particularly receptive to Europeans tendencies.'

-Signal magazine, English edition.]



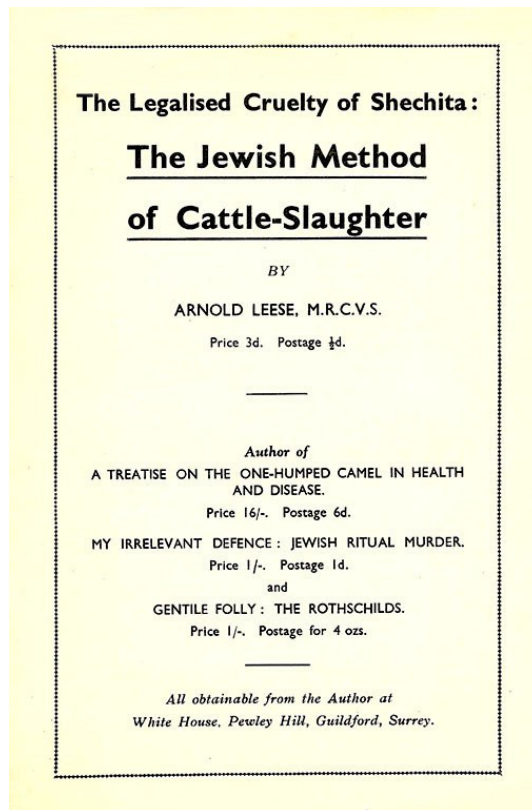
[Above: German and Slovak soldiers with civilians in Komancza Red Ruthenia, Poland 1939.]

**- End Page One -**

**To be Continued...**

# Appendix

## Appendix 1.



### THE LEGALISED CRUELTY OF SHECHITA: The JEWISH METHOD OF CATTLE-SLAUGHTER

by ARNOLD LEESE, M.R.C.V.S.

The Present State of British Law with reference to Animal Slaughter for Food.

THE Slaughter of Animals Act, 1933, provides that all animals slaughtered for the food of man shall die by stunning with a mechanically-operated instrument; but with three important exceptions viz.:—

1. Pigs, when no electric power is available, whereby these animals are stunned; without detriment to the carcase, by means of an electric shock.
2. Sheep, unless the Local Authority protects them by providing in its Bye-laws that they must be stunned.
3. All animals killed for the food of Jews or Mahomedans.



There is no real excuse for any of these prohibitions, and one of the first acts of a Fascist Government in Britain would be to abolish them.

The many societies that exist for the protection of animals from cruelty have had a very long and hard fight to arrive even at the unsatisfactory stage in which the 1933 Act leaves us; they have had tremendous opposition from the trade, and the British people have no reason to be proud of their indifference and inaction in face of the fact that sheep, in particular, have been, and often still are, subject to a shockingly dirty death at the hands of the butcher. Nevertheless, the slaughter of cattle has at last been made humane where Gentile food is concerned.

Why, in a country calling itself Christian, and with a population Aryan or of Aryan strain, should Jews and Mahomedans be allowed to kill their cattle by methods less humane than those we ourselves have adopted?

It is of course necessary that all animals killed for human food should be thoroughly well bled, and this is done by cutting the throat, so that the heart itself pumps the blood froth the animal before it stops beating.

The Aryan or Christian has decided that his cattle shall be stunned first so that they will not feel the anguish of the cut and the awful struggle against death which follows it. The Jew and the Mahomedan claim and receive exemption by British law from following the Briton's example.

Why?

The excuse is that to the Jew and to the Mahomedan, the slaughter of food-animals has to be conducted as a religious rite; and that this rite does not allow of the humane process of stunning the animal before its throat is cut.

Actually, Mahomedans willingly waive their religious objections to stunning the animals, and I have myself found that in the East they are easily persuaded to allow animals destined for their food to be shot through the head provided the throat is severed (with the utterance of a prayer) immediately afterwards, whilst the blood can still flow freely.

In a letter to the R.S.P.C.A. the Imam of Woking Mosque wrote on 4th September, 1928, that in his opinion the use of the Humane Killer (a stunning instrument) does not collide with the instructions given in the Koran.

But in the case of the Jew, the animal-protection societies have been faced with an obstinate refusal to acquiesce in the abolition of this cruel "religious" custom, despite the fact that every Jew living in Britain, whatever the law may now say, is a stranger and an alien. Even stunning by electricity has been declared inadmissible by the Rabbis.

Only one of these animal protection societies has put up any real fight against the Jews; the others have surrendered because of the large subscriptions received from Jews to prevent these organisations taking the matter up seriously. Money talks louder than Love!

A Power which can bring our Nation to war against its enemies who are not our enemies, finds it comparatively simple to stifle British attempts to do justice to its own bullocks!

### **What is Shechita, the Jewish Method of Slaughter?**

It is quite simple; it is cutting the throat from ear to ear without previous stunning, and letting the animal bleed to death.

Before the throat-cutting can be done, the bullock has to be thrown to the floor, or "cast," as it is called. Various methods of doing this are used, the usual procedure being to rope the feet together, pass the end of the rope through a ring in the wall, and pull the rope until the animal falls. Naturally, on the hard floor of the slaughter-house, this is rough treatment, and when, as sometimes happens, the animal's horns are broken in the fall, it causes acute suffering, for a broken horn means a broken bone in the case of cattle, the horn having a bony core.

To mitigate the violence of casting, indiarubber or straw mattresses have been employed, but are not in general use.

A Jew named Weinberg adapted the invention of a Veterinary Surgeon to the purpose of painless casting of bullocks for Jewish slaughter. This resulted in what is known as the Weinberg Pen, into which the bullock is driven and secured; then the pen, like an operating-table for horses, is rotated until the bullock is upside down, ready for the cut. But, as the Jewish B'nai B'rith in Leeds reported in 1927, the Weinberg Pen is not used, even when provided, unless visitors are expected.

When the throat is cut, the wound in an ordinary bullock is twelve inches long and gapes twelve inches wide when the head is forced back. Thus forcing back of the head to tense the throat tissues is done by means of a lever.

### **The Common-sense View.**

Seeing that twelve inches of skin are cut through, albeit that the knife used is always extremely sharp it would seem impossible that anyone could be persuaded that the Jewish method of cattle-slaughter is justifiable as long as methods precluding pain are available. Even a child soon learns (it is one of the first things it learns) that to make even a nick in the skin, is very painful. Yet, to their discredit, many people have defended Shechita, including physiologists and veterinary surgeons.

I maintain that any individual is as competent as any so-called “expert” to judge whether Shechita is painful or not; by merely exercising common sense.

If it is not painful, why is it necessary to throw the animal down before the operation can be done? If it is not painful, why are criminals not executed that way instead of by dislocation of the neck?

I have heard it stated, even, that if it was painful, the bullocks would cry out! Could you cry out if your throat was cut?

However, people like to have the views of experts, so you shall have them.

### **Expert Opinions Condemning Shechita.**

Perhaps the most authoritative condemnation of the Jewish method of cattle-slaughter was a report made by an Admiralty Committee in 1904; this committee was interested in the matter from the point of view of rationing the navy’s food. The report was backed by two physiologists, Professor E. H. Starling, Jodrell Professor of Physiology, London University College, and Sir Michael Foster, Professor of Physiology at Cambridge. The report’s conclusions were that “the Jewish system fails in the primary requirements of rapidity, freedom from unnecessary pain and instantaneous loss of sensibility” and that “until some method is devised for rendering the animal unconscious, it should not be permitted under any establishment under Government control.” That, surely, is definite enough; but this report, 35 years old, has simply been pigeon-holed and nothing has been done about it.

The First Lord of the Admiralty at that time was the Earl of Selborne, who had been private secretary to the Jewish H. C. Childers, and was later co-director with the Jews S. B. Joel and Sir S. Neumann in the African Banking Corporation, and with the Monds (Jews) in the Natal Ammonium, Ltd.! If the report had ever got past him, it would have been stopped by the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, who was Prime Minister, and who promised Palestine to the Jews later on!

Dr. Klein, Director of the Abattoir at Lennep, Germany, made some simple experiments in the presence of nine veterinary surgeons; he performed these on several animals, which had had their throats cut by the Jewish method. The experiment simply consisted in cutting the ropes binding the animals’ legs immediately after the cut was made. The animals then rose to their feet, staggered about fully conscious, then sank to their knees and finally collapsed. Klein found that consciousness remained for at least forty seconds after the cut. He concluded that “the Jewish method must be forbidden in our civilised country” and when Hitler came to power, it was. Death would of course come quicker to these animals on which Klein made his observations than to animals remaining prostrate and secured, because the muscular exertions in rising and moving about would greatly hasten the bleeding.

Mr. James King, Veterinary Inspector to the Corporation of London, said that in his experience it took three or four minutes before animals slaughtered by the Jewish method lost sensibility after the cut.

In 1933, a questionnaire was sent to 605 Dutch Veterinary Surgeons, with the result that 500 condemned the Jewish method as unjustifiable.

The following year, the Melbourne Argus (29th Aug.) published reports from Chief Inspectors to the Health Committee, New South Wales, who almost unanimously condemned Shechita on account of its cruelty.

For many years, the method has by law been prohibited in Norway, Sweden, Finland and parts of Germany; now it is stopped everywhere under Nazi rule. Switzerland prohibits by a law which is honoured in the breach rather than in the observance.

The method has long been expressly condemned also by the Director of the Abattoir in Brussels.

Mr. F. Marshall, M.P., spoke in the House on the subject. “No terms of mine,” he said, “can describe the horror of the Jewish method of slaughter. It is the absolute acme of cruelty and pain.” Needless to say, he was defeated at the next election.

### Apologists for the Jewish Method of Slaughter.

Professor Sir Leonard Hill, physiologist, says (Lancet, 22nd Dec., 1923) that the bullock does not feel the cut of the Jews' knife. On another occasion (in May, 1932, speaking to an audience of Jewish slaughtermen) he said he had no doubt that when the Weinberg pen was used "the animal is brought by this method into a confusional state, which is equivalent to a hypnotic condition." In other words, the Professor suggests that to hypnotise an animal, all you have to do is to turn it upside down! I suggest that it is the Professor himself who has been brought into a hypnotic condition, and we feel positive that there is a close Jewish relationship which produced it.

Another physiologist, Sir W. Bayliss also defended Shechita, but with a name like that, and a father called Moses, it is not altogether surprising.

General Sir John Moore, Director of Veterinary Services in the Great War, wrote in 1931 to the Shechita Board: "I consider that the complete severance of the large blood vessels of the neck in the act of cutting according to Jewish ritual is a quick and humane method of despatch." Sir John, however, is a Freemason, and we may dismiss his opinion with contempt in view of the experiments of Dr. Klein already mentioned; besides, the vertebral arteries supply the brain with a considerable amount of blood and are not severed when an animal's throat is cut.

The late Sir Frederick Hobday, Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, described the Jewish method as the most humane in the world (*Jewish Chronicle*, 28th Nov., 1938, p. 12). In July, 1927, Hobday wrote to the *Jewish Chronicle* to say that he was taking a party, including ladies, over a foreign abattoir; and "we had the misfortune to witness two instances in which the horns were completely broken off (one in each case) during the process of casting for the Jewish killing. The sight was most revolting, even to a hardened man." What a curious mentality! I should have thought the misfortune was to the bullocks rather than to the onlookers. Sir Frederick's hardening process was gained in three Masonic Lodges, Nos. 3386, 2190 and 4474, and he was one of the founders of the last mentioned.

Mr. C. A. Lovatt Evans, Professor of Physiology, University of London, is quoted by the Jew C. Roth in *The Jewish Contribution to Civilisation* as saying: "I should be happy to think that my own end were likely to be as swift and painless as the end of these cattle killed in this way undoubtedly is." Words fail me in attempting to comment upon this alleged statement.

Some Jewish apologists for the method would be almost amusing were the subject less grim.

The Jew Weinberg, speaking to the Leeds B'nai B'rith said: "The moment the arteries are cut, the animal goes off in a pleasant dreamy manner into unconsciousness."

The *Jewish Chronicle*, 16th March, 1923, says: "If the eating of flesh is a necessity, then it is passing fudge, hypocritical humbug and cant, to worry about a second or two more or less of pain occasioned to the animal in procuring it." We agree, it would be, to a Jew; but not to the average Aryan, who would regard even "a second or two" as of some importance, and forty seconds and more as sufficient to condemn the method and all who advocate it.

The Jew Sir Samuel Montague, when asked, before the 1904 Admiralty Committee, how he would like to be treated like that, said "I cannot fathom the feelings of an ox myself." He also declared that indiarubber mattresses were "used everywhere" to reduce the rough treatment in casting the bullocks; to which the Commissioners replied that they had never met with any such indiarubber mattresses! Finally, the Jew gave himself away by mentioning that he had himself offered a prize of £200 for an anæsthetic which could be used in the Jewish method of slaughter; but what need is there for an anæsthetic, if death by shechita is simply a matter of going off "in a pleasant dreamy manner into unconsciousness?"

Reading all these recommendations of the method, we wonder the R.S.P.C.A. has not been prevailed upon to join in them; but the fact remains that it hasn't. Why not?

Once more, I repeat, because it is sheer common-sense that cutting the throat from ear to ear is a ghastly painful process, and it is impossible that contrary opinions by sane men can be honest ones.

### **The Extensive Use of Shechita.**

Most of my readers probably think that shechita is only practised upon animals destined for the food of Jews. It is most important that they should realise that the method is used far more generally than that.

In London, not less than 1,000 bullocks every week are done to death by shechita. In Antwerp, all cattle are killed that way. In New York, 90 per cent. (about 8,000 cattle, and 100,000 sheep every week).

Why is this?

Because Gentiles eat most of the carcase of an animal killed by the Jewish method. Jewish ritual forbids Jews to consume the hind quarters of beasts killed for food unless those hindquarters have been subjected to a process called "porging." This porging consists in the removal by dissection of certain blood vessels and fat, a dissection which requires some skill and which therefore is seldom resorted to. Thus, for practically every beast slaughtered by shechita, there is a whole hindquarters available for Gentile consumption.

That is why the number of animals slaughtered in this method so greatly exceeds the needs of the Jewish population.

### **Moneymaking is the Key to the Situation.**

The obstructive tactics employed by Jews to prevent the abolition of this unnecessary suffering to our animals is due to the fact that the Jewish community gains large sums from fees received for the services of the Jewish slaughterer. In 1939, at Glasgow, these fees amounted to 13s. before they were raised to 15s. 6d. per head.

The fees are used for the religious education of Jews and for other Jewish purposes. As the fees are included in the price of the meat to consumers, it follows that most of the shechita fees paid in this so-called Christian country are really paid by Gentiles who eat most of the meat. Thus, the Gentile is cunningly made to pay for Jewish education and Jewish charities out of unnecessary cruelty to British bullocks!

Did you know that? Well, you do now.

Here is a list of Jewish charities with the grants they received from staples funds of the Shechita Board in Liverpool in 1934, taken from The Jewish Chronicle of 15th June:—

Jewish Board of Guardians £130.

Talmud Torah Schools £130.

Liverpool Yeshiva £100.

Hebrew Schools £42.

Charity Funerals Board £50.

Lechem Aneyim Society £50.

Somech Noflim Society £50.

Gemiluth Chasodin Society £35. Hebrew

Provident Society £25. Ladies' Bikur

Cholim Society £25.

Jewish Temporary Shelter £10 10s. Jewish

Orphan Aid Society £10 10s.

Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Inst. £6 6s.

Hebrew Philanthropic Society £5 10s.

Hebrew Children's Soup Fund £5 5s.

Society for Protection of Jewish Girls £5 5s. Liverpool



Jewish Children's Country Home £5 5s. Jewish Boys

'Clothing Society £3 3s.

Sewing Society for Clothing Jewish Poor £3 3s. Jewish

Children's Clothing Society £3 3s.

Rabbinical Commission for Licensing of Shochetim £10.

Writing of Warsaw, the same paper states (8th Feb., 1935) "The well-known Kosher meat tax is still the chief financial standby of the religious Jewish community."

On 15th October, 1937, it said:—"A material addition to the funds available for the vital cause of (Jewish) religious education has been provided in part out of the Shechita Board's surplus."

Again, this time referring to the prohibition of Shechita in Upper Silesia, the paper stated (29th Sept., 1933) "The Rabbis are suffering and many of them have not been able to receive their salaries on account of the absence of ritual killing. As in other countries (our italics), Shechita was a source of income to the Rabbis and other communal leaders. Even religious classes were supported from this source. Now several religious schools are to be closed down as the teachers have been without salaries for weeks."

Now do you see what is behind this Shechita business?

### **A Religious Rite.**

Some thoughtless people would have Shechita protected because it is a religious rite.

Sutti, the burning of Hindu widows, was a religious rite in India, but we stopped it. Thuggee, the religious strangling of fellow-travellers was also a religious rite in India, and we stopped that, too.

It is utterly ridiculous to claim that barbarism should be perpetuated in this, our own country, to protect an alien ritual.

Shechita is no part of the Mosaic law, but was prescribed by the Rabbis. There was money in it.

The Jews did not even invent it, but copied it from the Egyptians. The Beni Hasan models from Egyptian tombs of the 12th dynasty show the process, and the exodus, if indeed it ever took place, is supposed to have happened in the 19th dynasty.

### **My Experiences with the R.S.P.C.A.**

I have often tried to get the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to get Shechita stopped, but in vain. At meetings of the Guildford Branch where I brought the matter up, I was treated by the Chairman as though I were a pickpocket. Here is a newspaper version of one of these occasions taken from the *Surrey Times*, 30th April, 1932:

A man in the body of the hall said he wished to call the meeting's attention to a revolting case of cruelty to animals, and explained that it had reference to the Jewish method of slaughter.

The Chairman: I rule it out of order. I won't have it discussed here.

Mr. A. S. Leese: This is a society to prevent cruelty to animals. Does not the Jewish method involve cruelty to animals? Some twenty-eight years ago it was condemned by the government.

The Chairman: I cannot have a debate in open house on this question. I won't have it. There were cries of "Shame."

Mr. Leese: We are trying to stop it. I am sure the meeting wants to hear it; let's have publicity. The

Chairman: I won't have it.

Mr. Leese: Let's get on with it.

The Chairman: You won't get on with it here at a public meeting.

Another member of the audience: Would you tell this meeting where it can be discussed? Even in London they won't do it.

The Chairman: The Committee in London lay down our policy. I decline to allow a question which is open to libel to be discussed at this meeting.

The real cause of this opposition to reform by the R.S.P.C.A. was fear of losing powerful Jewish and Masonic financial support. I hope that the new Secretary will prove strong enough to initiate proceedings whereby the practice of Shechita may be made illegal. I have always found that the audiences were sympathetic to my efforts, the excited opposition coming from the platform and the Chair.

I will conclude by showing how, even under the present law, it should be possible for an honest, powerful anti-cruelty society to put an end to most of this miserable business, if not quite all of it.

### **How to Stop It.**

The Slaughter of Animals Act (1933) allows the killing of animals by the Jewish method, but only for the food of Jews.

If, then, a Jewish slaughterman uses the method for despatching a beast the carcase of which will not be porged, he breaks the law because the beast's hindquarters will not be eaten by Jews but by Gentiles.

The vast majority of carcases of beasts slaughtered by the Jewish method are not porged.

This being the case, the Jewish slaughterman should, in reason and in law, ascertain for himself, before killing the beast, that its carcase is intended for porging. If he kills the animal by the Jewish method and the carcase is not then porged, he has broken the law.

The rich animal protection societies, then, have only to send an Inspector to the slaughterhouse to keep a watch on the Jewish slaughterers and on the disposal of the carcases, and could bring enough prosecutions as a result of a single day's observations practically to end the scandal of the Jewish method of slaughter altogether.



The Legalised Cruelty of Shechita : The Jewish Method of Cattle-slaughter.

[Above: Photo within]

## **Appendix 2.**

### **THE ERA**

### **OF WORLD RUIN!**

### **(The Era of Democracy)**

### **By ARNOLD LEESE**

The claim of the Jews that they installed Democracy  
for the express purpose of ruining the Gentile world.

THE words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity which are sometimes summed up in the word “Liberalism” have a noble sound and appearance. Are they not above criticism? Yes, but only when each one is in its right place: Liberty where Liberty can be exercised with intelligence, Equality where Equality really exists, and so on. And yet, in the domain of politics these words are, as will be shown in the course of this Note, anathema to anyone acquainted with their origin and with the evil purpose to which they have been applied, and with the results of their use.

The main result of their use has been the splitting up of countries into warring political parties. These parties are known collectively as Democracy. When Democracy holds an election, it is supposed to produce—at least we flatter ourselves that it produces—a Parliament which represents the best interests of the State. But as the majority of members are forced by their political Association to put the interests of party before that of the State, Democracy fails at the very outset to achieve its main object. So it just carries on in a disjointed manner, in a state of political warfare with itself.

After each allotted span of Parliament's life there is a new election. And then we may find that what the State thought was good policy during the last five years was all wrong; at least the new Parliament says so, and proceeds to put things “right.” It seems curious that the State did not know that for five years it was following a wrong course, when it did what the previous Parliament told it to do. The explanation, of course, is that the State is not the custodian of its own mind; it has handed its mind over to Democracy. The State, in fact, throws itself into the melting pot at short recurring intervals, and proves by the condition in which it emerges therefrom that it has no body or consistency of its own, no essential principles, and that it is for ever at war with itself. What are we to say of such a State? That it is no State at all.

At the very moment of writing these words, an apt illustration of their truth has presented itself. An election has just taken place in which the issue before the electors was “For the Treaty” or “Against the Treaty,” that is to say, for honouring the country's bond or dishonouring it. The fact that the party for dishonouring the bond has prevailed is not to our point; at the next election the position may be reversed. We are concerned with the position of the State as illustrated by these facts. Where does the State come in? Where does it materialise? The answer is “Nowhere.” When Democracy came in at the door, the State flew out at the window. Paradoxical as it may seem, when the part came in at the door, the whole flew out at the window.

How are we to put the State back into its place, not only in Britain but in every country that has any respect for itself? Has this ever been done? Yes, in Italy. This is not going to be a “propaganda” in favour of Italian Fascism, but that is no reason why we should not enquire how Italy managed to achieve the object which we are now seeking. But you may feel inclined to say that Russia also has achieved the non-party ideal. No; although there is a body of men exercising supreme control over that country without the use of Parties, they are international revolutionaries, many of them of foreign race, who control their subjects by means of terrorism. Their chief aim is world revolution and they are using Russia as a base for interfering in the affairs of every civilised nation. The State controlled by them cannot be called a State in the ordinary sense of the word.

So we will return to Italy. and enquire how it managed to transform a country governed by Party into a country governed by itself—that is to say, by the State. What happened was that under the ignorant and futile Party Government of Italy in 1918, the International Communists, supported by Moscow money, were bringing to a head a long course of peaceful penetration of Italy's industrial institutions, and were preparing, indeed they had started, revolution. A group of patriots, calling themselves Fascists, were aware of the danger, and, being also aware of the rottenness, the do-nothingness of their own Government, prepared to oppose Communism by force and to save Italy. As events turned out, they were called upon to do a lot of fighting and to sacrifice many lives. But they had their reward; they were acclaimed the Saviours of Italy and became the originators of the new régime which has now made the State supreme in Italy. They resolved that there should be no more of that ridiculous form of Government by Party which has wrecked and continues to wreck the body-politic of many countries which in their ignorance and stupidity still adhere to it.

But that is only half the story. The Italian Fascists would have found it difficult to erect the new edifice of State if the other important element in Italian life, Labour, had remained in opposition. But all that was best on the Labour side of Italian life came forward at that juncture on the patriotic side, the National side, the State side. Progressing along a path running parallel with that of the Fascists, the Syndicalists (that is the name by which they were known), had learnt wisdom. They had learnt to hate the Socialists and the Communists, recognising them as the creators of evil, the agents of outside international force, the upsetters of the life of the Nation and the State.

On this common ground, Fascism and Syndicalism met, and, finding themselves complementary to each other, became fused into an organisation on which was founded the Italian State as we now know it; a State free from Party; all are now for the State. It is not necessary to give details of the new Constitution; we are only concerned in showing that a change over from Party to State Government can be achieved when the change of heart has taken place; that is to say, when the people, having learnt what is wrong with Democracy and why it has landed them in such an appalling mess, decide to form a State Government, the change of “Heart” will come all right, but only if it is preceded by an access of “knowledge.”

How can that knowledge be obtained? How did the Italians obtain it? By simple commonsense observation of what was going on around them. It is open to the people of all other countries similarly situated to obtain that same knowledge by the exercise of that same commonsense observation; it does not require any superhuman effort; just a little opening of the eyes and sharpening of the powers of observation. Then it is possible for the people of other nations to see what the observing Italians saw. And what did they see? All the subversive movements for destroying the existing order of things carried out by the agency of Socialists and Communists; the fomenting of interminable strife between the sections of the Community who ought to be co-operating with each other but are never allowed to co-operate to any real extent; the “national” strikes which are found to be supported by “international” money from Moscow and elsewhere. And the intelligent observer will not fail to notice that many men occupying high and responsible positions in the Trades Union and Political Organisations, and even in Ministerial positions, are lending their aid to the subverters of the National life, some of them knowingly and for payment, others in consequence of the extreme vacuity of their political mind.

The investigator will not find in the books on Italian Fascism any useful information regarding the prime cause lying behind the movements of the Communists. From other sources, however, we are enabled to explain how it came about that schemes of Government based upon the noble ideas contained in the words, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” have wrecked the world. There is no shortage of wealth in the world; the present is a time of plenty, and the physical and mechanical means for distributing that Plenty are extraordinarily efficient. But the world has become unworkable. Somebody is continually putting on the brake, or throwing sand into the bearings, or interfering with the Works in some sort of way. As there is nothing wrong with the essentials, it must be in one of the auxiliary processes of Industry, Trade or Finance that we shall find the obstruction.

A semi-official account of Italian Fascism will be found in “Survey of Fascism,” the year Book of the International Centre of Fascist Studies, 1928, published by Ernest Benn, Ltd., Bouverie House, Fleet Street, London, .E.C.4.

First, however, let us enquire how far and in what respects the Democratic form of government has been responsible for these troubles. That form of government is based on the idea that all men are EQUAL and can be trusted if given full LIBERTY (by means of the Franchise of course), to elect to Parliament men who are capable of upholding the interests of the State, and who are not panderers to the wishes of those outside International wire-pullers who are for ever trying to destroy the State. As this Democratic form of Government, when put to the test has brought many countries into a condition bordering on chaos, there must be some flaw in the “Equality, Liberty” slogan.

Our next step must, therefore, be to trace the authors of the slogan. In quest of this information, we were referred to certain books on Continental revolutions and Freemasonry, showing the connection between the two. In these books, beginning with a few years before the first French Revolution of 1789, we find the history of Europe being shaped by the Members of Secret Societies. All the originators of the revolution of 1789 were Freemasons. We read that on the 10th of August, 1792, the revolutionary leaders made their watchword “LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.” So that identifies the cry with Freemasonry. But all Continental Freemasonry is Jewish. Dr. Israel Wise has written in the “Israelite of America,” as follows:



“Masonry is a Jewish institution whose history, degrees, charges, passwords and explanations are Jewish from beginning to end.” So the final identification is “Masonic and Jewish.” Carrying our investigations along that line, we were further advised to read part of a chapter in a book called “The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion” (a book which has been declared by the Jews to be a forgery), in which we would find the slogan definitely claimed by them as their own invention. We read the portion indicated, beginning with the words:—

“Far back in ancient times, we were the first to cry among the masses of the people the words ‘Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.’” We were so astonished at the context of these words that we proceeded to read the whole book. And then? Then there was unfolded to our view not only the evil purpose lying behind the misuse of the words, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” but also the origin of all the world's social, financial and economic troubles.

We found from the Protocols that there had been laid down, many centuries ago, an elaborate plot for undermining the power and position of all the Gentile nations so that they might fall into such chaotic confusion financially and economically, that they would in sheer despair allow the Jews to take in hand the Super- government of the world.

The nature of the undermining movements is explained in considerable detail. The invention of the slogan, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” is only one of those details. We will now complete the quotation regarding its origin and the evil purpose behind it:—

“Far back in ancient times we were the first to cry among the masses of the people the words, ‘Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.’ The would-be wise men of the Gentiles, the intellectuals, could not make anything out of the uttered words in their abstractness; did not note the contradiction of their meaning and inter-relation; did not note that in nature there is no equality and there cannot be freedom; that Nature herself has established inequality of minds, of characters and capacities; never stopped to think that the mob is a blind thing, that upstarts elected from it to bear rule are, in regard to the political, the same blind men as the mob itself. In all corners of the earth the words ‘Liberty, Equality, Fraternity’ brought to our ranks whole legions who bore our banner with enthusiasm. And all the while these words were cankerworms at work boring into the well-being of the Gentiles, in putting an end everywhere to peace, quiet, solidarity and destroying all the foundations of the Gentile States.”

The Jews seem to have packed into this small space a whole mine of wisdom. How true their comments on the non-existence of Equality! How true their comments on the cruel use to which the slogan of “Liberty” has been put. Is anyone prepared to question their verdict on the folly of nations allowing themselves to be governed by “upstarts” from the mob? After making a close and detailed examination of what they have to say on the other follies of Gentile administration, we must confess ourselves unable to find a single flaw in their statements. Not only are they stating the unadulterated Truth, but they state it in terms replete with wisdom.

But we were told by those who recommended this book to us that it had been branded as a forgery by the Jews. What! Is it possible to forge Truth and Wisdom? Our fears were allayed when we discovered that the charge of forgery was fastened not upon the truth or otherwise of the statements made in the book, but upon the source from which that material had been obtained. The question of source need not stand in our way. The source of “The Wisdom of Solomon” is disputed, but that does not prevent us from reading it to our intellectual and spiritual satisfaction. Similarly it is open to everyone to learn Wisdom from the Protocols; they are full of it!

The Protocols deal with three main subjects:—

1. The details of the plan by which the Jews are undermining Gentile dominion.
2. The stupidity of the Gentiles which facilitates the progress of the plan and has now brought it to a successful issue.
3. The form of government which the Jews intend to set up when they attain world dominion.

These three subjects are intermingled in a series of lectures which taken collectively form a progress report delivered to the Elders of Zion at Basle in 1897, on the occasion of the first Zionist Conference.

The lecturer was Theodore Herzl, the then leader of Zionism. He complained, and left it on record, that his communications had not been kept secret. In 1902, copies of some of his lectures were carried into Russia and in 1905 they were published; they were republished in 1917. As regards the details of the plan we must leave the reader to study the Protocols. He can obtain the Marsden edition from us.

For the purpose of this Note we wish to pursue the second main point which is so well brought out in the Protocols, namely, the stupidity of the Gentiles. This is a matter bearing very directly on the question of Democracy which we discussed in the early part of this Note. We showed how Italy had avoided a great national danger by abolishing the idiotic rule of Demos, the rule of Parties. Let us see what view the Protocols take of this matter:— “A people left to itself, i.e., to upstarts from its midst, brings itself to ruin by party dissensions excited by the pursuit of power and honours and the disorders arising therefrom.” “It is necessary to have regard to the rascality, the slackness, the instability of the mob, its lack of capacity to understand and respect the conditions of its own life or its own welfare.” “The blind cannot lead the blind without bringing them into the abyss. Consequently members of the mob . . . cannot come forward as leaders of the mob without bringing the whole nation to ruin.” “The idea of Freedom is impossible of realisation because no one knows how to use it with moderation.”

“Whether a State exhausts itself in its own convulsions or whether its internal discord brings it under the power of external forces . . . it is in our power.” And there are many other statements of a similar nature, all of which are true and all of which say, in effect, that Democracy lands the distracted State eventually in the hands of the Jews. And thus we see that the argument which we set out to develop against the Democratic form of Government is found to be in full accordance with Jewish ideas. We could not have come to a more competent authority.

In conclusion, let us show the intimate connection that exists between the Socialists, Communists and the Jewish world-domination movement. When the Bolsheviks seized Russia in 1917 they were assisted by many brands of revolutionaries. By which section did they elect to be represented? By the Communists. Who were the people that the Fascists had to eject from the revolutionary power in Italy? Communists. Can the Protocols throw any light on the connection? Yes, in Protocol No. 3 the Jews refer to:—

“our fighting forces—Socialists, Anarchists, Communists—to whom we always give support in accordance with an alleged brotherly rule (of the solidarity of all humanity) of our social masonry.” And yet an intelligent (?) country like Great Britain actually gives these people the full freedom of the country, and allows them to be elected to Parliament. It even raises Socialists to the Peerage imagining that “Liberalism” demands the exercise of such stupidity. In this Note we have shown the false nature of the thing called Liberalism. We have shown where its component parts, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity” came from, viz.: from the Jews. Finally let the Italians pour the vials of their contempt mixed with pity upon those peoples who are still so blind that they cannot see the wreckers of their country working their Satanic purpose through the agency of Democracy:—

“Those peoples who are still working in the maelstrom of Liberalism, Democracy, elections and Parliaments are for the Italians of to-day like shipwrecked mariners beyond the reach of succour whose agony may be described from the shore.”

## **Appendix 3.**

### **O U T O F S T E P :**

#### **Events in the Two Lives of an Anti-Jewish Camel-Doctor.**

by

ARNOLD SPENCER LEESE, M.R.C.V.S.

[c. 1951]

#### **PREFACE**

This autobiographical effort is in two parts: the first deals with my experiences until I retired from the Veterinary Profession in 1928; the second, with events in the political pioneering career that I carried on after that year by opposing the secret Jewish Power. It was not until 1946 that I thought seriously of publishing it.

On reading one of the numerous "smearing" articles about myself in the political columns of newspapers, I learned that my career, "told in full, would read like an Oppenheim thriller", and then it struck me that although there was much doubt as to whether it was as bad as all that, there were possibly some rather unusual events in it which might interest the small proportion of the public that reads.

For political reasons I have not mentioned in this book the names of most of my friends; and I hope my readers will not, therefore, attribute the fact that the word "I" too frequently occurs in the text to any want of modesty on my part; a man who has been in prison, with or without trial, for well over four years isn't likely to overestimate his own importance! I think that there will be many lovers of animals, veterinary surgeons amongst them, who may find something new to them, particularly in the first ten Chapters; whilst anyone concerned with political realism can learn a little from the experiences related in the second part of the book, since those experiences are rather unique. This, however, is neither a veterinary textbook nor a political treatise; it is simply an account of some of the things that happened to Your Humble Servant,

ARNOLD SPENCER LEESE.

#### **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

I thank the Editor of Country Life for permission to use three of my articles in that magazine, viz.:— Camels: Fiction and Fact; Mule Sense; and Toreador in Teesdale.

I thank the Editor of Wide World Magazine for permission to use my article Bill of the Desert; and for kindly supplying the block for the photograph reproduced on Plate III (1).

The Author.

#### **OUT OF STEP**

#### **CHAPTER I.**

#### **The Root of the Trouble.**

Surely, everyone who attempts to write an autobiography should give his readers an adequate ancestral background against which to judge him.

Heredity always seemed to me to be a far more important factor in the basic character-formation of the individual than mere environment; it is one's forebears who hand down instinct, and what is instinct but hereditary memory born of fundamental experiences of past generations?

I have been able, thanks to the collaboration of many distant relations, to trace my ancestry through many generations. But, of the Leese family itself, I have no knowledge beyond that of a great-grandfather, Joseph Leese, of Richmond Hill, Bowdon, whose dates were 1783 to 1861: he married the daughter of a John Harrison, of Burton,

and had a considerable family of which my grandfather, Joseph, was the youngest and the only son. I knew my grandfather when I was a boy and stood in great awe of him, although he was kindness itself: the rather formal interviews which I had with him seldom ended without a silver coin being passed by him into one of my pockets and no doubt my shy reaction amused him a lot. He had a grand head out of which many improvements in machinery for cotton-mills had developed, and he had owned mills in Preston. He was a Liberal in politics, but a Liberal of very different calibre to that of the ones I see when I look around me now. He married the daughter of "Honest John Scurr", a Brazil merchant, and well I remember this gentle old lady who never could do enough for her grandchildren. My father, Spencer Leese, was the eldest son of their numerous family.

The Leese family runs to a type which evidently has a strong prepotency: both sexes are generally tall, fair, blue-eyed, with heads broader than the typical Nordic average: any Mediterranean mixture by marriage soon seems to lose any trace; the general run of the family is of good intelligence with a strong sporting trend.

The Scurr family derived from one of William the Conqueror's Knights who was given Beeston Castle, near Morley, Leeds; that is the only claim I have on the aristocracy! But I am perhaps unreasonably proud of being distantly connected to RICHARD OASTLER (1789-1861), the Factory King, the man who did the pioneering and rough street work in stopping the atrocious conditions under which child labour was then employed in the northern mills, a cause in which the Parliamentary activity was done by the Earl of Shaftesbury; Oastler's political enemies silenced him for a time by foreclosing on him for debt, and he was imprisoned in the Fleet for over three years; then his friends bought him out, and his return to Bradford was in the van of a procession a mile long. After his death, a bronze statue was erected in that town, with the simple inscription "Oastler", in which he is portrayed with two ragged children at his feet. Oastler was the grandson of the brother of my great- great- grandfather, Robert Scurr. I hope I may be excused for boasting such a slender relationship to so grand a man. Mr. Cecil Driver wrote a very fine biography of Oastler, naming it *Tory Radical* (Oxford University Press, New York, 1946).

My mother was daughter of Charles Hudson, Coroner of Stockport, and of a sound Unitarian stock of Lancashire and Cheshire. In the Unitarian community, I always found a high standard of citizenship and sense of public duty.

My uncle, Joseph Leese, was made a Baronet, having been Recorder of Manchester and Member of Parliament (Liberal) for Accrington; he and his brother, Ernest, played as amateurs in the Lancashire County Cricket Team and two of his sons were captains of the Winchester School cricket team. His grandson was Sir Oliver Leese, veteran of two world wars.

## CHAPTER II.

### A Slow Starter.

My father was an artist, but he had a modest independent income on which he reared a large family. As a young man, he was of immense muscular strength and I still possess copies of photographs of him "in the raw", the most striking of which is a back view showing a physique of broad sloping shoulders and narrow waist which reminds me of nothing so much as a section of the Cantilever Bridge across the Firth of Forth. He could lift, with one hand, a dumb-bell weighing 160 lbs. and raise it at arm's length above his head. I remember how, when the family removed from Southport after his death, my mother gave this relic away to a local circus. I never could lift the thing even off the floor with one hand; it just forced my fingers open if I tried. On several occasions, my father had accepted challenges by professional weight-lifters, and had beaten them, with lucky results for local hospitals. But with all this strength, of which I seldom really was forced to feel the weight myself, he was of the most gentle disposition and a good family man. In his early married life, he took a keen interest in horses and his honeymoon was spent in the Lakes where he drove his own very smart four-in-hand. Later, he owned the well-known harness cob Rattler which won many prizes at shows all over the country. But these horsey days were all before my time, as I was a late arrival in a very large family.

My mother was a very beautiful woman, a fact which I usually have to keep to myself, otherwise people are apt to crack the old joke, leaning forward, looking interestedly into my face to say: "Then it was your father who was not good-looking?" Her life was devoted entirely to the family and she taught us all to be civilised. Her eyes were blue and her hair was dark. I don't think any of us really knew what we owed to her until after she was dead. My parents lived in several places in the north, and before I was born there were already one son and five daughters. My eldest brother, Joe, was not a typical Leese; he was a strange mixture of scientist and musician and, as he was 13 years older than I was, we were never of much use to one another. Later in life, I found him so different in temperament and outlook to myself, that I decided the best policy to avoid a quarrel was to avoid him, which I did; and thank God, we never did quarrel. After him, every year or two there came a sister, until five had appeared on the scene. Being thus so close together in age, they tended not to look outside the family for companionship and I believe they were very happy together. Then came a gap of four years and, at Lytham, in Lancashire, I was born in 1878. Four years later, we moved to Southport, where my early youth was spent. I was, perhaps, a lonely child and it is not an ideal condition for a small boy to have a large number of elder sisters and to be separated by more than four years from the youngest of them. I grew up in a very sheltered atmosphere, rather spoiled, selfish and with few attractive qualities as I can see them now!



Remembering what I was myself as a child, I have never really been very fond of children ever since! I suppose I must have had redeeming features or all the others would not have always been so kind to me; but the only one I can recognise at this distance was a great and sympathetic love of animals which has been my joy throughout life. My first canine love was Gyp, a large white terrier and we grew up together. He wasn't really my dog, but my brother's: what Gyp didn't know about life in general wasn't really worth knowing; a wise dog, with a temper like an angel, and when his time came (a shattered leg) I knew tragedy. It has always been like that with me when my dogs have died.

I was sent first to a dame school, where I kicked a girl on the ankle and was "kept in" for an hour, bellowing the whole time: later to a boys' day-school which bored me stiff. Finally, I was sent to Giggleswick School, Settle, Yorkshire, in which I spent five years receiving an apology for an education, but at least losing some of the worst effects of a too sheltered life at home. My father died just before my last term, and the family fortunes declined with a bang. I remember quite well how, even in these early days, I felt that my time at this school was really being wasted and that I was growing up in an atmosphere remote from the realities of ordinary existence. I felt acutely my own want of experience, but had not then the initiative to take matters into my own hands.

My mother had to do the best she could; I was, myself, very slow to mature. It was unusual for a lad not to know the facts of life at the age of fifteen; I was a very innocent lad. Thinking it all for the best, she had me articled to a chartered accountant where I spent nearly three rather miserable years in the City. Then I woke up, decided that the totting up of the profits of others was not for me and, with the help of my dear old grandfather, overcame my mother's doubts and went into the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, to live my life with my beloved animals. I got scholarships three years out of the four, lifted thirteen first medals and spent my vacation with practising veterinary surgeons first as pupil, then as "improver" and, after that, as assistant. I had found my vocation, but had wasted three years. Well, perhaps they were not altogether to be written off as a loss; at least I got a fine training in two things: firstly, in sticking out a monotonous job; secondly, rapid and accurate casting up of figures. Both these, especially the first, have been of great use to me in after-life. To think that I once passed the Intermediate Examination for Chartered Accountants with Honours!

Whilst I was at the accountants' office (Messrs. Craggs, Turketine & Co.), my mother and the rest of the family were without a permanent home and I went to live as paying guest with Mr. W. H. King, in Hampstead; he was an ex-Public Works engineer pensioned from India and he was a fine man for me to be with in those days.

There I met my ultimate fate in his youngest daughter, May Winifred, but she was only 12 years' old then! I think the only exciting experience I had in the City was when I got inside the police cordon during the great fire at London Wall; but great fires in London have since become common-place.

About this time, I became aware of the fact that I had been suffering from astigmatism (with short sight) for many years. It is impossible now to make any estimate of the extent of this handicap; it meant that I had gone about without seeing a number of things which were within the range of normal sight, but beyond mine. However, I have much to thank my parents for in possessing a healthy body and an active brain. I had grown up well fed and had never known real hardship, and during my holidays had covered a large area of England and Wales; but I still felt that I had been sheltered too much and that I knew my country a great deal better than I knew my countrymen. However, from the time I began to go out "to see practice" in my vacations at the Veterinary College, I made up for lost time in that respect, because veterinary practice involves the treatment of owners as well as their animals! I always selected country practitioners with whom to serve, so as to obtain as much contact as possible with farm practice, and had many rough experiences which included concussion of the brain following a fall from a horse, with total obliteration from memory of about four days of my life. I also had the interesting experience of veterinary work with coal-pit ponies when I did "locum tenens" for a veterinary surgeon at Seaham Harbour; I used to descend the Seaham and Silksworth pits daily; each pit contained 400 ponies. They were, of course, shod cold, and there were more injuries than sickness.

I had a younger brother, John Scurr Leese, born ten years later than myself with no other children in between, my parents having increased the population over a period covering twenty-five years! He, of course, was even more isolated from the others than I had been; he grew up a typical Leese, broke the high-jump record at his school and vanished for ever at Krithia, Gallipoli, where he was serving in the first World War as a private in the 6th Manchesters. When I look back, I realise that I hardly knew him: circumstances and difference in age prevented it.

When I was a small boy I had made a bet with my sister, Nora, that I would neither drink nor smoke until I was of age: on my 21st birthday I claimed the sum and was duly paid. These so-called abstemious habits were retained throughout my life; during adolescence I was free from a drain on scanty pocket-money for one thing and I grew up with sound heart and lungs, and never missed a single Rugby Football match when at the Veterinary College, always being able to play as hard in the last five minutes as I did in the first.

During these early days, I was quite unconscious of any feeling that I was missing anything by abstention; I abstained because I could not see why I should drug myself just because other people did, and I did not make a virtue of it; if I had, at any time of my life, seen any tangible advantage in mild indulgence both in tobacco or alcoholic "refreshment", I would have resorted to these things; but to this day I have never been able to discover that anyone was ever a whit happier or better for them, and, to put it bluntly, I think both habits are just "damned silly" where ordinary healthy men and women are concerned. I don't think I could ever have really afforded them, as I had to make my own way from the time I was able to write the letters M.R.C.V.S. after my name.

What I have often resented were gratuitous hints from the drugged that I must not consider myself morally superior to them because I was a non-smoker and an abstainer, because I never did, at least on that account! I wasn't morally superior, at all; I was just undrugged. I represented the normal; they represented the abnormal, and whose fault was that? Surely, not mine? That is how it seemed to me.

To them, I was abnormal and they were normal! I think history records that England was at its best when it knew nothing of tobacco . . . and had no Jews. Whilst I am on this subject, I will finish with it. If I had my time to come over again, I would still leave both drugs alone. The only disadvantage in so doing is that one has sometimes to face impudent remarks from strangers who hint that if you neither drink nor smoke, you must have some horrible hidden vice. This is hard to bear, and I found that the best way of dealing with the nuisance was not to attempt to hide my resentment. In India, I was told I would be dead in three months if I didn't drink: what rubbish! My six years spent in that country were more filled with real physical hardship, I think, than any other European there had to endure, and I came away better in health than when I arrived! I belong to no society of any kind for reform in the matter of drink or smoking: let everyone decide for himself as he thinks best on the subjects, but I think that the bovine complacency with which John Bull allowed himself to be reduced to a second-class Power by engaging in a wholly unnecessary war in 1939 is partly explicable by these drug habits, which I think are superlatively silly.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Into the Hard Cold World.

Although I had, during my college career, a large number of temporary spells of "independence" when working with veterinary surgeons in the vacations, the Summer of 1903 brought my diploma and full professional status, and the first thing I did was to become an Assistant to a firm of Veterinary Surgeons, Messrs. Batt & Sons, of Oxford Street, London. In those days, there were few cars, and London's traffic—'bus, cab, commercial and private—was all horse-drawn. There were four qualified veterinary surgeons in the practice, two being the partners who owned it; the other Assistant at the time was the afterwards very well-known Veterinary Surgeon, Mr. Guy Sutton. We were kept busy all day long, driving all over West London to our equine patients. We were often called out to accidents in the streets and on such occasions I found it necessary to force my way through crowds of spectators, every one of whom, I gathered, knew what to do much better than I did. I became very expert at handling heavy and partly inert bodies, placing, roping, extending or folding the limbs so that the poor beast would rise under his own strength. This is a fine art which isn't taught in books and needs great strength, particularly when a horse has gone down in a narrow stall. In the street, there is more room; often when we found the animal could not rise from the side it was down on, we would turn it over on its back to the other side, when, with help it could generally rise to its feet. On one occasion, Sutton was beaten over the head with an umbrella by an angry old woman in the crowd who thought his well-meant efforts to assist his patient were superfluous.

The two assistants took on the night-work on alternate nights, and there was plenty of it, too. Those were the days when people drove to theatres in broughams and on cold nights horses would catch colds waiting for their owners to emerge from places of entertainment. I had a telephone just over my bed, and seldom it was when it did not ring at least once on my duty nights. But I kept a spirit lamp and kettle ready, and could always make myself tea whilst dressing to go out to a case. When the off-duty nights came, I could leave work at 5 p.m. which enabled me, living as I did just off Berkeley Square, to see everything worth seeing that was going on in London.

I often wonder how the modern veterinary student can ever become a good horse clinician in the absence of the huge equine population that gave us of the old school such experience. A good equine practitioner was rather like a specialised Sherlock Holmes, who could take in all sorts of observations whilst hardly knowing he did it, and come swiftly to a correct diagnosis or prognosis. It was always the clinical work that interested me more than the scientific side; I liked to be with the animals and to study them so that no detail escaped me: veterinary patients seldom tell lies, but it takes close detective training to appreciate fully and quickly the meaning of their various signals of distress. I believe I was a good horse clinician; I was also strong on what I called "acrobatic surgery", which consisted of performing some slight surgical operation and springing out of reach before the animal had time to realise that anything had been done to him. I was only caught twice in my whole life: once when a horse kicked me just above the knee and once when a cow nearly tore my ear off with a hind foot. I always liked practice with dogs and cats, chiefly because I loved the animals themselves. Nowadays, a practice like Batt's then was, is simply unknown anywhere: so much have times changed!

After nearly a year of this, I was offered a much better job in the East End of London, managing a practice for a deceased veterinary surgeon's executors in West Ham, with a branch at Chingford, in Essex. This was worked with two horses and the long journey of seven miles between the two practices had to be done without any payment from clients. I was there for three years: there was a lot of night work, because I used to be night-man for many of Tillings' horses worked by Oil Companies at the East India docks.

I remember how I used to cross Plaistow marsh in my trap at night with a twitch-stick handy at my side, for policemen went about in pairs in these parts. One of my ponies had been imported as a polo pony, but would not play; it was a grey mare and her peculiarity was a form of jibbing which was liable to take place if she was suddenly pulled up sharp for any cause, as behind waiting traffic at a crossroads. On these occasions, the pony would lose all control, backing for a number of yards, then rearing up and even coming over backwards which, of course, always smashed a shaft. After one or two such hair-raising adventures, I developed such tact in quietly pulling up behind traffic that she never gave me any more trouble; but I used to go away once a year for a Holiday and whenever I came back, I found the "locum" had had one of these shaft-smashing experiences in spite of my warnings. Another thing which upset this pony and started a jibbing exhibition was my holding a conversation with some patient's owner by the side of the trap just before jumping in to drive off so I developed a system which cut all that out.

Although this jibbing was a "vice" in the horsey sense of the word, I am convinced that it was nothing but "nerves", a habit probably formed as the result of fright or ill-treatment when being broken in. Anyhow, tact eliminated it. The pony was so valuable in other ways that an occasional new shaft was a detail: you could not tire her, even with thirty-five miles, and in Walthamstow and Leyton, when coming back from Chingford, we often overtook and passed the electric trams of that day, and we must have been a remarkable sight "going hell for leather", with the trap full of dog-patients for our infirmary at West Ham.

In the East End of London, the chief event of life in some classes of the inhabitants seemed, to use an Irishism, to be one's funeral. Big Flemish black horses were imported for use in these: they came in as three-year-olds and went straight to their work at that age; they could stand it, because, of course, they never really did any hard work at all. Sometimes I had to examine these new purchases as to soundness and the only way to test their wind was to drive them up a long hill in a hearse! These animals are very soft-hearted in sickness; the same remark applies to the popular Percheron horse; these continental horses definitely have a different sort of courage as compared with our native breeds. As an equine clinician, I found this interesting; I do not understand why it should be, but I know that when I am dealing with a Flemish horse or a Percheron, I can discount certain signals of distress which would be sinister signs in a Shire. For instance, after a bout of colic, the foreign horses will anticipate another attack by betraying certain symptoms of pain when no pain exists and no further attack is coming, moreover. The equine practitioner can always tell these cases by a brief examination of the pulse. The English horse goes back to the manger soon after the pain leaves him, nuzzling about for food.

In those days, London used to have frightful dense yellow fogs in the winter. I well remember finding myself driving up the West Ham Free Library steps in one of these. Another time I was called out in a particularly dense fog to a horse which had fallen, waggon and all, into a tidal dyke in the West Ham Gas Works: his head was just above water and the tide was coming in. Quickly we lit flares on the banks of the dyke, so that we could see; the animal was freed of its harness in the icy cold water; a rope was passed in a fixed loop over the head so that the knot was under the jaw; two quiet horses were used for traction on this and out of the water and up the bank came our patient, still on his side and with his legs sticking out stiffly as though frozen. Brisk massage, a good dose of rum, and the usual manipulation of the body in such cases, got the animal to his feet and he was slowly walked home with three men on each side to keep him on his legs. He made a quick recovery . . . but probably would not have done if his value had exceeded ten pounds! I then decided that the motor-car would oust the horse within my professional life-time and that the prospects in horse-practice were not good enough for a man who had a competence to make. I had about £400 saved and I determined to take a post-graduate course at the Veterinary College to make myself quite up-to-date on the scientific side of the work. This took two months and then I obtained a post in the Indian Civil Veterinary Department. Prior to sailing, I had about six weeks to put in, which I did as manager of the Brown Animal Institute, where the sick animals of the poor were treated free and which was situated just south of the Thames, near Vauxhall.

I had brought away from West Ham a bull-terrier pup named Bill; he was destined to be my closest companion for several strange years and deserves a chapter to himself.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Bill of the Desert.

Reprinted from "The Wide Wide World", February 1949, by kind permission.

Bill wouldn't have taken a prize at any serious dog-show. All the same, he could never have been mistaken for anything else but a bull-terrier. His mother was the most ferocious specimen of the breed that I have ever met with and was kept (usually on the chain) by a West Ham publican from whom Bill was purchased at two years' old for one pound sterling.

He grew into a formidable, but sweet-tempered dog, active and strong, with plenty of bone, well furnished with muscle. As from the first he lived with me day and night, he became—well, just what a dog of that sort naturally becomes to a man who had yet no other love.

The first year of his life was really uneventful, except that when we moved from West Ham to Vauxhall, he broke out next morning and disappeared. He came back in the evening; but we found he had actually been as far as Waterloo Bridge, all through a busy part of London entirely strange to him, so it was clear that he wasn't a dog that would easily get lost!

After two months of Vauxhall, I went out East to investigate camel diseases for the Indian Government and, of course, Bill came, too. We went out in the hot weather, an unusual season in which to send newcomers out to India and our ship was almost empty of passengers. Bill travelled in a special kennel on the poop, and the Captain allowed me to exercise him on the well-deck. Bill was keenly interested in the North African coast and was never sea-sick, even when the Monsoon, in the Indian Ocean, sent spray and even at times a wave over his kennel. In the Red Sea, we had the uncommon sea-experience of a flight of locusts over the ship, and their pink bodies hopping about the deck were a source of great excitement to Bill, who killed and ate a large number.

There followed a punishing train journey from Bombay to Lahore in June, and then I was sent straight up into the hills for a preliminary study. On my arrival in the Himalayas, and knowing nothing of the ways of natives, I got a sweeper to wash Bill clean after the stifling days of dirty travel by rail and road through the mid-summer hell of the Indian plains. The man did that all right but left him in the sun and cold wind to dry. The result was that Bill went down with rheumatic fever. I and a fellow-veterinary friend worked night and day for ten days on a patient who could not move without a squeal of agony and who could do nothing for himself. Somehow, we got him through, but it was a very weak bull-terrier that went down to the plains with me and then back into the hills to the Veterinary Research Laboratories, 7,500 feet up in the Himalayas.

Here I was calmly informed that dogs were not allowed in our living quarters to which I replied, with some heat, that I had not come from civilisation to mid-Asia to be separated from my dog, and the matter dropped.

Soon after, I got carte blanche to get on with my job, so down we went into the plains, which we rarely left again. My work was field research in the most empty parts of North-West India and had to get particularly busy at the worst season of the year, when luckier men could go into the hills. We travelled almost constantly my mounts being horse or camel according to the nature of jungle or desert through which we were passing. Bill, now in vigorous health, travelled on his sturdy limbs, accompanying the baggage camels that move at 2½ miles per hour. When possible, to avoid the heat, we moved at night and in the early morning. It was hard life with brief intervals of comparative comfort when we reached a rest-house. Bill and I suffered about equally from the dry heat, but it was he who rushed out into the first downpour of the Monsoon racing and splashing through the puddles uttering squeaks of joy in the sensation of being cool at last.



Bill's travelling life was full of incident. One nuisance was experienced in the habits of pariah dogs. These ownerless curs, of all sizes, have regular beats like policemen in the villages they infest. No stranger dog can encroach upon another pariah's beat, which usually provides offal for the bare existence of one dog only. If a stranger dog is sighted, the pariahs of a village unite to liquidate him. Thus, when Bill, rolling along by the side of the baggage- camels, with tongue lolling, approached a village, one might see converging upon him a number of streaks of dust, indicating the rapid advent and onslaught of the pariahs of the place. Bill hardly ever started a fight, but was good at finishing one. Not for Bill the tactics of the pariah and the wolf—slash and break away! Singling out the most formidable opponent, he took hold and stayed where he held, using his weight as perhaps his mother had taught him.

His tactics defeated dogs twice his size, like the big Pathan sheep-dogs of the North-West Frontier. It was the foot of his opponent to which he attached himself as soon as he could. Then he would worry and pull away with his compact weight so that his antagonist could never close with him. It was wicked to see, but it is passing strange how he learned this trick; did he discover it by accident, or did he think it out? Occasionally, when he had a number of opponents, he got badly gashed, and I was always on my guard for the first signs of Rabies which happily never arrived.

Sometimes, when we crossed rivers, I would take Bill up on the saddle with me, but more often he swam them himself after we had crossed.

Bill was a fearless, but tactful guard. The presence of Bill in my tent allowed me to sleep soundly in lonely places along the North-West Frontier which he and I travelled from Shabkadar to Dera Ghazi Khan.

Once he was lost in the desert. I had gone ahead on a riding-camel and arrived at a well (our destination) several hours before the baggage-camels with which were my servants in charge of Bill. My bearer, greatly agitated, reported that Bill had disappeared ten miles back where there was thick scrub in the desert: "chasing a pig," he said. It looked black for Bill. Fortunately, I had a good map; after considering the position, I found there were two other wells within twenty miles from the approximate place where Bill had gone off. With a sinking heart, but somehow banking on the dog's intelligence and instinct in making for water, I sent a camel- man to each of those wells with instructions to wait all night and start back at 9 a.m. to report. In those parts, a dog lost for 24 hours is a dog lost for ever. But, sure enough, next day one of the men returned leading his camel with one hand, and a weary, hungry Bill with the other. Somehow, he had found his way to the water. Ours was a rapturous meeting.

Bill's relations with camels were always friendly, though sometimes wanting in delicacy. On rare occasions, at the eastern end of our immense "beat", he met with elephants; unfamiliarity with these monsters made him aggressive and noisy, so, as he was quite without fear, it was considered a wise prophylactic measure to remove him as early as possible from their vicinity.

My bearer had a monkey; a quaint fellow who would jump from any reasonable height, say, the top of a bungalow, into my arms where he liked to sit, peering expectantly, from time to time, up my nostrils. Sometimes, after I had been cooling myself in the bath-tub, the monkey would take my place, swimming round and round under water and coming up occasionally to breathe. When he came out, with his hair plastered down over his skull, he reminded me irresistibly of a certain old acquaintance called—well, never mind! After the first tactful introduction, Bill accepted the monkey as "one of us"; he treated it as he would a human child, which he probably thought it was. He liked to feel the busy investigating fingers in his coat, and only mildly remonstrated when they pressed open his eyelids when he wanted to sleep.

In that half-wild life, even Bill's dinner wasn't always safe. Once he was discussing a bone in front of the tent, but had not observed the presence of two crows in a tree close by. One of these alighted a yard in front of Bill's nose, inviting inevitable attack, which Bill at once jumped forward to make, dropping his bone. In a flash, Crow No. 2 swooped on the bone, and the two cunning villains went off to share it together. One could not help admiring them for their sporting co-operation, so exquisitely timed.

Mahomedans are taught by their religion to regard dogs as unclean animals. However, my chief Veterinary Assistant, Ata Mahomed, a devout Mussalman and a kindly and observant lover of animals, saw something in Bill that wasn't written in the Koran. He loved him and would sometimes squat on the verandah with his arm round him, talking to him. After about two years of this sort of life, I woke up one night with a start, feeling something was wrong. It was. Bill was not on the bed. I lit the lantern and found him under the bed, hardly conscious; he died five minutes later. I expect it was valvular trouble, a legacy of the rheumatic fever. He took a bit of me with him, I think. It was Ata Mahomed who arranged his burial, and even photographed it for me to see afterwards; it was Ata Mahomed who had a grave dug which was so engineered with stones that the most clever jackal could never penetrate it. There we left Bill of the Desert with a stone to mark the place—"for ever England"—where his bones certainly still lie.

And I went on, alone.

## CHAPTER V.

### Six Years of India.

My job was the investigation of camel diseases; it was unusual to send men out to India to arrive in the middle of the hottest season, and as soon as I reached Lahore in the Punjab, I was instructed to go up into the "hills" (the Himalayas) for two months, and spend my time learning Hindustani and also reading up anything that was known about camels and their principal plague, Surra or Trypanosomiasis. This I did and passed my Lower Standard language examination at the end of the time. I was destined for work far from the haunts of white men, and it would have been quite useless to go into the wilds with anything less than this very minimum qualification.

Then I was sent to Kathgodam, at the foot of the hills below Naini Tal, to study Surra which affected the tonga (fast horse transport) service between the two places named. This was in early October and I was not long in making my first discovery of importance. It was known that the big horse-flies called *Tabanus* were capable of transmitting the disease from one animal to another, and part of my job was to make a fly-survey of the road. The instructions I had been given were that the disease was spread only at one season of the year, namely October to December. I soon found, however, that any ponies infected with Surra at this time had been ill for weeks and even months and that no fresh cases were now appearing; I found, too, that *Tabanus* was conspicuous by its absence, whilst the other common biting-fly, *Stomoxys*, which was also under suspicion, was still very prevalent. My conclusion was that I was starting work too late in the season, and I reported to my seniors that I thought it would be found that it was in July, August and September that the disease was spread, and that investigation would probably show that this season, not the later one, would coincide with the presence of large numbers of *Tabanus* flies. This was later proved to be the case and, of course, revolutionised the whole of the routine preventive measures. I also showed that in spite of its prevalence, the biting-fly, *Stomoxys*, had not apparently been able to maintain the plague beyond the *Tabanus* season which was much the shorter.

After a brief stay in the Muktesar Imperial Laboratory, magnificently situated 7,500 feet above sea-level right opposite the first great wall formed by the mass of the Himalayan mountains, I left for the Punjab plains to work at first with the eight Silledar Camel Corps which were distributed all over the province. Whilst working there in the jungle I got my first bout of malaria. My experience with this complaint was short and swift: I took 30 grains of Quinine immediately, and continued until I deafened myself with the drug; then I stopped. It is a fact that from that day to this I never had another attack of malarial fever, in spite of unavoidable and frequent exposure to the *Anopheles* mosquito during the next eight years. Whether the malarial organism is particularly vulnerable to Quinine at its very first onset, I do not know, but it certainly seems like it.

I spent the cold weather getting all the experience I could with my strange new patients and decided that my most active days would have to be between the months of June and October, just when the plains were most unbearable; the reason was that Surra spreads only during that season in most parts of the Indian camel-country, although the sick animals may carry the disease from one season to the next, thus acting as reservoirs for the *Tabanus* to tap at the beginning of its season. This was not altogether a pleasant prospect, and was complicated by the fact that most camels go far into the desert at that season and are all the more difficult to get at. But my teeth were in the job, and I was immensely interested.

Postmortem work on camels which had died from unrecognised causes was, of course, a fruitful source of information, but there were great practical difficulties to be overcome, and sometimes when an outbreak of some camel-disease had occurred, I would travel even hundreds of miles (by rail and in the saddle) to arrive at the scene before the fierce sun had made conditions impossible. Often, after we had finished an autopsy, we would look round to find seemingly the whole population of North-West India's vultures in a circle of which we were the centre, waiting on the ground for us to leave the carcase to them. When they got to work, one could not see the carcase for vultures and often in the midst of them, tearing away at the meat for dear life, would be a number of pariah dogs; neither vulture nor dog seemed to have any animosity towards one another. Sometimes, rather than lose a chance of discovering something by a postmortem, we would tackle it far from a water-supply and that was grisly work.

It was often necessary to examine the blood of as many as a hundred camels at a sitting under the most appalling conditions; the blood was easily obtained by squeezing a drop out of a very slight nick in the ear of the animal on to a slide. The microscope had, sometimes, to be on the ground and I am surprised that no great injury appears to have resulted to my eyesight in this trying work in the blinding glare of an Indian sun.

I soon took a dislike to the social conventions which ruled station life in India, but as all my work was in the jungle and desert, I rarely stayed more than a couple of nights in a city, staying just long enough to take in a fresh stock of stores for another long trip in the "out back". Travelling was by horse or camel, and I soon reduced my baggage to a minimum which surprised some of the other officers I met on tour. I had two assistants, graduates of the Lahore Veterinary College: one of these was a Mahommedan, Ata Mahommed, the other a Sikh, Kahan Singh; they were splendid workers, with their hearts in the business at hand. Ata Mahommed, particularly, was a most determined character who resolutely refused to let our difficulties beat us. I was lucky also in my servant, a Mahommedan who stuck to me throughout my six years in the country; and he certainly saw a great deal of it during the time.

I was very happy in my relations with my superior officer, the Inspector-General of the Civil Veterinary Department, and I had the advantage of being an Imperial and not a Provincial official. Colonel Pease (for that was his name) never said "No" to me once he was satisfied that I meant business: I used to propose to him what I thought the next step should be and he would just say "Carry on". This was lucky, as I have always been impatient of discipline. It is often said that unless you can stand discipline yourself, you can't discipline others; I do not believe a word of it! I am not speaking of army and navy service, of course, but I am sure it is not true in the rough life of the pioneer.

I arranged that the next Surra season should be spent in a known zone of the disease and that the principal work should be done with the use of ponies; ultimately the road from Saharanpur to Dehra Dun was chosen and I secured the use of a forest bungalow at Mohand, just where the highway entered the Siwalik hills. This place was known to be pretty certain death for tongs-ponies at that season. I arrived some time before the monsoon would bring out the flies, partly so that I could make a proper comparison between the fly conditions in the dry heat and those in the damp, but partly so that I could buy some ponies, build a stable and prepare mosquito nets on a large scale to protect certain of the ponies. We took several camels with us, which had chronic Surra; this to make sure that a source of infection would be present; and we had a number of white rats and white mice on which to investigate the various kinds of biting-flies' transmitting powers. As the place was very malarial, being surrounded by thick jungle full of all sorts of wild beasts, including elephant and tiger, I arranged a bamboo cubicle which, when covered with mosquito netting, enabled me to have my meals and evenings in peace. I did no shooting: I dislike killing animals except for food, and my business there was to do work. I used to keep fit by long walks with my bull-terrier companion.

To cut a long story short, we proved that ponies protected through the whole Surra season by mosquito netting, yet otherwise in close contact with Surra-infected animals, remained free from the disease, whilst all the unprotected ponies contracted it. We also obtained a lot of information as to the relative capacity of the different genera of biting-flies to transmit Surra from one animal to another.

Armed with this definite knowledge, I returned to the Punjab to spend the next five years entirely on camel problems. It was a hard life, but I had a free hand, travelled widely all over North-West India, because it is the relative weakness of the monsoon rains in that area which makes it possible for an animal like the camel to exist there as a servant to man. I ranged over the North-West Frontier, Sind, Baluchistan, Bahawalpur, Bikanir and all the Punjab, and I had friendly arrangements with all the Camel Corps Commanders who notified me by telegram of anything that happened within their ken which they considered might yield information with investigation.

Everything pertaining to the proper management of the camel, his breeding and feeding, down to the identity and seasonal value of the bushes he grazed upon, was my business. In the first few Surra seasons, I was travelling light through the monsoon in the steaming plains when men who considered themselves luckier were recuperating in the hills. I had to cover as much ground as possible so as to detect the different areas which were reasonably safe from *Tabanus* so that Camel Corps men could use them for grazing their animals in the Surra season. This work took me very far afield and there are few of the desert areas in North India that I am not familiar with. But whilst doing this work and everything else which cropped up, I noticed that the areas most infested with this fly were characterised by the presence or predominance of certain species of vegetation, which seemed to require for their development the same conditions of heat and moisture as the fly. This enabled me to use winter months in which to detect the worst Surra zones: this was done by checking up the grazing bushes, trees and plants which associated themselves with *Tabanus* country; one could thus detect in the winter season an area which, in the rains, would be a Surra zone. Meanwhile, the practicability of specific curative treatment of camels with trypanosomiasis had to be investigated and this work required some sort of headquarters. I established the centre first at Sohawa, just north of the Salt Range, in the Punjab; it was not a Surra zone; it was on the railway and Grand Trunk Road, and so was handy for communications and a sufficiency of camel-grazing was available. But for several years we could not get the Government to build suitable quarters for this centre and I had to live in tents until, at last, they did. It was known at this time that certain arsenical drugs were capable of banishing the trypanosomes from the blood of animals, although after a few days' absence they would return: in some species of animal there had been occasional cures. With such drugs as were then available, it was almost a case of finding out how much and by what method the trypanosome could be finally killed without damaging the animal patient.

This monotonous work, however, was tackled and in 1910, by a fairly long treatment, we had 50 per cent. cured by certain treatments; similar results were being obtained in Egypt. These treatments were gradually improved upon until by some methods majority cures could be obtained, and after I left India the methods were developed until one could rely on a 90 per cent. cure. Meanwhile, in the laboratories of Europe, organic arsenic compounds were being investigated and ultimately one was found, called "Naganol", which, in suitable dose, will give 100 per cent. cures of uncomplicated cases in the camel. The whole problem of Surra in the camel has been revolutionised by means of this easy and certain cure. In the early days of my work at Sohawa, there was no recognised length of time after treatment at which an animal could be pronounced certainly cured, so we had to examine our camels' blood daily for periods up to one year before we could properly announce our first successes.

Needless to say, when I became entitled to some leave, I was very ready for it. By this time, I had decided that I would not stay in India for a pension; Indianisation of the services was obviously coming, and I had no time for that. Having no ties at home, it seemed a good opportunity to see something of Australia, so I spent this three months' leave in the sophisticated parts of Victoria and New South Wales.

On this trip, I did not go "out back" as I had had my fill of that in India and wanted a change; I gave two lectures on the Camel at the Melbourne Veterinary College; otherwise, I just "enjoyed myself". My second leave was taken last before I gave notice to the Government of India that I had decided to leave its service. This was also spent in Australasia and, during it,

I travelled right into the heart of Western Australia and also as far as Port Augusta in South Australia, to see for myself the conditions under which camels lived and worked there.

I had thought of taking up land in the back-blocks and breeding camels there when I had finished with India; but I decided that the future of gold-mining was too precarious for such a long-term venture. On this trip I also visited New Zealand, chiefly for sight-seeing, and had a grand time in that exciting country; I worked down from Auckland through the volcanic districts to the Wanganui River and Wellington: then, in the South Island, I went to Christchurch and contacted the Government Veterinary Surgeons there to my great professional advantage; I left New Zealand at Invergordon, regretting that I had not enough time to go over the passes to Milford Sound. Thence I went to Tasmania, and through that island back to Melbourne and to India. Soon after arrival in Sohawa, I gave my three months' notice and, in due course, in February, 1912, I left for home, from which I had been absent six years.

The Indian Government had been ready to employ me in investigation work on elephants, a job which I might have found attractive had I been fresh from some temperate climate. But I felt that it would be difficult to become expert on such a subject unless I could live on the job for at least three hundred years, and as this wasn't likely, and I had no desire to leave a job on which I really was expert to take on one at which I could not see how an ordinary lifetime could provide enough experience to get one out of an amateur status, I decided I would stick to camels. I foresaw intense interest in comparing the camel conditions in other countries with those of India. On the way home, I stayed two weeks in Egypt, sight-seeing and looking for jobs; two of the latter were available, but they were not what I wanted, and I went on home to see the family once more.

## CHAPTER VI.

### On the Equator.

When in India, I had saved most of my pay and so now I had enough income for bare subsistence, which gave me the independent feeling which was so important an item in what I regarded as a happy existence. I had been used to sending my money home, from time to time, for my Uncle Ernest, who was a stockbroker, to invest for me, which he did with good judgment. I told him that what I wanted was a small safe regular income so that, if necessary, I could say boo to a goose. I was in excellent health and, of course, a master of my job. After looking about for two months or so, I joined the Veterinary Department of the East Africa (now called Kenya) Government in a specialist capacity as Camel Officer. It was intended that I should make my headquarters at a place called Marsabit, which was an extinct volcano on the corner of one of the big Game Reserves, about 2,000 feet high and 200 miles from anywhere. There I was to establish, in addition to my camel work, a station for testing imported Abyssinian ponies for glanders.

Before sailing, I visited the King family who were then at Southsea, and became engaged to my old friend, May Winifred King; and it was intended that as soon as I had found my feet in Africa, she should join me there.

However, God disposes and things turned out differently. When I arrived at Nairobi, the capital, I found that ivory poachers from Abyssinia had murdered a District Commissioner not far from Marsabit, and the Government did not regard that place as safe for me to use as intended. I was side-tracked to Jubaland instead, which is the desert country west of the River Juba which comes down from Abyssinia and flows into the Indian Ocean ten miles north of Kismayu. To get there, I had to go down from Nairobi to Mombasa and take a small coasting vessel.

Jubaland is truly Godforsaken, and the equator itself runs through it close to the mouth of the River. It is hot at all seasons and low-lying; it is malarial wherever desert conditions do not obtain. Most of it is desert, but the track to the north is never far from the river. It was no place for a white woman. Up-country life had to be lived in ramshackle wooden huts, and the only produce of the desert was livestock. On the other hand, there was game in plenty and on tour one shot one's own meat-supply. The menu could be dik-dik (a small antelope about the size of a whippet), guinea fowl, jungle fowl, bustard, partridge, duck (where there were lakes from the river-overflow in the rains), and sandgrouse, which could be got at 6 a.m. by waiting at any waterhole at that time.

Owing to the prevalence of the acacia known as the "wait-a-bit" thorn, through which it was impossible to force oneself without having one's few clothes ripped off, it was not good stalking country and it was only seldom that the bigger game, such as gerenuk, lesser kudu and oryx could be bagged. Lion abounded and were often heard grunting around the thorn-bush camp protection (sariba) at night. Stores had to be well calculated, for nothing of that sort could be obtained up-country. The Somali population away from the river was all nomad and the only villages, often inhabited by the descendants of run-away slaves, were by the river-bank. Mails were slow and scarce, coming by native runner (if one lived at Serenli) 200 miles as the crow flies.



The frontier was patrolled and guarded by the King's African Rifles, and there was a mounted unit on camels about 100 strong, the men being Sudanese chiefly, recruited from the defeated enemy at Omdurman (and therefore getting a little long in the tooth) and the camels imported from Arabia, for Jubaland does not produce riding-camels. All heavy transport work was done by the native baggage-camel, which was on the small side; the load was only about 250 lbs. and as the camels are chiefly kept for food, there are no large numbers of trained baggagers and many of the animals used by the military were rather wild from lack of handling.

The riverbank was infested with tse-tse flies for a stretch of about 300 miles between Yonte and Selagli and all camel-transport had to be hurried through this part of the route north, often doing 30 miles at night between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. during which time the tse-tse is considerably less active than in the morning after dawn or the evening before dark. The sun rose at 6 a.m. and set at 6 p.m. nearly all the year round. In twelve hours, camels under loads can just do the 30 miles at their normal pace. When they reach camp, that camp has to be situated at a spot far enough from the river to be out of reach of tse-tse and Tabanus.

I was never very happy during the 18 months I spent in this country; I had not "clicked" with my superior, at Nairobi, the Chief Veterinary Officer; I think we both heartily disliked one another at sight. Of course, I was very independent of him in Jubaland, but the conditions in that country were pretty impossible in those days for any sort of research. My job was mainly to survey camel-routes for flies so that commanding-officers could be instructed how and where and when to march their animals.

The camel had to take first place, and the necessary night-marching was very hard on the human element. I did so much turning night into day myself that when I left Jubaland, at the end of 1914, I slept very badly at night nearly all through the First World War. This work was preventive and not of enormous interest, but I derived a good deal of professional information from the many opportunities I had in comparing the conditions I observed with the Indian ones I had left behind.

On one occasion I was travelling up the right bank of the Juba river when I got lost in the bush. I was walking about a quarter of a mile ahead of the baggage-camel convoy and just after sunrise. I had shot some game for the day's food, and left the victims in the middle of the track for the first camelman to pick up and load on to his animal. How on earth I got off the track I do not know, except that it was only the width of a camel's foot, but suddenly I found the sun on my left front instead of where it ought to have been, definitely on my right. I must have turned an almost complete circle. I felt the panic that seems to affect all men lost in the bush, but instead of running about wildly as the urge was, I said to myself: "Sit down, you fool!" and did so, on a stone, until the panic passed. Then it was only a matter of simple calculation which direction to take to get to the river. It was 6.15 a.m. and we were practically on the Equator and I knew I was on the right bank of the Juba. The Juba flows roughly North to South, although with many bends. It was clear that all I had to do was to walk straight into the sun. I remember seriously arguing with myself as to whether the sun really rose in the East!

You see, perhaps my life depended on making no mistake! Then I got up and struck out across the scrub with the sun in my face; before long, I detected a downward slant in the desert ahead, and soon got to the river. I found the tracks of the ration- goats which had been driven along behind the convoy and having had a drink in the river, with due precautions against crocodiles, hurried along the track and got into camp just before a search-party was starting out to look for me.

I spent several months at a forsaken spot called Serenli, 400 miles from the coast when you travelled on the river, and joined the expedition of Brigadier-General Hoskins when he went right on into the Marehan country to try and talk the natives there out of the necessity for a military expedition to make them behave. Whilst Hoskins did the talking, I was quietly surveying the routes for the future expedition if it were found unavoidable. Thus, the expedition could take place with the minimum camel-loss from Surra.

However, Hoskins made no great impression upon the Marehan, and the expedition was decided upon. I was sent right down to the coast where I had to arrange the landing on an open beach, at Kismayu, of 350 camels of an Indian Camel Corps which was to take part. The Commanding Officer, the Native Officers and many of the men in this Camel Corps had known me well in India and were astonished to see me coming up the side of the ship in Kismayu harbour. We had to sling the camels from the hold of the ship into flat-bottomed river steamers which, when full of animals, were taken inshore and then the camels were slung out of these into the sea and had to swim the last bit. Kismayu harbour, although almost on the equator, is entirely free of sharks owing to its very narrow entrance through a gap in the coral-reef which closes it; and it was quite good fun taking headers into the luke-warm sea from the decks of these boats to try and get a little respite from the intense heat. Once landed, the camels had to be acclimatised to the strange new grazing plants of the country, but only three weeks was available for this and when the expedition moved off up-country, some of the animals had only just recovered from diarrhoea and indigestion due to the change in their diet.

I had a row with the Government at this time, having received peremptory orders from my Chief to join the expedition as Veterinary Officer. My status being Civilian, with no provision for the possibility of my becoming a casualty, nor any definition of my rank in a Military Expedition, nor any certainty of my status as to discipline, I refused this order unless it was first agreed on all sides that I was a civilian and nothing but a civilian and would take no orders from anyone as to my work, but only as to my movements.

There was a lot of bobbery about this, but I got my way; I was always anxious to accompany the expedition because of my friends from India taking part in it, but I had no intention of being ordered into duties which rightly belonged to the Army Veterinary Corps, and that without proper serious consultation. I took the long convoy through the tse-tse country, and all camps, marches and arrangements for watering the camels at places infested by fly were carried out according to my advice. On arrival at Serenli, I was thanked by the Officer Commanding for "playing the game", but I often wondered what other game he thought I might have played!

Some weeks later I returned to the coast, half the journey being performed by river, in a native canoe; I was accompanied by a British Officer who had "gone funny in the head" and the long journey wasn't easy on that account. After a few days, I was returning with a big convoy of camels with supplies for the troops up-country. But the long marches had told upon me; I had had sciatica very badly from overmarching before I left Serenli for the last time and I had also suffered from inflammation of the outer passage of the ears due to using, for washing purposes, the only water available at one camp, that from a pool in which a dead ostrich had been lying. These things had told on my strength in such a climate as Jubaland, and I became very feverish on the march about 100 miles from the coast and had to be left behind; my face was so swollen that my eyes were almost closed; I do not know what the condition was: I had to be carried back to the coast on a stretcher by natives where, under an Indian doctor, I made a slow, but complete, recovery. This was at a place called Gobwen on the sandy banks of the Juba near its mouth, with the wireless mast of Jumbū, in Italian Somaliland, just in view on the opposite bank.

Then we learned that war had broken out with Germany. This was particularly disquieting for the few white men at Gobwen, because, of course, Italy was then nominally one of the Triple Alliance Powers. In Italian Somaliland, Abyssinian soldiers were often enlisted, and their reputation is not of the mildest. However, Italian officers came across the river and assured us that they would not be fighting on the side of Germany. I used their wireless to offer my services, in Europe, to the War Office, but was requested by the Jubaland Provincial Commissioner to take the Camel Corps camels south to Mombasa in the absence of their Commanding Officer. We loaded the camels into boats with the aid of a rickety crane on a rickety jetty, and from the boats on to a steamship.

The voyage was unescorted and took three days and two nights and as the German cruiser, *Konigsberg*, was known to be roaming about the Indian Ocean, we got up very early in the mornings to scan the horizon. We landed the camels at Mombasa where, of course, they were as much a curiosity as they would have been in London, and got them up to Voi by train; there we met their Commanding Officer and all rode off to the south towards the Germans, who had invaded the country from Tanganyika and were in Taveta.

On landing at Mombasa, I accepted a commission as Captain in the East Africa Veterinary Corps on the understanding that I was to be allowed to resign in the event of the camels being dispensed with. I suspected we were going straight into tse-tse country, where they could hardly serve for long with success and I had no intention of placing myself under military discipline for long under a man I detested. The only military uniform I had was a hastily cut red band around my solar topee, an E.A.V.C. badge and a captain's stars; the rest of my apparel was civilian khaki. I found tse-tse wherever we went and the camels hardly earned their keep by patrolling in thick bush country where they were such conspicuous targets for a machine-gunner. They began to sicken with Ngana, the form a Trypanosomiasis which is carried by the tse-tse and I did my best to treat them with the clumsy methods then known. We lost very few of them, but I notified the Commanding Officer that he would certainly ultimately lose the lot if they were not removed from the tse-tse country, where they really had no business to be. After two months' service in the Serengetti "desert" (not really desert as we camelmen knew deserts) I received instructions to take the camels back to Jubaland. This I did, returning on the same ship and demanding my release according to the agreement made. After some humming and hawing, I received my discharge, and took the first available ship, a French one, to Marseilles. On the way, I wirelessly the Egyptian Government offering to disembark in Egypt for war service there, but got no reply.

But the War Office, in England, had accepted my previous offer; I crossed France by rail and was about the only civilian passenger in the boat that brought us across the Channel from Havre to Southampton.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The First Great Slaughter.

I was glad to get away from under the tropical sun; I felt that it had been affecting, at last, my energy and initiative. I went to see my future wife and my mother; and joined straight up in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps; I was rather disappointed to be offered a mere Lieutenant's commission, but felt it was hardly a time for holding out for terms! Anyhow, I was made Captain after nine months' service. I was in England for two months before going across to France, working as Veterinary Officer to Army Service Corps Units. It was wonderful to get back to horses again. Then I was posted to the 7th Siege Brigade and it was with that unit that I went to war. It consisted of batteries of 6-inch howitzers which, at that time, might be fairly described as the final argument on land. These guns were drawn by eight heavy horses and every ammunition-wagon had a team of four. We went to a place just behind Neuve Chappelle and I got under shell-fire for the first time the very first night. This was before the battle of that name and we were told that we should be in Lille in about a week; but God disposes, and the only British who got there during the next few years were prisoners. To get the horses away from the front, they were sent back eight miles and I went in charge of them;

I was given other Units to visit and was kept fairly busy.

Then we were moved close to the front again, just before Laventie Church, where we were shelled to some effect, and one or two horses were hit but I managed to remove the splinters before sending them away to the base. I find there are two important considerations when horses are hit by the enemy; one is, if you can get the splinter on the spot, do it, because animals are often greatly delayed on the journey away from the front; the other is, if the splinter is too deep to get at by acrobatic surgery, start the horse off without delay so that he can arrive at a place where he can be dealt with before he stiffens up.

After a few weeks, we moved off, one night, down to the neighbourhood of Bethune, and the following day we heard that our last position had been laid flat by shelling. Here we stayed a long time; the batteries were, of course, up nearer the line; ammunition was very short at this time and our heavy horses were sometimes called upon, in pairs, to take up four rounds at a fast trot, which did them no good. At this place I remember seeing the (then) Prince of Wales marching with his regiment; and the Canadians would come down from the fighting line bringing their customary one white-faced prisoner to show where they had been. I had a lot of Units to vet at this time, and my professional rounds took me over a lot of ground. I spent Christmas Eve in the trenches with the Officers of one of our Batteries at Annequin and it was from an observer's post that I first saw the Germans with whom we were at war.

Veterinary work at the front in war-time is not very satisfying to the clinician, because prevention is his job, and he has to send all trouble to the rear to be dealt with by others. Detection of trouble at an early stage is the chief duty, but I used to treat some cases myself if I thought the delay in sending them back would prejudice their recovery.

Our Medical Officer at that time was a Harley Street specialist and I had to sympathise with him when he told me how he had, as a Lieutenant, to sit back and say nothing when some young and inexperienced man who was his senior in rank was botching a job or doing the wrong thing. We "temporary blighters" had our trials!

After one year of service, I got leave and went home to be married. On my return to France, I found I was posted to a Veterinary Hospital at Abbeville under Major Hobday, who was, in civil life, Chief of the Camden Town Veterinary College and whom I knew well. I was second-in-command. Here, nine months were spent and I became the operating surgeon for major jobs which were done under chloroform and although this work is not really my bent, I was trained by the Major, who was a specialist in these major operations, until I could be trusted to do them alone. Very few veterinary surgeons have had such an opportunity: the general run of the work was in removing the testicles of cryptorchids or "rigs" in those abnormal cases where one testicle had been retained in the abdomen; spaying vicious mares; the "roaring" operation; removal of the lateral cartilage of the foot in "quittor" cases; removing deeply situated shell splinters or shrapnel bullets; and the radical operation for "poll evil". There was a lot of general practice, too, which was what I loved, with diagnosis of lameness (which is a fine-art), whilst frequently we had to use the mallein test for glanders in preventive work; this test was done by injecting the mallein into the horse's eyelid, and with proper organisation one could do 100 in an hour.

During my long stay in this Hospital, I was skilful enough to evade every Church Parade; there was always a sick horse to be attended to, just at the right moment! I always felt that Church Christianity was quite incredible; I am the son of a Unitarian mother and I believe that different races require different religions.

On one occasion Major Hobday, who was a high-grade Freemason, announced that a Freemasonic meeting was going to take place in the Unit and I realised that I was the only officer there who was not a Freemason. Now although I was not a regular army man, I had been long enough in contact with regulars in India and Africa to know that it was an unwritten law that in a Mess there must be no cliques. I therefore went to my Commanding Officer and pointed this out, backing my statement with the intimation that I should ask for a transfer if the proposed meeting was held. As a result, it was cancelled.

Meanwhile, the British attack on Palestine had failed, and the Army found that it needed a large fresh supply of Baggage Camels. I was ordered to proceed to Port Said on purchase duty. I requested that I might be allowed to go first to England for a few days to pick up my tropical kit, as I had nothing of the sort with me. However, this was denied me and I went off to Marseilles where I spent those few days, which might have been used to better advantage, in waiting for a boat. On arrival at Port Said, I was directed by the Transport Officer to return to my ship and disembark at Aden for re-shipment to Somaliland. As the ship's first stop was Bombay, I pointed out that all this might take a long time and was then directed to board a ship that was going to stop at Aden. I had three days in that port and then got across the Gulf of Aden in a small steamer, landing at Berbera to report.

The nucleus of a Remount Commission was here in the person of a Major Herring-Cooper, an officer of the Remount Department; he had no camel experience and was not a veterinary man, but we got on very well together and I told him all the things I thought it was most easy for him to learn about camel-buying. Two veterinary surgeons arrived on the same duty, neither of whom had had any camel experience. I went first to a place on the plateau where camels were grazing which had been already bought by the Government, but I found that it had been a shocking bit of unskilled work, and I only passed about one-third of them for shipment, taking the lowest possible standard at that. The others I arranged to exchange with natives for good camels, generally two crocks to one sound one, but towards the end of the time I gave three, four or five for one. The natives, who never have much need of money, for their wealth is in animals, had done a splendid deal for themselves against the amateur ignoramuses who had bought these animals.

I was instructed to proceed to Hargeisa, not far from the Abyssinian border, and buy camels there. I had with me an Arab interpreter whose loyalty I had reason to doubt. At Hargeisa, I found that no camels were coming in for purchase, so I called a meeting of akhils or headmen. Sitting on a chair, I told these people to gather around in a semi-circle so that they could hear the King's Message. I explained the need for camels in the war against the Turks in Palestine and drew, with a stick, a rough map in the sand which, of course, they only half understood, showing how the different camel-countries had contributed camels for the campaign. I marked Somaliland in this map as a very insignificant country. I told them that the King had called me to him and had asked me where he could get more camels and that I had replied "In Somaliland". "Where is that?" said the King. I told him, and asked him what to do if the Somalis would not sell? His reply (as I invented it) was "Tell them that I am training many young soldiers at home and that I want to accustom them to the sight of blood". That ended the "ring". From that moment, I was able to buy an average of 30 good camels a day for over three months; occasionally a feeble attempt was made to form a fresh "ring" to send up the price, but I broke these by saying I was well paid for my job and the longer they delayed me in selling their camels, the longer I should be away from the carnage in Europe. In the East, it is safe to appeal to the baser instincts of man. I bought 3,500 animals at Hargeisa and Mandera, whilst the other three officers had collected 1,500 between them. Towards the end of the time, Major Herring-Cooper returned to Egypt and I was left in command, although one of the other Veterinary Officers was a regular and my senior by service. We had an extremely useful Australian officer sent to us called Hayward, whom I put in charge of the camel concentration camp some miles out of Berbera.

By the time the last transport arrived to take us up the Red Sea, we had just about combed Somaliland of all the camels it could spare. In loading up the camels at Berbera, I got a touch of the sun and was in a poor state during the voyage; when I got to Suez, I was sent straight to hospital where my blood was frequently examined for malaria although nothing was ever found. Thence I was transferred to Alexandria, where I recuperated in an Officers' hospital and was completely forgotten by the authorities and I dare-say I could have stayed there throughout the war if I had so desired! The only incident worth recording here was the arrival of a man suffering from exhaustion and exposure from being torpedoed in the Aegean. His description of his experiences has always stayed in my mind; when the torpedo struck the ship, he was in his cabin; he just had time to run up to the deck and jump over the side as ordered. But the ship was carrying mules and, as she went down, some of these got loose and into the water. Remember it was at night. The instinct of mules in the direction of self-preservation is very strong: when suddenly dumped into deep water, they will try and climb upon anything that is afloat. There was not much afloat except men, so the mules tried to climb on them! My narrator said: "The night was dark and yet the water seemed to be all ears and teeth". A vivid description! Yet he went on, with tears in his eyes, "When a destroyer at last picked me up, one fellow rode up to the ladder on a swimming mule and when we moved off several mules were streaking after us trying to catch us up."

War is a beastly thing for animals as well as men.

When I felt like it, I reported my hitherto forgotten presence, and was told to join a transport for Marseilles, which I did, the only adventure on the journey being the appearance of a submarine, upon which our two escorting destroyers quickly enclosed us in a smoke-screen within which we changed our course and took temporary refuge in the bay where St. Paul was said to have been wrecked in Malta.

On returning to Abbeville, I applied for a spot of leave, but I was not one of the General's "grey-haired boys" and was directed to take up special duty at Brest, where my job was to prevent the Portuguese Army, which was landing there, from bringing in useless animals or contagious equine diseases, particularly glanders. For some reason, I was not allowed to test them with Mallein and could only stop "open" cases. My London experiences had familiarised me with glanders in its many different aspects, which was perhaps lucky for many people, because the disease had been stamped out of Britain in recent years and the new veterinary graduates were not accustomed to it. Owing to the fact that only one ship was then employed in transporting horses from Lisbon, this was a very soft job for me and I discovered that officers could get permission for their wives to join them if they wished; I did wish, and met mine at St. Malo and we spent a very happy time together, at Brest, for six or seven months. The town of Brest was then full of American, Portuguese, and even Russian soldiers, but I never could understand why the Portuguese were ever used.

One incident there might interest horsey men. My inspections of the horses, as they landed, was carried out in the old moat around the ancient walls of Brest. Often, horses and mules would break loose from their escorts because of rotten halters or complete absence of anything to control them by; some, had strands of haybale-wire round their necks, and the men were supposed to hang on to that. Well, one horse got loose outside the moat and ran along the top of the outer moatwall until he stopped, gazing down at his fellows below. I could see what he intended to do and that nothing could stop him from doing it. I shouted to the men who were after him not to frighten or hustle him, and I got close to the spot where he would land, for he was looking down, snorting and fidgeting for a foot-hold. The height was about 25 feet, but the landing was grassy and favourable. Then he jumped, and what interested me was to see quite plainly that although a horse taking an ordinary jump lands on his forelegs, this fellow, jumping from a great height, dropped his hind-quarters whilst in the air so that he landed on his hindfeet, thus breaking the shock. He was quite unhurt.

When this duty was done, I got leave and my wife and I went home together.



On my return to France, I was posted as Veterinary Officer to the Advanced Horse Transport Depot which was situated just outside Abbeville. Here, there was a floating population of horses and mules varying from about 3,000 to 7,000 and my time was well filled. I was engaged in this unit until I got my discharge at the end of the war. One night, the depot suffered an intense bombing, 320 horses being hit, of which about 180 were killed outright or had to be slaughtered. I was on continuous duty for 48 hours; in some sections, the dead horses were piled one on top of the other to the height of one's shoulders; perhaps the ones at the bottom of the heap were still breathing, some with their legs blown right off. I had to get at them how I could, and my revolver got almost too hot to hold. One poor fellow, I remember, had both hind legs blown off at the hock and was standing on the stumps, looking like a bewildered rocking-horse; I could not get his head down for the usual brain shot, and I shot him just in front of the ear and leapt quickly to one side as he came crashing down dead, nearly on top of me. All that first night I was doing this grisly work, shooting the hopeless cases and extricating the others. All next day I was doing first-aid on the wounded ones, getting the milder cases off on the one-mile march to hospital before they had time to get too stiff to move off under their own power, and loading the worst cases into ambulances. Right into the second night I was still extracting splinters from wounded horses where the missiles had not penetrated deeply enough to require special facilities for their removal. I knew the beastliness of war, that night.

The officers of the Unit itself were Royal Army Service Corps men, all selected for their jobs because of familiarity with horses, and they were very pleasant people for a veterinary surgeon to work with. On slack afternoons, which were rare, we would have an imaginary fox-hunt over the downs around Abbeville, with an imaginary fox and imaginary hounds. The purpose of the unit was to replace casualties from the front, our horses being conditioned, trained and paired as requisite, ready for supply.

One day, a bright young red-hat from the Veterinary Staff came over to inspect my work. He asked me whether I saw to it that crushed oats were used so that the horses could get the most benefit from their corn. I said: "No, Sir" and he waxed eloquent on my oversight. When he had finished his tirade, I said, "Excuse me, Sir, but no horse leaves this depot unless he himself carries in his mouth the most efficient corn-crushing armament; trained men inspect every animal's grinders and if there is anything wrong with them, it is at once put right; further, if you will excuse me, Sir, these animals will not get crushed oats at the front and if they got used to eating them here, they would fall away quickly when they got up to the front where their work was hard and the corn fed whole." After that, I was left alone to do my job without interference.

There was a tense moment when the huge unit, which had been for years at Abbeville, got orders to get ready to move to the coast at two hours' notice. The Germans were in Rouen! However, the order was cancelled and we never moved at all as long as the war lasted.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Camels: Fiction and Fact.

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Nearly every popular tradition about camels is without factual basis and how many fables there are concerning the strange specialised animal met, in this country, only in zoos and menageries! If it were not for our native mud, he might have been a familiar domesticated worker here, provided he received stabling in the winter and reasonable protection from flies in the Summer, but even then some tall stories might have survived, because there are people who still believe that the horse's eyes magnify what they see, and that that is the reason he submits to Man! The horse is protected from flies by a special muscle attached to the skin itself which shakes them off and by his naturally long tail. The camel has no such defences and soon becomes exhausted by the muscular effort needed to beat off swarms of flies. That is one reason why the camel lives in dry climates.

Man's chief interest in the camel is in the work he can do. The structure of the camel's foot is specialised for sand; it has a flat horny under-surface with an elastic spread, but offers no grip on a slippery medium like mud. If a loaded camel is taken carelessly over a patch of slimy ground, the legs are liable to slip apart, and he does "the splits"; he may, if lucky, get off with a bad sprain; if unlucky, he will dislocate a joint. So he is useless in a country like ours, although he could stand the cold well enough.

Exaggerated notions exist of the camel's capacity to resist thirst; it is great, but the camel, even if he doesn't look it, is, after all, flesh and blood. There are certain antelopes which exist throughout the year without access to spring or river water, but they don't have to do work under those conditions. The working camel always thrives best when he can drink as often as he wishes, but if the necessity arises, he can keep going and remain fit on intervals between drinks of two to five days, according to the breed of camel. He can endure and survive privation of water for a much longer period, but will then suffer and will need plenty of time for recuperation.

Perhaps the tallest of travellers' yarns about the camel is the one which alleges that when lost in the desert and in danger of dying of thirst, a man may find relief by killing his camel and finding the bag of water which he is supposed to carry in his stomach. It would be much better to spend the time and energy in trying to find water somewhere else. There is no such supply maintained in the stomach; there is an excess of mucus in parts of the first stomach, but to suck some of that would act as an emetic and you would lose more water than you gained.

The camel's specialised apparatus against thirst consists of an excess of mucus-secreting surface in the throat and in the first stomach, which enables him to moisten his food in chewing the cud, even if he hasn't had a drink for a week or so.

The camel's hump is a store of superfluous fat which is drawn upon when food is scarce; it is relatively bigger and more efficient than the hump of the Zebu ox, or the "spread" of a middle-aged man which may be a similar provision of Nature so that he can tide over the longer intervals between successful hunts as his activity declines; a pleasant thought, even if it may not be accurate! The sheep in some countries similarly store fat in their tails and I have seen a Doomba sheep, in India, carrying its heavy tail with a sort of rough two-wheeled go-cart behind to take the weight of it. (This is positively the only yarn about sheep I know, but it is strictly true.) The camel's spine does not run up into his hump. When he is starved the hump will, in time, disappear.

The camel's supercilious expression is accounted for by the Arabs who say that, while they know only 99 names of God, the camel knows the hundredth!

Sometimes it is stated that a camel-bite will give syphilis to man, but this is untrue. The only disease which can be transmitted in this way is Rabies; a keeper in Formosa once got hydrophobia from the bite of a camel which had been bitten by a rabid dog. Camels on the Seistan Boundary Commission Expedition were lost from Rabies when they were bitten by mad wolves and jackals, and I once had a narrow squeak when examining inside the mouth of a baby camel which I afterwards found was rabid; the saliva contains the virus! But the camel is no more liable to Rabies than a buffalo, ox, or any other animal that can be attacked by a mad dog.

The dental armament of a male camel is terrific, because his four canine teeth are developed as fully as those of a lion, and he has been known to take the top of a man's head right off. The bite is always serious, and generally septic.

Camels are supposed to curl up and die out of sheer cussedness. Of this they are never guilty; they are full of a passive sort of pluck. The source of this tale lay in the unrecognised existence of a widespread disease due to a trypanosoma which causes a very slow decline with a remittent fever, which many camelmens were unable to diagnose or understand. The camel "curled up and died" from it because of his refusal to give in to it before expending the last ounce of his strength. It is pleasant to record that a hundred per cent. cure of this disease can now be effected by a single injection into the jugular vein costing (before the war) about 3s. 6d.

Another yarn is that a camel cannot swim. He can, and does, although he is slow in the water. I have landed hundreds of camels on an open beach by having them lowered into the water in slings by a crane, releasing the slings and making the camels swim ashore. Camels are much heavier in front than they are behind, and so the hind-quarters ride near the surface of the water. Therefore, as they approach a shelving beach and get their forefeet once more on terra firma, they bob about in a most absurd fashion for many yards before they can resume their normal dignified gait, as they cannot at first get their hind feet down. In the Delta country of the Indus, there are camels which graze in the mangrove swamps and live a most uncamel-like and amphibious existence, swimming from one part of their water-logged grazing-ground to another; fresh water has to be brought to them from up-stream in boats!

Then, it is said that camel-riding makes people sea-sick. At the walking pace, it might, but one does not use riding-camels at the walk. With horses, the best travelling is done by alternate walk and canter, except when they are "pacers" or "ramblers"; but riding-camels are used at the jog or amble, and are never walked except on steep slopes or slippery mud. With riding-camels, you plug along all the time, with halts at intervals. The camel has a wonderful arrangement of elastic ligament which takes a good deal of the strain away from the muscles at the normal paces.

It is rather a depressing thought that, although the camel is now understood so much better than he used to be, and his potential economic value is thereby enormously increased, the advantage has been cancelled out by the internal combustion engine almost as soon as the knowledge was acquired and spread. Whatever happens to camel-transport, there is some future for camel-breeders in the meat-trade, although few have recognised it yet. Camel meat from animals reared for food is excellent. A world scarcity of meat must favour the production of an animal which can fatten in country so arid that other animals would perish in it.

Perhaps the camel may, some day, exchange his present arduous life for one of pastoral ease. How thoroughly that ease has been earned!

## CHAPTER IX.

### Mule Sense.

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Some people don't get on with mules, but I like them. It never seems, to me, fair to expect a mule to behave like a horse. Often you hear it said "I don't like cats", but behind this antipathy you will generally find that cats are expected to behave like dogs and because, being cats, they can't, they are often regarded as disappointing animals whose acquaintance it is hardly worth while to cultivate.

The fact is that mules have much in common with cats, far more than they have with horses, and infinitely more than cats have with dogs.

The mule gets his brains and his temperament from his father, who is an ass only in the zoological sense, being anything but stupid. It is not stupidity which causes the family donkey to need so much urging and encouragement on the outward journey when he is taking the children for a drive; nor is it stupidity that makes it almost impossible to train a mule to jump a hurdle when ridden. In both cases, the action which is being forced upon the animal is one which, he feels, profits him not at all., in the first case the donkey knows quite well that the stick will never be applied with enough vigour to hurt him in the second case, the folly of jumping a hurdle when you can go round it seems, from the mule's standpoint, so stupendous that it is worth any amount of thrashing rather than to submit to it. The attitude may be, in both cases, somewhat spoil-sport, but it is certainly not stupidity.

Mules, like cats, have a very fair share of brains, but they do not usually expend their talents with any generous object. By nature they are self-centred and cautious, anything but "sportsmen"; and if you want to see the better side of mule or cat, you have to work for it; the confidence of these animals can be won, particularly if the attempt is begun during colthood or kittenhood. Once your mule or cat associates your presence with complete safety, everything else is easy and you will find he has affection to spare. A dog gives his affection generously and a horse his services, often to unworthy masters, but a mule never. He must be sure that he is in good hands and can only be persuaded of it by experience; once he becomes satisfied about it you can do anything with him that is reasonable, but nothing which seems stupid to him, like jumping hurdles.

Personally, I find it attractive to gain the affection and confidence of an animal which is naturally suspicious and cautious.

The genius of a mule or a cat, if genius it can be called, is spent upon the serious business of self-preservation, and the well being of "Number One". But if the cat has nine lives, the mule must have at least ten.

Compare the behaviour of a tired mule with that of a weary horse when a return to the stable is made after a hard journey. As soon as the harness is off, the mule is lying down, sometimes even before there has been time to get a good bed of straw under him; a horse will fidget and wait until all the men have gone away and the stable is quiet before he, in his turn, will get down to it and take his rest.

And mules think. A mule once played a trick on me that in a life-time's experience with animals I have never once known a horse resort to. Liquid medicine had to be administered and the usual procedure was adopted of throwing a rope over a beam, making a fixed loop in the end of the rope, passing it under the noseband of the headcollar and then into the mouth, and then pulling on the rope until the mouth was raised a little above the level of the "swallow". The medicine was then carefully poured into the side of the mouth from a bottle. The only horses which cannot be "drenched" in this way are those which really fight. But this mule used his brains and did not get excited. He found the medicine not altogether pleasant to the palate and so, mule-like, distrusted heartily both it and everybody connected with it. He could not get his head down so as to let the stuff run out of his mouth. So he deliberately stood up on his hind legs like a circus-horse every time he received a mouthful, which position, of course, enabled him to get his throat at a higher level than his mouth, so that the stuff ran out on to the floor. In the end he defeated us until we made a counter attack by giving him a "ball" (pill) instead.

The difference in temperament and outlook between horse and mule is well illustrated by their relative behaviour when being chloroformed for an operation. The chloroform is administered on a sponge inside a special cylindrical-shaped muzzle which covers nose and mouth, the animal of course having been thrown down with his legs tied. Horses always react the same way; mules also react the same way, but not like horses. The horse, as soon as he smells the chloroform, loses his nerve and begins to struggle violently; the very struggling increases also the rate of breathing and so, of course, the rate at which he takes in the fumes; with the proper dose, he goes under, unconscious for any surgical operation, in ten minutes.

Not so our mule. He does not get excited at all. He seems to say to himself "Great Oats! What's this funny smell? I dislike it and think it evil. Darned if I will breathe it." So he stops breathing for as long a time as he can hold his breath. When he can stand it no longer, he gives a great gasp and stops again and so on. The result is that it takes much longer to get a mule "under" than it does a horse, and you have to use a bigger dose into the bargain.

During the latter part of the last War, I was Veterinary Officer to a big R.A.S.C. depot which had the job of replacing horses- casualties in transport units at the front. This work involved trying out strange horses so that they could be properly paired for issue. Of course, it was not uncommon for animals to run away on their trials. When that happened, word was sent to me and I would ride to the scene to do first-aid on any injured animals. With horses, it was usual to find the animals hurt more or less severely. But with runaway mules it was quite a different picture. The waggon might be in splinters; the driver might be badly injured or even killed, but invariably the mules would be found grazing peacefully by the side of the road without a mark on them. After a number of fruitless journeys after runaway mules, which did not provide me with work, I stopped going where mules were concerned. I concluded that when mules run away, it is not because they are frightened, but because they think it fun.

In the Army, in the last War, we had a number of totally blind horses and mules for which work was to be found at the bases. The blind horses, with absolute confidence in their drivers, thrived so well that you could recognise them at a distance because of their fatness. But it was asking too much of mule-nature to expect blind mules to be a success. They were not, because they would place no confidence in strange drivers or, indeed, anything but seeing for themselves; and as they could not see, they would not work.

It so happens that most mule breeding (by a jackass out of a mare) is carried on in "Dago" countries where the treatment the animals get, particularly in the process of breaking-in, is, to say the least, rough and ready. This is enough to destroy the chance of getting the wary mule to put his trust in Man. So they grow up thinking they know a lot better than their masters and that is why there are so many biters and kickers among them. When a British soldier has to take charge of them, he has, therefore, every reason to be nervous of them; a mule standing in a stall has a big advantage over a man who approaches it from behind and a mule can "cow-kick" with a long reach forward and sideways as well as backwards. This very nervousness on the part of the soldier makes it more and more difficult for the mule, which senses it, to learn to rely upon his judgment. He remains a rebel, a kicker and a biter. Only by long service under a really animal-sensed and sympathetic man can mule- nature be overcome.

Even during the period of my own life-time, cats in this country have been more and more adopted as real pets instead of being regarded as mere mouse-catching chattels unworthy of much notice, especially by men. Already, as a result, they have a greatly diminished fear of strangers; they have become emancipated and being better understood; their suspicious, cautious outlook on life is becoming modified.

If the British Army bred and reared all its own mules, the animals would soon lose the evil reputation that has been thrust upon them by men who did not understand them; both mule or cat which has never known ill- treatment lives its life believing in Man, using its mule- or cat-sense on the basis that MAN is SAFE and TRUSTWORTHY.

## CHAPTER X.

Private Practice. Being demobbed and intending to have a spell of private practice, I had consulted with my fellow-officers in the Advanced Horse Transport Depot, who had not, of course, lost touch with English life as I then had, and learned of several districts where there seemed to be a good chance of making a success of general practice. First I went up to enquire at Ulverston, on the Barrow peninsula of Lancashire, but I turned the district down as everyone agreed that farming there was in a backward state; but I met a retiring veterinary surgeon, who sold me many useful instruments, cheaply, so I had not wasted my time. Then I went to Kendal, but there were too many sheep and too many old-established practitioners there for me, so I moved to the next place on my list, Pontefract. One look at that was enough; and so to Doncaster. Here again, although the district was developing rapidly, there were several good practitioners who had been there for years, and I opined that there was no great need for even such a genius as myself so, further south to Stamford, at the extreme southern extremity of Lincolnshire. I spent several days in inquiries and then wrote to my wife that we had found our stamping- ground. At first we had to take lodgings and I put up my plate under that handicap. The cautious people of Stamford and District had seen one veterinary surgeon come and go after a brief stay and had found it unpleasant to have to return to the old practitioner (who had been there for years) after once leaving him for another man. Many people waited to see whether I was going to turn out equally temporary before they would consult me. The fact of my being in lodgings was, therefore, a drawback, apart from the fact that the accommodation for an infirmary was nil, and once I had to stitch up a horse's torn eyelid in the street before an admiring crowd. I had found a house with good stabling almost ready made for what I needed, but owing to the deadly slowness of the War Office who had been using the house for troops, coupled with the natural paralysis (probably Freemasonic) which I met with in the agent for the noble landlord, it was months before I could secure the house.

Meanwhile, I had visited London with the intention of purchasing my old mount which I had had at Abbeville, but was distressed to find that the little grey mare had developed stringhalt since I saw her last, and I had to return to Stamford empty- handed.



In those post-war times, I was unable even to buy a man's bicycle; and my first journeys as a veterinary practitioner in Stamford were made on a lady's bicycle or sometimes on a man's bicycle kindly lent me by a sympathetic tradesman. Veterinary equipment for horse and cattle cases is apt to be bulky and I must, on some of these journeys, have reminded spectators of a Christmas Tree or a One-Man Band, particularly when I was going out to a calving case. My troubles, however, had been mitigated considerably by the fact that I had not been in the town three weeks before the largest horse-owner, a timber merchant on a large scale, had decided that I was his veterinary surgeon.

When, at last, I secured my house in 20, St. George's Square, I "never looked behind me", and soon developed a sound practice and got most of the work in the district inside a radius of about eight miles. The house was an old one, and far too big for us; there was a nice garden with fruit trees and (most important from the professional standpoint) good stabling and coach-house, including four loose-boxes and two stalls, in one of which a horse could be slung if necessary.

As soon as I saw the horse I wanted, I bought it; a roan mare which we called Methel after two friends of ours named Maud and Ethel: I looked after her myself, and I was never so fit as during the time when her early-morning toilet demanded my regular services. She became very fond of me and had her own gentle snickering language in which to tell me so. When I drove out with her, it was two pals going out into the world together. I bought a governess car at an almost prohibitive price, and with that we worked up the practice. She was never sick or sorry, and I had a system of stable management which fitted the irregular hours we had to keep.

We generally had at least one spare loose-box, and her "bedroom" was another. The first thing I did in the morning was to take her out of her bedroom into her "sitting-room" where her feed was awaiting her. There was no bedding in the sitting-room, and I groomed her there, leaving the mucking-out of the bedroom until such time as was convenient on any particular day. That reduced the unavoidable before-breakfast stable routine to a minimum. I developed a large canine and feline practice in addition to the ordinary horse and farm work and sometimes I would have as many as twenty dogs on the place and I was both vet. and kennelman and did all the work myself. There were three separate enclosures where dogs could exercise themselves and when there was a crowd of them, it took some scheming to reduce the time occupied in this process by exercising compatibles together. The dogs seemed to appreciate my hospital, as a rule, and often we opened our front door to find an ex-patient, recently discharged, sitting on the doorstep. One old terrier of fifteen years walked in twelve miles from his country home on several occasions, a testimonial which we accepted with mixed feelings, because somehow, he had to be got home again. I remember one tight-skinned fox-terrier which was a great favourite with us, bursting in through a window curtain. He still remained a favourite! Our large house was able to supply us with spare rooms for cat patients; these rooms were closed to all traffic, and the chimneys had to be stuffed with bags of straw, because cats in a strange place will stick at nothing to make an exit if they can. I considered it disgraceful for a veterinary surgeon to allow any animal placed in his charge to take French leave; all the time at Stamford this only happened once, and we got the cat back all right before the owner got to know about it! We had not been in Stamford two years before we seemed to know everyone in the town from the Marquess of Exeter down to the local gypsies. In the years before 1926 I was so busy that it sometimes seemed as though it was only at meal-times that I saw my wife. Fees were customarily rather small in Stamford District and by working hard all day one got very little more than a competence; but, looking back, I know how I enjoyed the life, although it meant seven days a week with night-work thrown in. Working so hard, I resented particularly the rising income tax; it seemed hard to turn out in the middle of the night, drive out say seven miles, strip to the waist in a cow-shed and work like ten niggers on a calving case, wait for your money, say, six months and then pay some of it to the Government as a kind of fine for having had the energy to earn it! However, I trained my clients not to knock me up at night unless it was unavoidable; in other words, I got them to send for me before bedtime when trouble appeared to be brewing in stable or cow-house.

When I had had my mare, Methel, one year, I sold her to a farmer friend who, I knew, would use her right and I bought a Morris Cowley car. But what a price I had to pay, so soon after the war! But, once I had got used to the car, I found it fully justified by the time and trouble saved; one got to one's cases sooner, which is always an advantage, and night-work lost most of its terrors.

For years afterwards, my mare, if standing by the kerb, would be able to detect my footsteps even if I was walking in a crowded street, and turn her head and snicker in welcome. Finally, she was sold again, this time to a dairyman and she was still working his milk-float when she was thirty-three, always with a clean bill of health!

Then came the deflation of 1926 and the great strike; it was the farming industry that was hit most severely by the falling prices and my practice suffered a blow from which it never recovered. The farmers drew in their horns and kept less stock and that of less value. People began to get short of money and the tendency was to let sick animals rip until they were too far gone for successful treatment. Of course, in addition to this, horses were rapidly being replaced by mechanical traction; the long and short of it was that I began to have some spare time in my practice.

One thing that I did with this spare time was to write a textbook on the camel in health and in disease; I had long intended to do it, indeed I considered that the opportunities I had had in the past and the salary and allowances I had drawn from my camel-work made this an obligation. When this interesting job was done, I snatched time off to see a London printer of veterinary works; but his ideas were fixed and could not be shifted; he wanted to produce an imposing volume about 3½ inches thick which would cost a purchaser 26/-. Now I hadn't been a camelman for nothing, and I knew that every ounce of weight that could be saved in my treatise would mean a few more sardines in the chop-box for someone! I said I did not want my work to be in the form of a large tome, but a compact book in rather small print. He just could not see it. So back to Stamford I went and there I arranged with the printer of one of the local newspapers to print my book, and I made my own arrangements about the illustrations for it; finally, I got an account-book binder, in Kettering, to do the simple cover for the book, and turned out the article I aimed at for a cost to purchaser of 16/-. I expected to lose £100 on this venture, but actually, in time, I made a profit of nearly that amount! The book is the accepted camel text-book, and I wrote two supplements to it containing information which brings the book up-to-date. The Governments of India and of Somaliland helped me greatly by ordering a large number of my books before it was published. I sold out my last copy in 1951.

In 1928, I retired from practice, having had nine years of it without a holiday; I handed it over to an ex-serviceman who had been under the weather. I am glad I retired when I did; and I do not think I should like the life a modern veterinary surgeon leads in the country, with so much stress placed upon rather uninteresting preventive work with cattle, involving frequent rectal examinations and with that dear creature, the horse, taking such an insignificant amount of his attention.

Before I leave Stamford, I will relate a few anecdotes about our own pets we had there. We had three cats, one of which was a tortoiseshell female, which had a litter of kittens in our dining-room cupboard. That very morning, I was called out to a terrier bitch which could not pup; after the removal of a dead puppy and the birth of several live ones, the bitch was found too weak to rear all the litter, and yet the owner wanted to save the pups. I bethought myself of Binkle, the aforesaid cat. So I said: "Let me take a long chance and see if our cat can help". I took the superfluous pups home, got Binkle out of earshot, removed the litter of kittens and destroyed them, and put the pups in the place where the kittens had been. Then we brought Binkle back and stood by ready for action, for normally she hated dogs. As she stepped into the cupboard, she stopped as though she had seen a ghost, and her tail became twice its proper size. For a tense half-minute, she remained thus, then climbed in among the pups and there was no more trouble; but she never licked them and at first was frankly puzzled by the noises they made. She brought them up, small as she was, although one was taken from her at the fourth week because it was clearly beyond her strength to continue to suckle the lot; this pup was taken back to its legitimate mother, who, after being prevented from killing it, suckled it until weaning time.

Two of our cats mastered the art of opening latched doors; for this reason we had to use a hook and staple to prevent the larder door being at their service. They would spring up and hang on to the handle of the door with one paw and pull the latch down with the other paw; and if there were two working together, the other cat would shove the door at the right time. How they ever learned this trick, I cannot tell. It may sound incredible, but I once saw Nandy, our yellow cat, sitting on the back-door mat with his mother and the latter got up and evidently wanted to go into the house, the back door being shut; Nandy got up, opened the door for his mother in the way I have described and then went back and sat down on the mat again. I record this, not as a case of chivalry or filial sense in cats, but as a remarkable bit of co-operation.

Animals like that, I always feel, are not so far removed from us. I always regarded Christianity as a religion alien to white men's instincts, because it takes no note of man's best friends who share his hearth. It is in the East where dogs are pariahs. I think it a pity that Christianity has not been adjusted better to the spiritual needs of Nordic men, who do not need to be told not to murder and steal; a white man's religion would begin on a higher plane and teach him to be straight-forward, to be kind to animals, to be courageous, loyal and chivalrous.

One of my patients had been a St. Bernard dog, born in Switzerland, belonging to a titled lady. I had had him under treatment on two occasions and was called to him once more on a third. The owner said: "Mr. Leese, you seem to be able to keep this dog fit and well, yet, with me, he is always ailing; would you like to have him?" As this great dog was 10½ stone in weight and as high as a table, I felt it incumbent upon me to consult the mistress of my house before coming to any decision; but she knew the dog and said "Yes" at once. So Barry came to us, although we always called him Knob, because he had one on his head (anatomists call it the "occipital tuberosity").

It was always more like having a guest in the house rather than a dog, except when we had to follow him around with a "gob-cloth" to wipe away the slobber which he could not help depositing in places where no slobber should be. He was our magnificent friend for some years and went with us to Guildford when I retired; he was the biggest dog in the district and the gentlest. He passed over when we were away in Norway for a holiday; when we heard the sad tidings, it spoiled the rest of that holiday for us both. He collected for the hospitals in Stamford, for the Fascists in Trafalgar Square, and on many other occasions. He had a way of wandering down our hill into the High Street of Guildford and sitting at a corner of the street to watch the traffic go by; but the crowds he collected on those occasions were so large that the habit became a nuisance and we discouraged it. When he wanted to go out by himself, we headed him in the opposite direction on to the downs where he could sit and watch the landscape without doing any harm.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Political Awakening.

The deflation of 1926, which was the real cause of the general strike, had hit every business in the town of Stamford, my own practice included. My professional position in the town was now secure, and I began to have time to think of other things. Strongly individualist myself, I knew little of politics and politicians, but detested Socialism in any form, because it seemed to me to be a system which would level down the body politic to a state in which the least enterprising and the least deserving would benefit at the expense of the better elements of the people. I looked upon Socialism as a sort of political disease which affected most people when very young, but which they were liable to grow out of when they reached a sensible age. So I suppose I was vaguely Conservative, just as I had been vaguely Liberal before I went out to India and found that one man was not half as good as another.

One thing had been worrying me for some time. I could not understand how it was that, although we had won the war, we seemed to be losing every yard of the peace which followed. Something, I felt, must be acting like a spanner in the works.

Then I heard the late Mr. Arthur Kitson speak at one or two political meetings of various complexions. Kitson had worked about 35 years for Monetary Reform, a subject of which I knew nothing; he owned a factory in Stamford for the manufacture of "Kitson's Lights" which were used for illuminating lighthouses and large railway stations. He was not popular in the town, but I felt that he knew something, goodness knows what, which others didn't, including myself, and I asked him one day to drop in and tell me what it was all about. That started our friendship which lasted until his death. He was a short man with thick white hair, and very musical; he used to play piano duets with my wife. He had a contempt for all politicians and political parties because of their stupid and silent acquiescence in the fraud of the Gold Standard. Although, at that date, his strenuous efforts, which included several books, had made no great progress in altering "Public opinion" on the vital question of control over the issue of money, he is now known to all monetary reformers as the Pioneer of their cause. I was not a very quick student, finding the subject required a considerable mental effort to master, and never being really attracted to it; but I gradually came to understand that here was something affecting the lives of men, women and children everywhere, and which existed as an unrecognised evil manipulated in secret by a few people greedy for Power. In fact, I saw that control of the issue of Money was Power.

Apart altogether from Kitson's influence, I had watched with interest the bloodless revolution of Mussolini, who by sheer determination had ended the chaos into which Liberalism (disguised) had brought his country; it appeared to me that here was a movement which might end political humbug, and his declaration "My Aim is Reality" appealed to me strongly. I wrote a little pamphlet Fascism for Old England, suggesting that only those should have a vote who were willing to pay for the privilege; every man would pay a sum equal to, say, one day's income, according to his means, before he would receive the suffrage; it seemed to me good realism that what a man had to pay for, he would value and that the electors would become a body of people who would vote for the country instead of for their own selfish interests. I also joined an organisation called the British Fascists, and I made a special journey to town to implore them to change their name, as I thought the initials were just asking for it! To my surprise, I failed to gain this obvious reform! After a while, I found that there was no Fascism, as I understood it, in the organisation which was merely Conservatism with Knobs On; it was justified by the Red attempts to smash up meetings of the Right, but it should never have been misnamed. Failing to get anything altered, I left the "B.F."

I have often heard people say that you cannot define Fascism; I always said I could: a revolt against democracy and a return to statesmanship. In 1924, there had been a General Election a few days before the local Borough Council elections took place. The Conservatives had announced their intention of "fighting socialism". When the Borough election approached, we found that quite contrary to this declaration, Socialist Councillors were going to be allowed to return without a fight; so my friend, Harry Simpson, and I put ourselves forward as Fascist candidates. Every effort was made by the local Freemasons to dissuade us, and we were told that no fresh blood ever got on to the Borough Council in Stamford at the first attempt; but we put in a lot of hard and sickening work canvassing our wards and the result was we both got in, beating the two principal camouflaged Bolsheviks, pillars of their Party, to the astonishment of the town. I was a Councillor, of course, for three years, but found it dull work. Simpson served his three years and then put up again as Fascist and was re-elected; I did not try again as I knew I was leaving the town. We were the first constitutionally elected Fascists in England.

When canvassing for this election, it was impressed upon me what utter humbug the democratic vote really is; many people, I knew, voted for me because I had cured their pigs or pets and without the slightest idea what I stood for, beyond that. (Talking of pigs, I went once to see an Irishman's pig which had developed ugly blotches on its skin; I found on examining the animal, that these were bruises, not disease, and traced them to mischievous stoning by small boys. The Irishman remarked "I don't like cruelty to animals, especially dumb animals!" What is it that makes the Irish say these funny things? I have never heard the answer to this question.)

I had about 80 so-called Fascists organised in the town, but very few of these meant business. I often ask myself what was the bravest act I ever did? Well, it was to turn out into the streets of a town (in which everyone knew me) in the black shirt uniform. I had never done any public speaking before and almost literally shook with nerves at first when going through the soap-box stage; but I stuck at it until I had no nerves at all.

When I retired from professional work and left the town, I started with four others to found the Imperial Fascist League in London. I lived at Guildford; and our first headquarters was a poky little room in Chandos House, near St. James' Park Tube Station. After six months or so, I was made Director-General of the organisation and remained in that position until the first day of the second world war when we closed down. Kitson had introduced me to the Jewish Menace, of which hitherto I had no real knowledge. (I was 45 before I knew anything about what was going on behind the political scenery). He was very nervous of the Jews because of threats and injuries received, and would never speak of them at his meetings, but he knew all about them. He introduced me to a little Society called "The Britons", in Great Ormond Street, W.C.1, founded by the now well-known anti-Jewish pioneer, the late H. H. Beamish. From them I got a copy of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, in which is concentrated the main outline of the Jewish Plot for World Domination. Everything in this little book rang true; I simply could not put it down until I had finished it. When I came to investigate further, I realised how little information was really available for detailed study of the subject; want of knowledge among the public was the result of a deliberate conspiracy of Jewish silence; I determined to break that silence and to make the knowledge public property. Beamish lost no time; he appeared outside my door at Stamford on a motor-cycle side-car within two days of my application to "The Britons" for information.

I have been conducting a research on the Jew Menace ever since, and I wish here to emphasise that I have done it in the same scientific spirit as when I was investigating camel diseases in the world's deserts. I have been after truth, not propaganda; in fact, I investigated the diseases of the body politic!

My hands were full; research required time and concentration; running an organisation also required time and was apt to interfere with concentration. Progress was painfully slow, because although I myself could produce the means to prevent collapse, I could get no funds to splash about for publicity. However, after about a year, we were able to move to bigger offices, first at 16, Craven Street, Strand; later at No. 30. All help was purely volunteer and unpaid. There was nothing to pay anyone with. During the first year, a lot of political crooks and most of the cranks went through my hands, but as my policy was to entrust no new member with anything important until we had had the chance to try him out, they were never able to do us any harm and were all slung out in due course. We ran a monthly paper *The Fascist*, and published our pamphlets as funds permitted. It was my rule that no liability should be incurred until we had the funds to cover it. This may have helped to make progress slow, but it gave us a good name and our credit was never in doubt with anyone who dealt with us. We could seldom afford the expense of hiring halls for meetings, and it is my opinion that meetings of any kind, except at election time, have one use only, that is, to make your own members think something is going on. That was too expensive a hobby for me. Sometimes, when financed, we would have these meetings and then we began to find that the Jewish power would often step in and get the letting of the hall cancelled a few days before the advertised time of the meeting. We found that the League of Nations Union could be used for our purposes, often without expense to ourselves; that futile body had constant need to thrash up the flagging enthusiasm of its own members, and we found them often willing to have public debates with us, on some such motion that "The League of Nations, as a means of preserving peace, is not to be trusted". As we knew that the League of Nations was entirely sponsored by the Jews to ensure future wars, we used their platform to get wide publicity for exposure of the organised Jewish Money Power or Sanhedrin. The reactions of our highly religious opponents often astonished me; they seemed to think that because we opposed the League of Nations, we must want wars; their Christian charity seemed lacking! We opposed it because it was an utter fraud, and for no other reason. We told the people who was behind the fraud. Sometimes a local branch of the League of Nations Union would send to their Headquarters in London for speakers to deal with us; and we began to know all their arguments. Mr. Alec Wilson used to liken the League to the gear-box of a motor-car; to which we replied that we should hate to drive a motor-car with 56 gears in it, and that the only part of a motor-car which we could think of to compare it with was the back-fire from the exhaust!

About three years after we had been in existence as the Imperial Fascist League, we found that Sir Oswald Mosley was muscling in to the Fascist field of politics.

He had the money and we had not, and as he was a well-known figure in democratic politics and did not attempt to face the Jewish issue (how could he with his first wife the grand-daughter of Levi Leiter, the flour-cornerer of Chicago?) he took what little wind there was out of our sails for a time. But in his case, the political crooks and cranks aforesaid did not get slung out; they stayed in!



In the end, there remained Mosley "fans" and nothing else. Mosley's advent was a disaster to Fascist development in Britain, for it prevented the best elements in the country from associating themselves with any Fascist movement for some years; Mosley's Kosh Fascism got newspaper publicity, and the special support of the Daily Mail, whilst the Imperial Fascist League was left in a position of comparative obscurity. Mosley's supporters appeared in strength to oppose us whenever we held a public meeting; the President of the Oxford University Jewish Society correctly summed up the position in writing to the Jewish Chronicle (29th September, 1933): "Our greatest supporters in the fight against the Imperial Fascists are the Mosley Fascists themselves". It was a case of Quantity versus Quality. On one occasion in November, 1933, a meeting of ours at Trinity Hall, Great Portland Street, was attacked on a pre-arranged signal by a large body of Mosleyites which greatly outnumbered our men and General Blakeney and other speakers were badly hurt; in my own case, I was attacked by 26 men, thrown to the ground, half-stripped of my clothes, struck on the face with a leaden "kosh" and much bruised by kicks. The object of this attack was to finish and silence the Imperial Fascist League, but it had the opposite effect.

Why do Jews and Mosleyites always judge us by themselves? The "kosh", aforesaid, was meant to break my jaw, but it landed on the soft part between cheekbone and upper jaw, so nothing "gave". Newspapers, describing this battle, said it was the biggest fight that had ever been seen at a London meeting; our enemies deliberately smashed as many chairs as they could, knowing that we, who had no large fund behind us, would have to pay the owners of the hall for them.

This Mosley business was as big a nuisance to the Imperial Fascist League as it was to the London Police, but in a different way.

Whenever we of the Imperial Fascist League held a meeting, we would have to waste time by explaining to the audience the difference between the Mosley "Fascists" and ourselves.

We needed all our time on these occasions to cover our constructive programme and the reasons which made that programme necessary; the clock was always our worst enemy; there was so much to say. It is interesting to record that William Joyce, who was at the time a Mosleyite, said that the B.U.F. (the Mosley organisation) was not anti-semitic, and expressed "great sympathy for the Jews all over the world for the unhappy plight of their brethren in Germany" (report by S. H. Herinsky, Jewish Chronicle, October, 1933). Well, we were always about 15 years ahead of Mosley & Co! On another occasion, I had to get ready to defend myself for libel after pointing out in my paper that Mosley's right-hand man of the time, a well-known General, had been one of Aleister Crowley's greatest admirers and was hardly to be considered a suitable Gauleiter for the youth of Britain! However, the Mosleyite in question found that I had so much ammunition concerning him that the action threatened did not materialise. Now let me leave Mosley and his merry men; they always were a tiresome nuisance to us "Racialists."

We used to hold a lecture-meeting on some aspect of Fascist policy every Wednesday evening at our G.H.Q. and as our offices were open until late in the evening, I would often not reach home until one o'clock in the morning. Progress, if measured by recruiting figures, was painfully slow. I had imagined, when I started, that it only needed the initiative of a few pioneers to get the support of influential people, but I had underestimated the power of Jewish money; the fact was that influential people would at once lose their influence as soon as it was known that they were anti-Jewish. We found that there was a great gulf fixed between the acquiring of knowledge on the Jew, Menace and the taking of any action about it. The "gulf" meant Ruin to business people, the Sack and Unemployment to wage-earners. Our best support came from the most independent sections of the community, professional men, unmarried people and those with no families. These would not be afraid of publicity and would give time and money to the cause.

For years, I went out every Friday evening, for 2½ hours, to sell The Fascist on the kerb of Coventry Street; sometimes alone, sometimes with as many as five others; the more sellers, the greater number of papers sold per individual seller. We were sometimes attacked, and once a blow over the eye paralysed one of my eyelids for a week.

In 1936, the Public Prosecutor was persuaded to charge me with seditious libel and public mischief on account of the July issue of The Fascist, which was outstanding in the information it gave. In due course, I, together with my printer, Mr. Whitehead, who was also a member of my organisation, appeared in the dock at Old Bailey. We conducted our own defence; this, because experience shows that few counsel can be trusted to face the threats or refuse bribes at the hands of the Jewish Power before the case comes to Court; employing counsel to defend a man charged with anti-Jewish offences is too often simply paying to be betrayed. I consulted a good solicitor, but would not allow myself to be represented in Court. The trial received great newspaper publicity and resulted in our acquittal so far as the seditious libel charge was concerned; this was because I was able to show that no such charge could be upheld where the object of the language used had been to get altered a "matter of state established", i.e., the naturalisation of Jews as British citizens. But there is no real defence to a Public Mischief charge and this had been tacked on to the major charge in order to get a conviction. We were found "Guilty" of Public Mischief, but "Not Guilty" of Seditious Libel; and, refusing, on principle, to pay any fine, I was savagely sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Whitehead was fined £20. Here are some of the peculiar features of this trial.

The Judge was a 31st degree Scottish Rite Freemason, the late Sir W. Greaves?Lord. The indictment had six counts: four of seditious libel, two of public mischief. The first seditious libel count was for intent to promote ill?will against Jews; the second for intent to cause hostility against them; the third for intent to cause discontent between Jew and Gentile; the fourth for intent to cause disaffection between Jew and Gentile. The idea was to get me convicted on four charges instead of one, although the charges were really exactly the same. The two charges of Public Mischief were for making scandalous and libellous statements about Jews to the injury, prejudice and disturbance of the lawful free and customary intercourse between Jew and Gentile and to the endangerment of peaceful relations between them; the second of these counts had added to this the words: —"thereby rendering His Majesty's subjects of Jewish faith liable to suspicion, affront and boycott." But anyone who writes his political views in a newspaper is sure to "affront" some reader! He is also sure to make his political opponents "liable to suspicion" on the part of his readers: if a writer advocates Trade Unionism, he will at once make NonUnionists liable to "boycott"! No political writer could adequately defend himself against such charges; that is why they were brought against me.

Yet, the Public Prosecutor never uses the count of Public Mischief to deal with Trade Unionists who indulge in unofficial strikes causing incalculable harm to other citizens. As to the practice of making multiple charges against a defendant, Alderman Sir Phene Neal had, only a fortnight before my case, severely criticised the Police at the Mansion House Justice Room for bringing two counts against a motorist (1) for driving in a manner dangerous to the public; (2) for driving without care and attention. Sir Phene said: "You cannot prosecute a man twice for the same offence" and warned the Police that if he, in any future such case, convicted a man on one only of the counts, he would give costs against the Police on the other count. All this shows how the law was stretched almost to bursting point to stop my writings in *The Fascist*.

I was not so foolish as to appeal against the sentence; it would have been a waste of time as the order had obviously gone out: "Stop this man at all costs".

I was taken in a Black Maria to Wormwood Scrubs, an "uplift" prison for first offenders chiefly. The uplifting process was then to try and cow the spirit of a prisoner for the first two months until he became an automaton, and after that to give him association with all sorts of criminals at meal?times. I worked a treadle sewing? machine in the tailors' shop, repairing prison underclothes which had come from the laundry. Here I met Mr. H. W. Wicks, author of *The Prisoner Speaks*, in which book the conditions of prison?life at the time are so well described, that it would be of little interest for me to describe them here. One incident, however, is worthy of record.

The prisoners had a debating society, at which I was asked to lead a debate on "Democracy is a failure". I consented to this, but two days before the date fixed, I was visited in my cell by the Schoolmaster, who told me that the Governor decreed that I must not mention the Jewish question in my speech! Of course, I refused to speak at all under such a condition. On Christmas Day, 1936, hundreds of cards arrived for me, and these I was allowed to look through in the Principal Officer's office. Most of these cards were distinctly anti? Jewish, and served to educate some of the warders!

I earned the full remission for good conduct, which docked 1½ months from my sentence, so I was released in February, 1937. My friends had sent a car for me, and I made a "triumphal" exit through a cheering crowd of Fascists who had got up very early to be present at the gate.

When I had had time to get into my stride again, I wrote a book on the subject of Jewish Ritual Murder, the subject most strongly objected to by the prosecution at my trial. I have sold thousands of this book without further prosecution. It was a great moral victory over a corrupt pro?Jewish regime; long afterwards (12<sup>th</sup> March, 1946) Lord Vansittart, in the House of Lords, said that I "should have been prosecuted again and gaoled for considerably longer"; he refused my invitation to repeat this libellous statement in an unprivileged place.

Commenting on my conviction, the *New Statesman* said "the calling in aid of a criminal charge of 'effecting a Public Mischief' to cope with anti?semitism, has commanded little enthusiasm among lawyers; it is far too vague. Public Mischiefs which are to be restrained by the criminal law must be defined with proper precision if justice is to be done".

It is plain that this hostile weekly knew that justice had not been done!

As Rabbi Leon Spitz wrote in the American Hebrew of 1st March, 1946:—"We must fill our jails with anti-Semitic gangsters. . . we must harass and prosecute our Jew baiters to the extreme limits of the laws".

All that is strictly in accordance with Protocol 19 of the Elders of Zion:—"In order to destroy the prestige of heroism for political crime, we shall send it for trial in the category of thieving, murder, and every abominable and filthy crime. Public opinion will then confuse in its conception this category of crime with the disgrace attaching to every other and will brand it with the same contempt."

But, perhaps nothing shows better the bad faith and humbug of this prosecution than the fact that no attempt was made to prohibit further sale of the offending issue of The Fascist; that is, the issue for July, 1936. I have sold hundreds of them since, apparently earning six months' imprisonment (or more?) every time a sale was made!

The strain of conducting the Imperial Fascist League with hardly any funds and against savage opposition was very great; I insisted on taking two or three weeks' holiday every year. My wife and I once went on a conventional trip to Norway and Spitzbergen and, on another occasion, a very unconventional one to Iceland, where we visited very remote villages; sometimes we would take our holidays apart, and then I used to tour around the British Islands using my car as an hotel and carrying with me my bedding and enough food and cooking utensils to make my own breakfasts and teas. Living this independent life, one was able to see every part of the country; one rises early, and it is far from comfortable, but I argued that as I was comfortable all the rest of the year, what did it matter if I was not comfortable on a holiday? I have been on the top of some of our highest mountains whilst other people were starting their breakfasts! I never had anything stolen from my car, although I often left it for hours and it had no lock. But I doubt if that risk could be wisely taken in these days. I used to carry a large syrup-tin which I would fill with good drinking water late in the afternoon, so that I was independent of water-supply and could camp anywhere. Another "tip" for anyone who wants to take a holiday? trip of this sort is: Before deciding on a spot on which to park for the night, have a good look at it before it gets too dark; see that it has a good enough approach for a car; many delectable-looking spots for camping are found to be inaccessible because of a ditch or some other obstruction; make sure that the site will not become difficult with an unwelcome shower of rain; if you are in country where mosquitoes or gnats are troublesome, aim for high altitudes and test the place by sitting for 10 minutes on the running-board; if the flies don't find you in 10 minutes, you are high enough to get a good night's rest; this is particularly important in Scotland. Needless to say, I always left the place in the morning without a trace of litter. Once you have found your camping-ground, clear out for half-a-mile or so until it gets dark, for that, in some parts of the country, is the only way to avoid the nuisance of nosey parkers or village idiots! Avoid sandy waste ground containing the remains of tramps' fires; the tramps leave livestock behind.

On one trip of this kind, I had an adventure with a bull which was perhaps worthy of record; I reproduce this account of it by the courtesy of Country Life, which published it under the caption Toreador in Teesdale in their issue of 15th June, 1945.

Toreador in Teesdale By

Arnold Leese.

Published in "Country Life", 15th June, 1945, and reprinted by kind permission.

About eight years ago, I was motoring up from the South of England to spend a holiday in Scotland. My car was a modest Morris-Cowley tourer, and, towards the end of a long day, it had covered well over three hundred miles since early morning, which for me was a record; I was feeling I had had about enough. When approaching Middleton-in-Teesdale, the car gave me that queer sensation of diminished power associated with the first stage of a slipping clutch.

Then my Mistake was made; the trouble should have been seen to at once; it wasn't my first experience with a slipping clutch, but my mind was made up to get across the watershed over into Alston before camping for the night, and I drove on. It was silly, but having broken the back of my journey in one day's driving, I was perhaps unduly exalted in spirit. The slipping went through all the usual stages from slight to bad and from bad to worse, until, several miles before the divide, my car only surmounted a sharp ascent after a desperate struggle, so I decided that it was impossible to "make" Alston and that it was better to camp at once and settle my troubles in the morning. It was now 10.30 p.m., but still fairly light. I always carried my food, water and bedding and was quite independent of hotels, so there was no worry at all on that score. By this time the car would not move under its own power and had to be man-handled off the road; I brought it to a standstill across the entry of a gate into a grass field. I began to make things shipshape for the night; a few adjustments converted my car into a comfortable bedroom.

Then the bellowing began, getting louder every second as a Shorthorn bull quickly approached the gate on the field side to see who and what it was that dared to invade his privacy. He was a fine fellow, a roan, and he stood there bellowing and pawing up the ground with his foot.

Now it is a queer enough coincidence that my car should have been immovably fixed opposite the gate of a field with a loose bull in it; there couldn't have been many such fields adjoining a main road in the whole of the north of England! The bull had the run of two or three fields and had not been in sight when I was scouting around. But perhaps it was almost as much a coincidence that I, to whom this incident occurred, was no stranger to bulls and was, in fact, accustomed to them, which, of course, meant that I had acquired a respect for them without that petrifying fear of the unfamiliar which would have been felt by 999 motorists out of every thousand on the road that night if it had happened to them. My respect for bulls is due not only to their strength and activity, and their uncertain attitude towards strangers, owing to their limited scope for human acquaintance, but also to the fact that the bull has the brains of the herd, as any cowboy from the ranges would confirm.

The bull and I looked at one another, and I, for my part, did some rapid thinking, which however, resulted in no conclusion more satisfactory than wishing I was safe at home. The bull came to a more definite decision; he took a pace forward, down went his head with his horns under the second bar of the gate, from the bottom, and in a trice the gate was off its hinges, although still across the entry. I clung desperately to the end next the hinges and managed to re-hang it on to the top-hinge and then rushed to the other end, where leverage to some extent cancelled out the bull's vastly superior strength. All I could do against such power was to try and keep the gate across the entry, no matter at what angle. Time after time, the bull tried to lift the gate out of his way, on his horns, but I was able, with great exertion, to frustrate him. The effort was considerable and I was already tired after my long drive.

There was only one house in sight, for we were near the head of the Tees valley, the road was lonely and we were in bleak sheep country, with a few fields lining the river. Night was falling.

If I could have stepped back to the car, I could have reached some rope, none too strong, with which to slip clove-hitches on the gate-ends; if the rope did not break, it might have puzzled the bull. But I could not leave the gate for a second; the bull's movements were quick and he was persevering. Had I let go of the gate, he would have been through it in no time.

By now, it was 11 p.m. and dark; tired as I was, the pace was too hot to last. The bull was tolerant enough of my presence, but Quite early in the struggle, as we stood panting and regarding one another, I recognised that he was not objecting to my own presence, but that of the car. I could even turn down his lip to see his age, which was three years; I could scratch his head and rub it behind his horns, which he seemed to like. If it had merely been necessary to save my skin, I could have done it easily enough by hopping over a wall into another field. But he was angry, angry with the car for standing there and if he got through that gateway my holiday in Scotland would be postponed until the next year, as he would have broken up the car, particularly its top-hamper and windscreen, and, with the strength he had in his mighty neck, he might have directed that gate-lifting gift of his towards over-turning the car. So it was necessary to stay, nearly deafened with his bellowing at close quarters.



We struggled on and often the gate was hanging on his horns, loose at both ends, but I was always able to drag it back across the entry before he could disentangle himself from it and get through.

It was borne in upon me that this was the first evening of a holiday much overdue as a rest from overwork, and I had to laugh, though without mirth. viciously anxious to liquidate the car. We wrestled on until about a quarter before midnight.

At last came a slow footstep up the hill—a farm labourer returning home from the fleshpots of Middleton or some lesser place. He quickly took in the situation as I explained to him, and trudged off to get help. Before he left, I got him to hand me the ropes out of the car, with which I fixed both ends of the gate to the posts. As soon as he had gone, the bull burst one of these ropes with a powerful jerk, but the prospect of early relief to my troubles encouraged me to hang on.

Another half-hour or so and the owner, with a couple of men with heavy sticks and three dogs, arrived and drove the bull into a distant field where I could hear him bellowing through the night.

When they had gone, I dosed down in the car, dead beat. In the morning, a postman, passing on a bicycle, took a message from me to a garage in Middleton and, before three o'clock in the afternoon, I was again on the road north. It was my first real holiday in Scotland, and well worth the trouble of getting there.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Jewish War.

We of the Imperial Fascist League did all we could to prevent the outbreak of war between Britain and Germany. We foresaw that whoever won such a war, Britain would be ruined. We knew that the Jews, assisted by the Freemasons, were resolved to destroy Hitler before he destroyed them; all the chief vehicles of propaganda were in their hands, and all the money, too. We made enough progress to be able to employ two whole-time men on a pittance, both of whom could have earned a good living at their own trades, but preferred to do our work for a bare subsistence. The solid nucleus of good men and women I now had around me could not be penetrated by the spies of the enemy with any hope of success. I was greatly overworked, attempting the impossible by having to administer an organisation and do a lot of research and writing for our paper, all at the same time. One evening, when addressing a meeting, I collapsed; it was sheer exhaustion of nervous energy and there was nothing, then, organically wrong.

Then came Munich, and a year afterwards, the War itself. It was unfortunate that I was actually on the sick list recovering from a gastric ulcer when the war broke out. Knowing that to carry on in the London office in war-time would not be possible, I closed down our G.H.Q. at once; the branches that could not pay their own way closed down, too. Two months of milk dieting, followed by a further period of restriction cured my complaint; which never gave me any more trouble; it was brought on undoubtedly by worry and by rushing into activity, habitually, too soon after meals.

In May, 1940, the Government put into practice its infamous regulation known as 18B, which allowed the Home Secretary to cause the arrest of anyone for indefinite periods of detention if he had "reasonable cause to believe" they had been recently concerned in acts prejudicial to the public safety or the defence of the realm or in the preparation or instigation of such acts and that by reason thereof it is necessary to exercise control over them. As the Government and the War were both Jewish, this regulation was construed as being applicable to anyone anti-Jewish. There was no trial; you were just arrested and taken away. There was a humbugging affair called an "advisory committee", to which the detained people could appeal, but it was composed of people appointed by the Home Secretary himself; no evidence on oath was taken and the decisions could be reversed by the Home Secretary if he liked. It was a disappointment to me that so very few of the detained people refrained from using this Committee; if everyone had refused to recognise it, something more akin to justice might have been forced upon the Government.

About the 24th May, 1940, a large number of arrests were made under this regulation, including those of Capt. A. M. Ramsay, M.P. and Sir Oswald Mosley and his staff. I was not interfered with at this time, but I did not trust the look of things, and I began to picnic out in the country during the day-time, it being summer, only returning home at night. Getting tired of this, I went to the seaside to stay with friends for a fortnight and then, as nothing had happened at home, I returned to live there openly and normally. But I took certain precautions and arranged hide-outs for use if necessary at the homes of friends and provided for a certain signal to be made visible from the road, to prevent my returning from a walk to find detectives waiting for me inside my own home. I also wrote a letter to be delivered to any detective calling to arrest me when I was out, in which I explained that I would resist arrest, knowing 18B to be unconstitutional and illegal.

I was returning from a visit to the library in Guildford when I became aware that the signal was against me. I turned in my tracks, left the town with what I stood up in, and retired to a rural hideout. Next day, I asked my wife to join me, as I was afraid that she might be taken herself as a method of getting me. She told me what had happened.

My house had been surrounded by Police before the detective knocked; my wife went to the door and was told that the house was to be searched; this did not prevent the signal being made! My letter was given to the detective and seemed to annoy him, as I am not polite to those who take pay to do dirty work for the Jews. The Police spent 1½ hours in my house and took away a bundle of papers; on being challenged by my wife on their right (?) to remove my property, they promised to return everything in a fortnight; this promise they carried out, and asked for me again, without response. I expect that after this the house was watched, and one month later, two stupid-seeming policemen called late one evening and asked my wife, who by this time had returned home, where I was; they left unenlightened.

Meanwhile I had, at first, lived quietly at Hide-out No. 1, but detectives came one day to visit my host, who was a Fascist; they had no idea that I was there and I listened to their examination of him although, so far as distance is concerned, I was within arm's length of them, but I remained undiscovered and unscathed! After they had left, I left, too, fearing to involve my kind host in trouble if it was found out later that they had been sheltering me. I travelled up to London and established myself in Hide-out No. 2. Here, I was again with friends, and I used to absent myself from about 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. visiting various parts of London, where I could find instruction or amusement. I was able, now and then, to meet my wife and spend the day with her.

In the autumn of 1940 came the invasion scare; I felt I had better take a few extra risks to be at home to offer what protection I could to my wife. I reached home safely and lived there three weeks, during which one of the rare bombings of Guildford occurred; I slept and worked during the day and exercised in the garden at night.

The invasion? scare was now over, so I again made myself scarce, returning to my London Hide? out. Four weeks later, I made another stay at home, but I fear I must have been careless enough to allow someone to see me at a window or in the garden, because, on 9th November, I was doing some indexing in my bedroom about noon, when my wife came running in to tell me that detectives had burst into the house and were halfway up the stairs! I seized a thick stick, which I always had close to me throughout the time I had been "on the run", and crept out on to the landing. There I saw a plain?clothes detective looking into the linen cupboard; I crept up behind him and could have brained him, but I simply said: "What the hell are you doing in my house?" He turned round quickly with his hand in his pocket and just then a uniformed man came along the passage behind me, so I backed into a corner and then there followed a sort of parley. I told them the facts and pointed out the dirty work they were doing for pay. They replied that they were ignorant men who had been ordered to make this arrest and if anything happened to them, others would follow to do it. Reasonable enough, that, for morons! Eventually they rushed me and a long struggle ensued; I did what I could, but there were two of them, each as strong as I was, and twenty years' younger. My wife tried to help me and was, afterwards, fined £20 for it! At last they got me to the head of the stairs and then uniformed men came rushing up the staircase, the first one waving a revolver. This made the force against me overwhelming, which I took to be the only excuse for calling off resistance. Then I was taken down to Guildford Police Station, where, after searching, I was placed in a filthy cell, below ground, with stinking W.C. complete; I smashed everything breakable and tore the noisome blankets into strips and stuffed them down the W.C. This I did because I did not intend to be spirited away into detention without the people of Guildford, at least, getting to know. The Superintendent charged me at the Police Court with the damage, for which I was fined, but, of course, would not pay; and I was given one month's imprisonment instead. Handcuffed to a policeman, I was taken in a police?van to Wandsworth prison where I served the month without incident worth mentioning; after that, I was handcuffed to a conscientious objector and then removed to Brixton prison as an 18B detainee.

Here, of course, I met many friends and some Mosleyite enemies. For the first fortnight, the imprisonment amounted to solitary confinement excepting for about four hours a day, when we mixed together. The men who had taken no precautions to get "on the run" had mostly been already in detention for six months, and at first they had had a scandalously bad treatment, but gradually, as the prison staff began to realise that their prisoners were not quite what the Home Secretary had intimated they were, i.e., traitors to their country and potential saboteurs, the detainees got improved conditions. Within a fortnight of my arrival, we had our cell?doors opened all day until 8 p.m. and we had about five hours in the winter and more in the summer in which we could be out?of-doors in the prison yard. Needless to say, we wore our own clothes, and absolutely refused when it was suggested to do work. Our friends could bring us food?parcels once a week. Otherwise we got prison?diet, although those who could afford it could have meals sent in from a restaurant outside.

I was disappointed to find how little fight there was in the average detainee; there was no chance of "starting anything"; there was no lack of wretched lick?spittles ready to betray anyone who organised combined action for escape or revolt; worse, I found that nearly all had already been before the Advisory Committee, and although I never would, my example came too late to have any effect.

After about a month of this, I went to the Governor, a wretched nervous wreck of a man, frightened of his own shadow, and complained of certain penal conditions I found myself under, contrary to law. His reply was: "My good man, don't you know that there are a lot of people outside who would like to have you all shot and that you may consider yourself lucky to be alive?" That gives an idea of what the Mug?in?the?Street had been told about us detainees!

My wife came every week, loaded with food?parcels, and although the official length of the visits was supposed to be only 15 minutes, this was such an obvious scandal that they became in practice about 40 minutes. I endeavoured to get this increased to an hour, but was always told that there was neither staff nor accommodation sufficient to lengthen the period; this was utter nonsense, but we could do nothing about it. By the way, in the detention camps run by the military, two?hour visits were allowed.

On 30th December, 1940, I became aware that I had been grossly libelled in an article in the Empire News for 27th October, 1940. Under the caption "Ribbentrop's Spy?Net", ex?Detective-Sergeant East had written that I had often attended German Nazi meetings in Westbourne Terrace and at Cleveland Terrace, Bayswater and at Porchester Hall, and that I had been to Nuremberg where I contacted the Fichter?Bund of Hamburg. As I had never attended any German meeting anywhere, and had never set foot in Germany, I wrote to the Editor requesting him to withdraw this libel, but the only result was that he published my denial of its truth, without withdrawing it. This man East was a detective who used to visit our G.H.Q. before the war, and whom we had always treated with courtesy as a policeman concerning whom there was nothing to hide. There was no remedy against this kind of libellous outrage; the Mug?in?the?Street was far beyond any ability to make an unbiassed judgment, and Juries are generally composed of such Mugs. By the way, I have often been grossly libelled, but have so little faith in the law under the Jewish?Masonic regime that I have always let it go rather than take action in the Courts. Anything seemed better than resorting to the law courts for redress. I was rather inclined to regard being libelled by the Jewish Press as an honour which did me no harm and often did me good.

Perhaps the limit was reached when the American Daily Worker said that I had been convicted of rape and sodomy! Surely that is a record in "smear"!

At my request, my wife sent my war?medals to H.M. the King, saying that it did not seem proper to retain medals commemorative of services which had evidently been forgotten.

24th January, thirty of us were transferred to a camp at Ascot, where we were confined with many others within barbed wire and guarded by military; six weeks later, we were entrained and taken to a similar camp at Huyton, Liverpool. I then began a hunger?strike, partly to prevent being taken on to the Isle of Man, partly to try and break the whole abominable system. I did not try and get the participation of others as I knew that the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link and the first man who broke down in a collective hunger? strike would be in danger of breaking the resolution of the rest. Actually one or two men did start hunger- striking at the same time, but they soon broke down. I was living with old comrades of the Imperial Fascist League, and kept my hunger?strike secret for the first ten days or so, as I thought that if the authorities got to know about it too soon, they might make my conditions unpleasant in other respects. On 13th March, I allowed the news to drift "across the wire" and I was sent for by a Captain Petrie, a Jew whose real name was Steinthal, who threatened me with proceedings for conduct prejudicial to good discipline! I laughed in his face, which he buried in his hands. I was thoroughly examined by two doctors whose report was sent to the Home?Office. 'During the past fortnight the only food I had had was an occasional teaspoon of sugar to correct acidity (this works like a charm) and two doughbuns on one occasion on which I was unable to resist this rare treat! On 18th March, I was escorted by two soldiers to Brixton prison again. I was too weak to try and make a break. The first afternoon, I was allowed to mix with my fellow?detainees, but thereafter I was kept in solitary confinement in the hospital of the prison. The Chief Medical Officer informed me that he had instructions to feed me when he thought it was necessary; I bluffed him to it (I not knowing exactly how the law stood) that if he did, I should take action against him for assault.

I had meanwhile informed my wife by code what was going on, and asked her to try and gain publicity for my hunger?strike, which she did. I asked a certain lawyer to come and see me, but he let me down by saying in front of a "screw" (warder) that he could do nothing. I also sent for a doctor I knew to come and examine me once a week to prevent any dirty work in the Prison Hospital. Owing to interference, the publicity I needed was not developing quickly enough; I had been relying on a certain lawyer visiting me, but my letters to him never got to him. I realised that as I was now getting weak, having had no food for 25 days except a small slice of bread once a week to prevent my alimentary arrangements from ceasing to function, I should not get publicity in time before my condition got dangerous, and I knew that Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P. was going to ask a question about me in the House of Commons. That would be a long time ahead; so for the next 10 days I took a slice of bread, sometimes with margarine, twice a day, doing this secretly from the rations of friendly co?prisoners; no doubt, as I was weighed every day, the authorities began to smell a rat before the end of this time. By 8th April, I found out the date of Mr. Stokes's question, which would be 23rd April, so I went back on to all?out hunger? strike again. Frequent threats of forcible feeding were offered to me during this time. As they could not break me down that way, and knowing quite well about Mr. Stokes's pending question, they did actually twice forcibly feed me the day before! It was very unpleasant, as it was done with a probang pushed down the gullet, but as a veterinary surgeon I am familiar with the process and sustained no hurt except for a soreness in the throat. I was far too weak to resist. As soon as I knew the question could not be stopped, I ended my hunger? strike (50 days, less 10 days in the middle on minimal food) on evening of 22nd April.

Mr. Stokes, M.P., had asked whether the Home Secretary knew I was on hunger?strike against wrongful detention; and whether he would give an assurance that I was not being detained because of my well?Known anti?Freemason and anti?semitic views. To the latter part of the question, Mr. Peake, Under?Secretary to Home Office, said it would not be proper for him to state the reason for my detention except that it came under Regulation 18B.

So I achieved little of public importance by my strike; but I prevented my export to Isle of Man, and my wife was able to see me every week almost throughout my detention. I have every reason to believe that from the health standpoint, I gained enormously from this unpleasant experience; I recovered from the effects of starvation without any trouble at all; and should any reader ever be in the unfortunate position of having to undergo a hunger? strike, I can assure him that the acidity of the first few days vanishes at once if a teaspoonful of sugar is taken; and that a small slice of bread once a week, which has little food value, prevents paralysis of the digestive process through non?use. Throughout my strike, I had no anxiety as to my own condition; but I caused it in others, and I understand, helped to send the Governor in a breakdown to a Home! I had no intention of killing myself, but I knew from former prison experience how nervous the Home Office is when prisoners who should not be in prison are taken, ill there, and there was always a reasonable chance of getting such publicity against 18B that the whole thing might break down. Well, it didn't, but if others had tried as hard as I did to smash it, it might have broken down.

On 30th May, 1941, I wrote the Home Office for the precise reasons of my detention, but the reply gave me no more information than I already had. I waited one year (!) and wrote again, on 12th June, 1942. This time, no reply whatever was vouchsafed. So on 28th August, 1942, I employed a lawyer to ask for the information. (This was nearly two years after my arrest!) This elicited the information that the said A. S. Leese was Director?General of the Imperial Fascist League, "a pro?German and Fascist organisation, and in that capacity was responsible for the propaganda produced and disseminated by the League against the prosecution of the War and the Allied cause." I got my solicitor to demand what specifically was objected to in the "propaganda" mentioned. It took six weeks to get a reply to this from the Home Office. Then it appeared that it was pretended that the items which had caused my detention were:



(1) publications made since the war by Angles News Service for which I had no responsibility (although I thoroughly agreed with everything that the Service did); (2) a leaflet which I published called Leese for Peace, in which I advocated peace and quoted Lord Halifax's statements as to Why we were at war, criticised them piece?meal and pointed out we were simply fighting for the Jews. (This leaflet's wording is reproduced in Appendix); (3) a printed poem—ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS, which I did not write and did not disseminate, nor do I know to this day who the author was! As to being pro? German, I made it quite clear that I was against the return of former German colonies captured in the first World War; I admitted that I was anti?Jewish, and that I considered Hitler was right in the main, as I do now.

That seemed to be construed by the Home Office as being hostile to my own country! I repeat that the only thing that I felt could be usefully done was to get the war stopped, so that neither Britain nor Germany would be reduced to the level of minor powers, over which the Jews would easily preside, as has happened.

In February, 1943, the Home Secretary made it clear by his evasive replies to my lawyer's letters that it would be a waste of time to pursue the matter further.

In the middle of December of this year, an enlarged prostate gland, of which I had been aware for some years, became obstructive and a few days later, the Home Office sent a surgeon to examine me. This resulted in my removal from Brixton Prison to Horton Emergency Hospital, where I was operated upon with great success, although still "in detention"; at last, when I was ready to leave hospital, I was released from detention on 2nd February, 1944, after three years and four months' imprisonment without trial and for committing no crime! I was then in an extremely weak state and it took all my wife's best efforts to provide food enough to allow me to recover strength and health.

This is not a political treatise, but before leaving the subject of Regulation 18B, I would like to quote one or two items of information concerning it which have had little publicity. One is a statement in the Sunday Times, 22nd June, 1947, that when war came, Lord Rothschild "joined the Security Branch and was active in carrying out the Government's internment policy". The other concerns the test case taken up to the house of Lords by a Jew calling himself Robert W. Liversidge, as to the validity of Detention under 18B. Judgment was given against this Jew and in favour of the Home Secretary, but there was a dissenting Judge, Lord Atkin, who likened the decision of the other Judges to a conversation in Alice through the Looking Glass, for they had maintained that the words "If a man has" meant "If a man thinks he has"! Thus was "Justice" in war?time!

Finally, I quote from my book *The Jewish War of Survival*, Chapter II:—"In our past wars, when we were not under full Jewish control as we are now, individuals who disagreed with the supposed righteousness of their country's cause were allowed to say so publicly, so long as they did not actually interfere with the war itself. History records the following instances among many." Here follow the names of Pitt, Chas. Jas. Fox, John Bright, Lloyd George, Ramsay Macdonald and Herbert Morrison.

In Chapter XVII of the same book, Mr. Herbert Morrison's exact words are quoted from the Labour Leader, 3rd September, 1914, when he attempted to prevent people from joining the forces in the first World War.

And Morrison was the Home Secretary to whom the working of 18B was entrusted in the second World War!

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### The Cold War After the Hot One.

I was now getting a trifle long in the tooth, certainly too old to undertake successfully the management of an active anti?Jewish movement. When William Joyce was brought back a prisoner to England, I offered, if he thought fit to defend himself by justifying his actions, to give evidence about the Jewish menace; but he took a different line. I had only actually met him once; there can be no doubt that he took the wrong action in the war, but he believed himself justified in what he did, and he died like a hero. His conviction was certain, but another sort of defence, which he should have conducted himself because he was quite capable of doing so, might, at least, have saved his life.

Together with my old friend, H. H. Beamish, I offered to give evidence on the Jewish issue in defence of the Nuremberg accused; with the help of other good friends, I had managed to publish my book *The Jewish War of Survival* in typescript, the production of which was carried out under the greatest difficulties, as it was impossible to find a publisher who could print it without fear of reprisals, legal or illegal. At least it had a printed cover! A copy of this book was offered through the International Military Tribunal to Herman Goering's counsel and accepted by him. Probably that fact saved me from "persecution" by the Public Prosecutor, who was, at that time, being egged on against me. I may mention here that ultimately I managed, thanks to good friends in South Africa and in the U.S.A., to get this book properly printed in two editions.

In 1944, I began to publish, as an occasional report at irregular intervals, a typescript effort, *Gothic Ripples*, which was intended to keep already Jew-wise people up-to-date in recent developments. This soon became well-known in anti-Jewish circles all over the world. I was thereby exposed to frequent abuse from the Jew-controlled press and it was often the subject of questions in the House to the Home Secretary.

In 1946, the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords revealed that there were five people in this country who would not be allowed passports if they applied for them; although I did not want a passport, I applied for one and was refused! I suppose I might be expected to annoy the Jews wherever I went? Well, I hope so!

Two Dutch prisoners-of-war who had been fighting in the German Army and had been captured, caused me a lot of trouble. They escaped from Kempton Park prison-camp in British uniforms, and having seen my address in one of the "smearing" articles about me, published from time to time in the papers, made straight for my house in Guildford where they arrived on 13th June, 1946. As I had always opposed the practice of keeping prisoners-of-war illegally confined long after the time when there was any possibility of war being resumed, which is contrary to the Hague War Regulations, I was willing to assist them to avoid re-arrest. I kept them in my house for two nights and found out for them that the Argentine Embassy was in charge of a man likely to be sympathetic to escaped prisoners-of-war. Then I passed them on to friends in the East End of London. I heard afterwards that they had interviewed the First Counsellor at the Argentine Embassy with a view to obtaining passages on a ship to South America, but that he had said he could not risk it, although he did not give them away. The two Dutchmen had agreed with me that if they failed at the Embassy, they would surrender, but, unfortunately for me, they changed their minds and stayed on with my friends. Eventually they were arrested on 15th December, 1946, at Worthing; upon which they seem to have immediately given all their protectors away, including myself, presumably under what is politely called "pressure", for they were not the type of men to betray us, a crime which seems, to me, worse than murder. However, the seven of us who had assisted them were duly charged with conspiracy to assist them and we all got the same sentence of twelve months' imprisonment. As I had had previous convictions, I was treated like an "old lag" and confined at Pentonville, the worst prison in the country. However, I survived this and after earning, with some difficulty, all my remission marks, I was released after eight months and returned home on 17th November, 1947, although in a poor state.

An item of note about this trial was that one of the Dutchmen refused to answer a question put to him as to what had happened to him after his arrest to induce him so dishonorably to give away his benefactors (it was possible to ask this question without admitting guilt because four of the defendants had pleaded guilty). The Judge ultimately allowed the witness, who had, of course, sworn to speak "the whole truth", to answer the question by writing something on a piece of paper which was then handed to the judge. The Judge did not divulge what was thereon written, so the case continued with this important question unanswered as far as jury, Defendants and the Public were concerned. In this way, the defendants were prevented from completely discrediting the statements made to the authorities in writing by the prisoners-of-war; those statements may have been made under threats or under torture.

Some people thought that the whole case was a "frame-up" to entrap me; but a consideration of all the circumstances, which are not, of course, detailed here, does not bear out the possibility of this. I had cheerfully broken a rotten law, took a risk, and abided by the result.

Shortly after my release, a Jewish Veterinary Surgeon tried to get my name struck off the roll of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons on account of my conviction. I did not bother to attend the meeting of the Council, as I cared little whether I was on the roll or not; I had finished with that part of my life and, indeed, was getting out of it professionally, but I defended myself by letter. To cut the matter short, the attempt to get me off the register received no support.

One thing which requires reform seems to have completely escaped the notice of Prison Authorities. It is this. It is the custom to treat prisoners more severely when they have been "inside" before. They are put under a much more burdensome regime than first offenders, with whom they do not mix. But offenders who have been convicted of offences and have paid fines, so saving themselves from prison are when later for other offences sent to prison, treated as first offenders! It cannot be right to make some men suffer and allow others to escape the consequences of having previous convictions, just because the former have gone to prison rather than pay fines, as I did myself in 1936.

The prisoners with whom I found myself in Pentonville were often men with many previous convictions, generally criminals of the meaner type. I found it almost impossible to converse with them; they are generally entirely self-centred; they could not understand why I had helped escaped prisoners to war to evade re-arrest; their attitude was:—What did you make out of it? What did you get out of it? I believe that most of these habitual criminals have had bad mothers or no mothering at all, and that some might be reformed by changing their attitude from one of pure self-centredness to one of consideration for other people, by argument free from religious dogma. Prisoners of this kind hate being locked up in their cells for long hours by themselves: they have no interests to fall back on, and their thoughts must all be unhappy ones; they would much prefer to be working in the shop with other men around them. The reverse is the case when cultured men find themselves in Prison; these are only too glad to get away from their fellow-prisoners and to feel themselves in privacy.

My old friend and colleague, the anti-Jewish pioneer, Henry Hamilton Beamish, died suddenly in Rhodesia, on 27th March, 1948. About two years before this, he had informed me of his intention to leave me what money he could, if anything happened to him. Eventually I received it and paid it into my anti-Jewish funds, for the understanding was that it should be used as I thought fit in the fight against the Jewish Menace. This has strengthened my position as regards assisting younger men and promising movements, and in many other ways. One does not have to make everything pay for itself, as of yore!

I wish Beamish might have known of my legal victory of 1951! Well, perhaps he does! In this case, *Rex versus Leese*, I was charged with a defamatory libel against the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Harold Scott; I conducted my own case, the prosecuting counsel being a half-alien Buddhist, Mr. Christmas Humphreys; although I never thought that the Crown had a case, I was every apprehensive of the result, for by that time I had had experience of how British Courts could twist the law against anti-Jew "offenders". Anyhow, I won, and the importance of the victory can best be measured by the loudness of the silence in the Press about it. As soon as the result was known, the Jewish iron curtain came crashing down, and it was with some difficulty that many people deeply interested in the case could find out what had really happened. Some enthusiasts thought that it registered a turn in the tide. I trust they will not prove to have been too optimistic!

The alleged "defamatory libel" was in an article in *Gothic Ripples*, dated 14th August, 1950, viz:—"Police in the East End of London appear to be instructed by their Jewish Chief to knock off any street-corner orator who dares to mention the word Jew in any derogatory sense. I take a hard view of Police Officers who, to earn pay, carry out such vile orders". My defence was that neither of the two ingredients necessary for an indictment for defamatory libel were present in this case, viz:—reasonable cause to believe that a breach of the peace might be caused by the words used, and anything amounting to defamation. I made it clear that I charged Sir Harold Scott with Jewish prejudice and Jewish bias, but argued that as prejudice and bias were not held consciously, there was no attack on the Jew's character. If a Jew holds an appointment, he will have the prejudices and bias of a Jew, and any journalist has the right (and duty, in my case) to point it out in the public interest.

The judge was Mr. Justice Dodson, Recorder of London, who had sentenced me to twelve months' imprisonment in the same Court in 1947! The jury were only nine minutes considering the verdict, which was Not Guilty. Thus, a deliberate attempt on the part of the Jews to use the Public Prosecutor to silence my anti-Jewish voice, was crushingly defeated, and I received congratulatory messages from anti-Jewish friends all over the world.

I was stimulated by this victory to complete this Autobiography which was begun many years ago! I am 72 years' old now, and perhaps my political adventures may not yet be finished!

Let me close this record, however, on an animal note. After the loss of my St. Bernard, and after my first anti-Jewish conviction in 1936, I decided not to acquire another dog. I foresaw that the Jews would try and get me back into prison, in which case I felt that to have a dog at home would add to my own distress in prison, and would not be fair on the dog. But, in 1935, we adopted a ginger male kitten, and Nandy II has been a constant source of entertainment to us for over 15 years; it was through him that I became aware of a sense which some animals (of species not too far removed from the feral) possess which gives them some sort of radar-like warning, presumably vague, of coming calamity. It may be that some humans of primitive type may share this sense with them. As has been narrated, I was arrested in 1940 under 18B and taken away for over three years; and in 1947, I was imprisoned for eight months. During the two days before these events, Nandy would hardly leave me; he followed me about all over the house and garden, and it was so marked that on the second of these occasions, my wife became convinced that I was in for a stiff term of imprisonment. Nandy was right both times! It is all the more interesting to record that in 1950, when the Government tried to silence me by a criminal libel charge, Nandy took no special notice of me when I departed for the Old Bailey; and this actually gave us some encouragement! And he was right again, because I was acquitted; he was about the only one who expected that result!

As I write, he sleeps, soundly, beside me; in his 16th year, not just a Cat, but One of Us!

## Appendix 4.

*"Friends of Leon Degrelle" Cultural Association*

# LETTER TO THE POPE ON HIS VISIT TO AUSCHWITZ

*Leon Degrelle.*

**In exile 20th May, 1979.**

**TO HIS HOLINESS POPE JOHN-PAUL 11 The Vatican City.**

**I Most Holy Father.**

I am Leon Degrelle and I was the Leader of Belgian Rexism (The "Rexist" Movement) before the Second World War. During the War I was the Commander of the Belgian Volunteers on the Eastern Front, and fought in the 28th Walloon Division of the Waffen S.S. This will certainly not be regarded as a recommendation by everyone. I am, however, a Catholic like you, and I believe that I am thus entitled to write to you as a brother in the faith.

I am concerned by the announcement in the press that during your coming visit to Poland, from 2nd to 12th June 1979, you are going to concelebrate Mass with all the Polish Bishops at the former concentration camp of Auschwitz. Let me say straightaway that I find it very edifying to pray for the dead, whoever they may be and at any place, even in front of the brand-new crematory ovens with their immaculate firebricks.

Even so, I am apprehensive. The fact of being Polish and your adherence to this loyalty ceaselessly reappears in your pontifical behaviour. It is human. You are a patriot who participated very deeply in your youth in a tough bellicose conflict. If old resentments made too strong an impression on you, however, you might be tempted to take part, having now become Pope, in secular quarrels which history has still not sufficiently clarified. What responsibility, for example, did the various belligerents have for the outbreak of the Second World War? What role did certain instigators play? Everyone knows that your Prime Minister, Colonel Beck, was a rather dubious individual. Did he act with the requisite degree of level-headedness in 1939? Did he not reject, with undue arrogance, certain chances of reaching an accommodation in 1939 with the German Government?

And what about later on? Was the War really as it has been described? What were the faults, or even the crimes, of both sides? Have their respective aims always been evaluated objectively? Has not enemy doctrine been misrepresented, either through failing to give it proper consideration, or deliberately because propaganda demanded it? Were not plans attributed to the enemy, and acts assumed to have taken place, whose real existence has never been substantiated?

The Church has always been much better informed than anyone else. For two thousand years, however, it has had a policy of circumspection, and it has always avoided taking up precipitous positions.



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It has only ever set out to judge from evidence, and to do so in a calm manner, when time has sorted out the rages and the passions, and the wheat from the tares.

In particular, it was conspicuous for extreme restraint during the Second World War. It was carefully guarded not to peddle the lunatic speculations prevalent at the time. When you are on your native soil. Most Holy Father, and particularly at Auschwitz -where you may perhaps be recaptivated by certain incomplete and partisan mental visions of the past - are you simply going to pray . . . ?

I fear above all that your prayers, and even simply your presence in such places, may be immediately diverted from their profound significance and used as a smoke-screen by unscrupulous propagandists, who will employ them to relaunch hate campaigns under your cover. These campaigns are based on lies and have poisoned the whole subject of Auschwitz for more than a quarter of a century.

Yes, I mean lies. The legend of the massive exterminations at Auschwitz exploited the collective psychosis which, owing to uncontrolled gossip, had unhinged numerous World War Two internees. Since 1945 the whole world has been assailed by this legend. Hundreds of lies have been repeated in thousands of books in an increasingly virulent rage. They are reproduced in full colour in apocalyptic films, which are outrageous in the way they flay not only truth and probability, but commonsense, the most elementary arithmetic, and the facts themselves.

I have been told. Most Holy Father, that you were in the Resistance during the Second World War, with all the physical risks enailed in a form of warfare contrary to International Law. Some add that you were interned at Auschwitz. Like so many others you left it, since here you are Pope: a Pope who, from all the evidence, did not smell too much Zyklon B gas! Having been on the spot. Your Holiness must know better than anyone else that the mass gassings of millions of people never took place. Sectarian propagandists hark back so much to these great collective massacres, but did you - as a prime witness personally see just one being carried out... ?

People certainly suffered at Auschwitz, but others have suffered too. All wars are cruel. Hundreds of thousands of women and children were horribly carbonised on the direct orders of the Allied Heads of State. At least as many 'bought it' at Dresden or Hamburg, at Hiroshima or Nagasaki, as suffered or sometimes died in the concentration camps of the Third Reich. (Of the internees, 25 per cent were political or members of the Resistance, and 75 per cent were conscientious objectors, sexual perverts or common criminals.)

Exhaustion used to eat them up. The collapse of morale would eliminate the weaker souls. The cruelties of some guards, which are inevitable in any prison system, further added to the bitterness of the loss of individual privacy from having so many people crowded together. Some of these guards were Germans, but more often than not they were non-Germans: 'Kapos' and other internees who had become the torturers of their companions. There must also have been some depraved individuals who originated, in one camp or another, novel ways of killing people, tortures, monstrous whims, and summary murders.

Despite all the above, the Calvary of the majority of the exiles would have come to an end in the joy of the long-awaited day of the return to peace, had not the catastrophe of epidemics such as typhus, which killed many thousands, befallen them during the last weeks. These epidemics were infinitely increased by the incredible bombings which severed the railway-lines and roads, and sent boats loaded with refugees straight to the bottom, as at Liibeck. These raids annihilated the electric networks, the waterpipes and the reservoirs, cut off all revictualling, imposed famine everywhere, and rendered all transport of evacuees appalling.

Two-thirds of the internees who died during the Second World War perished at this time, victims of typhus, dysentery, starvation, and of the interminable delays in the pulverised channels of communication. This is established by the official figures. At Dachau, for example, following the same statistics of the International Committee, 54 internees died in January 1944 and 101 in February 1944. In 1945, however, 2,888 died in January and 3,977 in February! Of the total of 25,613 internees who died in this camp in 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1945, 19,296 perished during the last seven months of hostilities! At that time the aerial terrorism of the Allies n longer even served a military purpose, since Allied victory had In assured from the beginning of 1945. It no longer required this last dreadful pulping in any way.

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Without the savage folly of these blind poundings, thousands of internees would have survived, instead of being converted into macabre exhibits in April and May 1945. Swarms of press and film carrion-beetles bustled about these exhibits greedy for photos and films. These were taken at sensational angles and were of an assured commercial yield. They still went to the trouble later on of retouching, superimposing, distorting and faking these visual documents in order to add finishing touches to the horror, which produced even more hatred.

The information 'artists' could just as easily have taken miles of similar film of the bodies of German women and children, except that they were a hundred times more numerous. They had died in exactly the same way: from hunger and from cold, or machine-gunned on the same frozen flat-waggon and on the same blood-stained roads. But as with the photos of the immense extermination of German towns which had buried six hundred thousand bodies, care was taken not to make such pictures known! They might have caused disquiet and, above all, prevented hatred . . . The truth is that in 1945 typhus, dysentery, hunger, and the numberless blastings of an unchecked airforce, hit foreign internees and the civilians of the Third Reich indiscriminately

They were both matched by abominations of a type resembling those at the End of the World.

As for the rest, Most Holy Father, the assertions about an explicit plan for genocide, and in particular, the alleged entombing of millions of Jews in phantom ZyMon B gas chambers\* at Auschwitz, have been hurled and hurled again in an incredible din for so many years. They do not, however, stand up to the slightest serious scientific examination. In thirty years not a single document has been able to furnish the slightest official proof.

It is ridiculous to imagine, and above all to pretend, that 24,000 people could have been gassed at Auschwitz each day - in batches of 3,000 at a time - in a room of 400 cubic metres. Still less could this have happened, in batches of 700 or 800, in buildings with a floor space of 25 square metres and a height of 1.9 metres, as has been claimed with regard to Beizec. Twenty-five square metres is equivalent to the floor space of a bedroom! Would you succeed, Most Holy Father, in putting 700 or 800 people in your bedroom?

Seven hundred to 800 people on 25 square metres works out at 30 people to the square metre. A square metre 1.9 metres high is the size of a telephone box! Can you picture, Your Holiness, thirty people piling into a telephone box in St. Peter's Square or at the Great Seminary of Warsaw? Or on a simple shower stand?

If the miracle of thirty human bodies planted like asparagus in the goldfish bowl of a telephone-box, or the one of the 800 people crowded around your camp-bed, had ever been realised, a second miracle would have immediately been indispensable. Otherwise the 3,000 people - the equivalent of two regiments - crammed together so fantastically in the Auschwitz chamber, or the 700 to 800 people piled up at Beizec (on account of having 30 occupants to the square metre), would have perished almost immediately as they would have been asphyxiated by the lack of oxygen!

There would not even have been any need for gas! Before one had finished piling up the last arrivals, bolting the doors and dropping the gas into the room, most would have already stopped breathing! ZyMon B would reach only corpses. (This gas was supposedly either dropped through slits,, through holes, by chimney, in the form of hot air, in a vapour, or was discharged along the ground: you can take your pick)

As anyone interested in science can find out, this Zyklon B was, in any case, inflammable, adhesive and dangerous to use. A twenty-one hour wait would consequently have been necessary, even indispensable, before the first corpse was pulled out of the wondrous chamber.

\*Editor's Note: Had the German authorities planned such a method of extermination, they undoubtedly would have used a non-toxic gas such as nitrogen to asphyxiate them.

As has been related to us with great pleasure and a thousand spicy details, one would then have been able to extract all the gold teeth and all the filled teeth, the latter being prudent hiding-places for diamonds! This would supposedly have been done to each batch of 6,000 rigid jaws (3,000 people) which

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death had drawn together, and to 48,000 jaws each day - if one believes the official figure of 24,000 gassed everyday in Auschwitz alone!

As holy as you are, Most Holy Father, you must be more or less resigned to enduring the dentist sometimes. Have you ever had a tooth extracted? Or two teeth? When this occurs one is on best terms with the dentist who is operating. He has potent mirrors trained on the jaws, ideal instruments, and a patient who consents to his injunctions. Now how long does an extraction take under these optimal conditions? A quarter of an hour? Half an hour?

According to the legend the foul corpses at Auschwitz were lying on the ground and it was necessary to distend the hardened jaws which was done with much difficulty, relax them, and then open them wide, all with necessarily primitive instruments. According to the official figures there were only eight operatives to skim the cement without lighting, and thus scrutinise not just one bad spot in the teeth, but the two entire jaws. They then had to extract, dissect and empty the teeth - all in less time than a perfectly equipped specialist...

Would His Holiness please take a pencil? At a quarter of an hour per jaw, and with eight desperate drawers engaged on the dissection, that makes 16 bodies dealt with an hour, and 160 in a working day of 10 hours without a minute's rest! Even if one was a stakhanovite of dentistry and one doubled the rate of extractions which is in any case physically impossible, that would make 320! Well then, Most Holy Father, what about the batches of 3,000 Jews in one go? And what about the days when 24,000 were gassed by Zyklon B? That meant 48,000 jaws to deal with and more than 760,000 teeth to scrutinise daily. Simply confining oneself to the 6,000,000 dead Jews which propaganda ceaselessly repeats to us over and over again (some have doubled or tripled the figure), these drawers would still have been in full operation for years after the War! These extractions, and these alone, with ten hours of uninterrupted labour, would have taken up 1,875 working days of the whole team!

But these extractions were only a preliminary formality. It appears that it was also necessary to crop millions of heads of hair. Then, according to what all the 'historians' of Auschwitz affirm ex cathedra, all the anuses and wombs were next examined, before the bodies were passed to the ovens. This was in order to retrieve the diamonds and -pieces of jewellery-, which might have been in the depths of these anuses and wombs to filch! Can you imagine it, Most Holy Father? Six million anuses and three or four million wombs to scour from top to bottom, when it has been explained to us that at the end of the massive gassings, the bodies were streaming with excrement, menstrual blood and dressings! The fingers and hands of the operatives would have had to grope in these foul organs in order to locate the hidden diamonds, take them out sticky, wash them, and wash themselves, 24,000 times a day for the anuses and 15 to 20,000 times a day for the wombs! It is absolutely mad! The whole business is crazy! And we have not mentioned the complementary activities: the manufacture of fertilizer and cakes of soap which certain people, like the raving Professor Poliakov, have noted without flinching!

These gassings, croppings, extractions and organ scourgings were supposedly repeated on 6,000,000 Jews, or on 7,000,000, or - according to Father Riquet - on 15 million, or - according to the Larousse Dictionary - on 20 million (more than the number of Jews in the whole world)! If it was necessary to accept the official claims of the manipulators of the 'history' of Auschwitz as correct, these operations would still be continuing! You could still hold your nose near the gas chambers, Most Holy Father, and still perspire from the heat of the Auschwitz ovens during your concelebrated mass!

If the number of real and natural deaths at Auschwitz had been multiplied by ten or twenty, the swindle could have maintained a certain aspect of verisimilitude. But as for the gassings of 700 or 800 people per bedroom, too much lying ends up looking grotesque. Only the unfathomable and unimaginable stupidity of fools can explain how so much nonsense could be invented, related, proclaimed with great trumpet blasts, filmed in an extraordinary barrage, and believed.\* I believe," some individual bravely declares about the Holocaust, "everything I've been told!"

What an exemplary admission!

When the Mass is concelebrated at Auschwitz all hearts will be gripped by love of God and man, and will participate in a renewal of the Sacrifice. How can one imagine for a minute, Most Holy Father, that a priest, a Pope, could seem to screen waves of such stupid hatred and such extravagant lies under his

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pallium, at the very moment he elevated the chalice to heaven? Such hatred and lies are the complete opposite of the touching teaching of Christ! No! Certainly not! It is just not possible!

A hundred paces from Auschwitz's fake gas chamber, your message can only be one of charity, fraternity, and equally, one of truth, without which all doctrine collapses. You are going to Auschwitz in order to be moved and to contemplate at one of the high-places of human suffering. The causes of that suffering and those responsible will be determined objectively with time by a serene History. They will not be determined by resorting to forced confessions or the digressions of false witnesses.

\*Editor's Note: And what of the enormous amount of energy required to reduce six million bodies to dust after gassing?

The Pope is above these affrays. He is close to the souls who have suffered, and who, by suffering, have risen spiritually, for there is no purgatory. Calvary or death, which cannot become sublime.

Sacrifice, physical and mental suffering, and anguish, have caused great flourishings of the soul to spring up in lives which might normally have remained mediocre. This happened everywhere: on the battlefields of the Second World War, where so many soldiers fell after immense sufferings, as much as in the work camps where numerous people died, victims of conflicts which overtook and crushed them. Such was the case at Auschwitz, and such was the case on the Eastern Front throughout the years of struggle and sacrifice by millions of young Europeans who, from 1941 to 1945, faced the Communist onslaught.

Atrocities have certainly been committed throughout the entire history of man. Auschwitz, at any rate, was not the first and it will not be the last. We are seeing that only too well at the moment, when so many defenceless women and children are being massacred in the Palestinian camps. They are being reduced to pulp by the Israeli airforce which is making the Law of Retaliation rebound on to innocent people, in whose memory, unfortunately, a concelebrated mass will probably never be sung . . . Powerful people have abused their power hundreds of times. Nations have lost their heads. Not just one in particular, but all of them. Alongside millions of pure and unselfish hearts who offered their youth to an ideal, Germany has had, like everyone else, its share of detestable beings guilty of inadmissible violence. But what country has not?

Did not the France of the French Revolution invent the Terror, the guillotine and the executions by drowning in the Loire? Napoleon did not intern people, but did he not forcibly enlist hundreds of thousands of civilians from occupied countries, who were sent to die for his glory? There were 51,000 just from Belgium! That is to say more Belgians than perished during the First World War, or in the concentration camps of the Third Reich!

Nearer our own time, in 1944 and 1945, did not a certain *de Gaulle* preside over the massacre of tens of thousands of opponents who had been dubbed "collaborators"? More recently still, in Indochina and Algeria, did not France cram hundreds of thousands of people into extremely tough concentration camps, where sadists were not lacking? Did not these people include not only the rebellious and those who refused to submit, but hostages, and ordinary civilians rounded up in large numbers? A French general even made a public eulogy of torture.

And what about Britain, with its bombardments of unfortified cities like Copenhagen, its execution of Sepoys tied to the mouths of cannons, its crushing of the Boers, and its Transvaal concentration camps, where thousands of women and children perished in indescribable misery? And what of Churchill unleashing his abominable terror bombings on the civilian population of the Reich, which burnt them in their cellar annihilated about two hundred thousand with phosphorous, and women and children in one night in the gigantic crematory of Dresden? I use the word "about" because only an approximate estimate could be made by calculating the weight of the ashes!

And what about the United States? Did it not rise in power thanks to the frightful slavery of millions of Blacks, who were branded like animals, and thanks to the almost complete extermination of the Red Indians, who had been the original owners of the coveted territory? Was it not the dispenser of the atomic bomb in 1945? Even yesterday, did it not number undoubted torturers amongst its troops in Vietnam?



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And we have not even dwelt on the tens of millions of victims of the tyranny of the USSR, or on its present day gu lags. I strongly fear that no one will breathe a word about them at the time of your next visit to the "restored" Auschwitz camp, which has itself been void of occupants for decades!

No one will deny that life at Auschwitz was hard and sometimes very cruel. In the camps of the victors of 1945, however, the sadists and the torturers had quickly come to blossom in equal numbers. They did so, moreover, with less excuse, if one accepts that a world war is capable of providing excuses .

I would not like to spoil. Most Holy Father, the pleasure which you are going to have in rediscovering your country. Even so, I must point out the following! You have been keen to demonstrate the moral elevation of your valiant native land to best advantage by glorifying its admirable patron, Saint Stanislas. Has not your native land, however, also known times of crime and baseness? When you come to tread the Polish soil of Auschwitz, which is so evocative of the last Jewish tragedy, would it be improper - if one wanted to be fair - to recall innumerable other Jews who were earlier put to death in horrible pogroms, which occurred right across your country for centuries? These Jews were tortured, had their throats slit, and were hanged by your fellowcountrymen. Though Catholics, they have not always been any the more angelic!.

I can still hear the Apostolic Nuncio at Brussels telling me, at his excellent table, how the Polish peasants used to crucify Jews on the doors of their barns. He had previously been Nuncio at Warsaw, and was to be the future Cardinal Micara.

"Those Jew pigs!" the unctuous prelate would exclaim, in a spirit which hardly reflected the gospels. Believe me, these words were spoken just like that.

Was the Church itself. Most Holy Father, always so tender? Even in the mid-eighteenth century it still used to burn Jews with great pomp and ceremony, especially right in the middle of the town of Madrid. The Church, however, used to burn them alive! The Inquisition was not a sheep-fold. The massacres of the 10. Albigenses were perpetrated under the aegis of St. Thomas Aquinas. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve was the joy and heart's delight of the Pope, your predecessor, who rose in the dead of night to celebrate this happy event with an enthusiastic Te Deum. He even arranged to commemorate it by striking a medal! And what about the 30,000 so-called witches, who were burnt at the stake throughout Christendom? Even in the last century the Papacy was still enforcing the ghetto at Rome.

Essentially, Most Holy Father, we are worth very little, be we Pope or Ayatollah, Parisians or Prussians, Soviets or New Yorkers. There is nothing to glory in unduly! We have all been, in our bad moments, as savage as one another. The fact that we are all on a par does not justify anything or anybody, but it does nevertheless oblige us not to hand out excommunications or absolutions with too much impetuosity or 'benevolence'.

Human savagery will only be driven back by answering hatred with fraternity. Hate disarms itself, as everything disarms itself, but not by being endlessly served up again with ever sharper sauces, nor by being exacerbated, as in the case of Auschwitz, with a lot of lunatic exaggerations, lies, and false "confessions". The latter have been stacked with screaming contradictions, and were extracted by torture and terror in both Soviet and American gaols. In the Hideous era of Nuremberg\* they were just the same.

Some people might have thought that the freebooters of the concentration camp exhibitionism and the forgers who have turned the —Six Million Jews" into the most remunerative financial swindle of the century, were at last going to put an end to this exploitation.

An imposing religious ceremony, however, is going to unfurl itself in your presence, amid the fake set on Auschwitz's stage. Thanks to all its pomp a strong attempt is going to be made, by means of a gigantic barrage from television and the press, to turn you into an unquestioned endorser for cheques of hatred. Your name is worth its weight in gold to all these gangsters. As if the first Holocaust was not enough, the whole world is going to be left a Holocaust No. 2. It will not cost a thousand million dollars this time, since Your Holiness will have furnished brazen producers with the most sumptuous of extras for absolutely nothing!

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Whatever its circulation and impact amongst the dupes may have been, Holocaust No. 1 was nothing but a gigantic Hollywood racket of rare vulgarity. It was above all aimed at emptying the pockets of hundreds of millions of ill informed viewers. Its damage could only be temporary, however, for one would soon have been forced to note the farcical nature of its extravagances. They would not stand up to the conscientious examination of an historian.

On the other hand, Most Holy Father, this Holocaust of yours will be produced with great ceremony at Auschwitz itself. This will be done by a Pope present in the flesh and blood, dressed in all his pontifical majesty, and anointed with truthfulness. In the eyes of a Christendom hoaxed by sacrilegious manipulators, this Holocaust No. 2 with a Pope facing a sacred altar strongly runs the risk of appearing to be a quasi-divine confirmation of all the propaganda hatched by hatemongers and usurers. This will be especially so at the time of the Sacrifice.

Your evocation of the War in front of the Polish tombs at Monte Casino has already disturbed many of the faithful. If one is to believe what the press said at the time, you appear to have retained only certain fragmentary and partisan aspects of it. Your ostentatious appearance at Auschwitz, Most Holy Father, can only disturb even more of them, for there is no doubt that you are going to be 'taken for a ride' as the popular saying goes. It is obvious.

This religious ceremony, certainly at the moment of the concelebration, may seem to your mind to be purely an appeal for the reconciliation of men to replace, at last, men's hatred. The freebooters of the press and screen, however, have firmly decided to make you dive, mitre first and in your brand-new white cassock, into this yawning trap of Auschwitz.

"Homo homini lupus, " say the sectarians.

"Homo homini frater," says every Christian who is not a hypocrite. We are all brothers: the internee suffering behind his barbed-wire and the haggard soldier on edge behind his sub-machine gun. All of us who survived till 1945 must pardon and must love: you the persecuted person who has become Pope, I the warrior who has become persecuted, and the millions of human beings who all lived through the immense tragedy of the Second World War, with our ideals, our Man, our weaknesses and our faults. Life does not have any other meaning. God does not have any other meaning.

Well, what else matters in the end?

In spite of the spiritual imprudences that may be involved with a Pope taking positions in unsettled historical debates, and in spite of the hate-filled fanatics who will exploit the dramatic nature of your epic without delay I will - from the remoteness of my distant exile - add my devotion to you on the day you celebrate your Mass at Auschwitz.

I am, Most Holy Father, filially yours.

Leon Degrelle.

### *Asociación cultural Amigos de Leon Degrelle"*

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# Adolf Hitler

And the Army of

## Mankind

*Page One...*

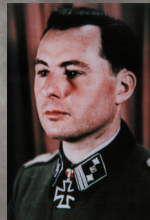
*"The Waffen SS. It is somewhat amazing that the organization which was both political and military and which during World War Two united more than one million fighting volunteers, should still be officially ignored. Why?"*

*Why is it that the official record still virtually ignores this extraordinary army of volunteers? An army which was at the vortex of the most gigantic struggle, affecting the entire world.*

*The answer may well be found in the fact that the most striking feature of the Waffen SS was that it was composed of volunteers from some thirty different countries..."*

*~ Leon Degrelle ~*

*The Story of the Waffen SS*



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